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LETTERS

OF

ANNA SEWARD.





REV.^d THOS. SEWARD

Engraved by Cromek from the original picture by Wright of Derby

in the possession of Thomas White Esq. Lechfield.

Frances Beecher
LETTERS

• OF

ANNA SEWARD :

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1784 AND 1807.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

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LETTERS

ANNA SEWARD

THE LIFE OF ANNA SEWARD

BY J. S. SEWARD

LONDON

1851

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POEMS

BY

ANNA SEWARD.

VERSES*

WRITTEN IN DR DARWIN'S BOTANIC GARDEN,

Near Lichfield, July, 1778.

O COME not here, ye proud, whose breasts enfold
Th' insatiate wish of glory, or of gold!
O come not here, whose branded foreheads wear
The eternal frown of envy or of care!

* These verses were sent to the Gentleman's Magazine by Dr Darwin, a short time after they had been presented to him by their author, and sent without her knowledge, and with an alteration in the concluding lines; which alteration invokes the nymph of Botany to grace the scene. They are

For you no Dryad decks her fragrant bowers,
 For you her sparkling urn no Naiad pours;
 Unmask'd by you, light Graces skim the green,
 And hovering Cupids aim their shafts unseen.

But THOU, whose mind the well-attemper'd ray
 Of taste and virtue lights with purer day;
 Whose finer sense each soft vibration owns,
 Mute and unfeeling to discordant tones;
 Like the fair flower, that spreads its lucid form
 To meet the sun, but shuts it to the storm;
 For thee my borders name the glowing wreath,
 My fountains murmur and my zephyrs breathe;
 To charm thine eye, amid the crystal tide,
 With sinuous track, my silvery nations glide;

here inscribed as they were originally printed. Fourteen years after, in the spring 1792, the first part of that splendid poem, *THE BOTANIC GARDEN*, appeared, which had been some years oddly preceded by the second part of the work. In that first part its author has placed the above verses as the exordium of his poem, with some slight verbal alterations, and with a few brilliant lines of his own interwoven. There is no hint in the notes, or even by a quotation mark, that this poetic landscape was the work of another pen. The circumstance would have been immaterial, if the lines had not appeared in print with the name of their author; but that circumstance rendered that claim necessary. Other periodical publications of that day copied them from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

My choral birds their vivid plumes unfold,
And insect armies wave their wings of gold.

And if with thee some gentle maid should stray,
Disastrous Love companion of her way,
O ! lead her timid step to yonder glade,
Whose arching rock incumbent alders shade !
These, as meek evening wakes the temperate breeze,
And moon-beams glimmer thro' the trembling trees ,
The rills that gurgle round shall sooth her ear,
The weeping rock shall number tear for tear ;
And as sad Philomel, alike forlorn,
Sings to the night, reclining on a thorn,
While at mute intervals each falling note
Sighs in the gale, and whispers round the grot,
The sister-woes shall calm her throbbing breast,
And softest slumbers steal her cares to rest.

Thus spoke the GENIUS, as he stept along,
And bade these lawns to Peace and Truth belong ;
Down the steep slopes he led, with modest skill,
The willing path-way, and the vagrant rill ;

l. 10. In a gloomy recess of this dell, there is a rock that drops about once in every minute, alike in dry and wet seasons.

l. 17. Dr DARWIN is here considered as the GENIUS of the place, since he first cultivated and adorned the tangled and swampy plain.

Stretch'd o'er the marshy vale the willowy mound,
 Where shines the lake amid the cultur'd ground ;
 Rear'd the young woodland, smooth'd the wavy green,
 And gave to BEAUTY all the quiet scene.

O ! may no ruder step the bowers prophane,
 No midnight wassaler deface the plain !
 And when the tempests of the wintry day
 Blow golden autumn's varied leaves away,
 Winds of the North, restrain your icy gales,
 Nor chill the bosom of these HAPPY VALES !

l. 10. The Author claimed these verses in Dr Darwin's lifetime. Two years before he died, they appeared in *her name*, in Shaw's History of Staffordshire.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR JOSEPH SYKES,

OF WEST-ELLA,

AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.

BLEAK winds no longer howl around the hill,
 Nor wildly eddy through the shrinking vale;
 No more the grey frost creeps upon the rill,
 But kind Favonius breathes the soften'd gale.

And morn arising, from her vermil wing,
 'Mid the coy dell, and on the liberal plain,
 Showers each luxuriant blessing of the spring,
 Her crystal sun-beam, and her balmy rain.

I hail thee, Spring! but my sad eyes o'erflow,
 No joy of mine thy soft revival greets;
 Yet still, for purposes of tender woe,
 Give me to cull thy choicest bosom'd sweets.

Pure lilies, screen'd by your unfolding leaves,
 Violets, that breathe your incense on the morn,
 Each flower, that from the dewy light receives
 Its orient hues, my votive wreath adorn !

And o'er the dear AMINTOR's early tomb,
 Where Friendship pours her tributary tear,
 Strewn by the rivals of his youthful bloom,
 And O ! congenial garland, languish there !

Fade, blossoms, fade ! for so each kindred grace
 In young AMINTOR faded in its prime,
 When dire disease approach'd with stealing pace,
 To antedate the withering power of Time.

Retir'd, like you, no gaudy vain parade
 Glanc'd o'er his talents one obtrusive ray ;
 He woo'd chaste Science in the rural shade,
 And won, but shunn'd to lead her into day.

Warm, though unboasted, that ingenuous heart,
 Whose every thought was tender, brave, and free,
 While all the treasures Knowledge could impart,
 Dear soaring Spirit, she prepar'd for thee.

Light of thy parents' eyes !—but now no more
 On thy soul's treasures shall they proudly gaze ;
 Treasures, outweighing far the boasted store
 Of many, counting twice thy lapse of days.

Still must the dim eyes of bereaved love
 Strain on each bright memorial through their tears:
 Ah ! how the sick'ning Fancy loves to rove
 O'er blasted promises of happy years !

And as the essence of a serpent proves
 Potent the venom from its bite to throw,
 So thus to feed on perish'd hopes, removes
 The mortal influence from their sting of woe.

Yes, in the *cause* that made our grief extreme,
 We see our bané and antidote appear,
 Sooth'd to remember Hope's delightful beam,
 Though now extinguish'd on the early bier.

We feel how oft illusive shines that ray
 When clearest it allures our flatter'd sight,
 Shews all the paths of life so bright and gay,
 That rise magnetic in its dubious light.

There winds gay Pleasure's track, with roses strewn,
 But now we feel that ne'er unthorn'd they glow ;
 On Learning's bays that Envy's blight is thrown,
 That stain'd with blood the warrior-laurels blow.

Yet Prudence may extract each wounding thorn,
 Fame, strength'ning as she rises, screen from blight ;
 And chance avert from Valour's radiant morn
 The sanguine clouds, that threaten timeless night.

They *may*,—but who, ah ! who can say they *shall* ?
 Does no just dread Hope's fairy dreams annoy ?
 E'en realis'd, yet Wisdom's tear will fall
 O'er triumph vain for unenduring joy.

Short since we know the most protracted span
 Of pale Longevity's soon number'd years ;—
 But Hope, contemplating the stinted plan,
 Throws it in perspective, and calms our fears.

Now, ere their time, our fairy visions fade,
 Relentless Death has quench'd Hope's silver ray !
 But O ! what form irradiates wide the shade ?
 What beauteous Daughter of eternal day ?

See, she pervades the dense, and mournful gloom !
 With radiant smile the vault funereal cheers !
 I know thee, FAITH, thou only canst illumine
 The night of sorrow, and the vale of tears.

While warm devotion lifts thy starry eyes,
 O'er Death's drear cell thy sacred torch shall wave,
 And see ! the late extinguish'd fires arise,
 In brighter lustre, from the opening grave !

Ah ! brighter did I say ? the Solar Light,
 When from the East his summer's glory pours,
 Not more transcends the waning orb of night,
 Than heavenly hopes, the hopes of mortal hours.

Immortal Hope on endless pleasure bends

On transport unallay'd her quenchless beam,
Shews their pure fountain free from all that blends
Danger and pain with joy's terrestrial stream.

Beyond life's treacherous rocks and stormy wave,
Reveals the boundless bliss, for us in store,
When past the darksome confines of the grave,
We meet our ANGEL FRIEND to part no more.

To part no more!—blest FAITH, the sounds are thine!
And at those sounds each fond regret will cease,
Parental Love no longer shall repine,
But all its rebel sighs be hush'd to peace.

Now rise the hopes that only *thou* canst bring,
Supreme from each repining woe to save;
Resistless Death, O! where is now thy sting?
O! where thy victory, insatiate Grave?

CHARITY,

PRIZE POEM AT BATH-EASTON;

Containing a Paraphrase of the 13th Chap. of Corinthians.

WHAT awful light invests the day?
Not less unlike proud summer's ray
Than pallid gleams of cold December's noon.
The myrtles glow with liveliest green,
The mystic vase seems plainer seen,
Though all ungilded by the lavish sun.

Lady Miller, patroness of that poetic institution, at her villa, near Bath, always appointed the *subject* of the verses written for the festival. A description of its ceremonies will be found prefixed to the Author's Monody on Lady Miller.

With clear, yet sober beauty shine
 The verdant bower, the classic shrine,
 As when, in calmest hour of silent night,
 In soft perspective rise the vales,
 The silvered lawns, the shadowy dales,
 Beneath the full-orb'd moon's unclouded light.

Behold a beauteous form appears,
 Inhabitant of happier spheres,
 Whose charms divine all human charms transcend !
 Does then, to grace this Delphic grove,
 Bright CLIO leave the courts above,
 And, glorying in its tuneful powers, descend ?

Ah, no ! for o'er the placid shrine
 Nor solar emanations shine,
 Nor lyres Aonian pour the liquid strain ;
 The tender limbs, the angel face
 Have female, but celestial grace,
 And yet no Nymph she seems of Phœbus' train.

In that mild eye's translucent ray
 No frolic pleasures idly play,
 Nor raptur'd fancy lifts their sacred ball ;
 No purple robe redundant flows,
 No gemm'd tiara brightly glows ;
 All snowy white the decent garments fall.

And to her veil'd and spotless breast
 A sacred book is fervent press'd,
 With red drops stain'd the hallow'd leaves appear ;
 Now gently o'er the shrine she bends,
 Her arm, with modest grace, extends,
 And silver sweet the accents meet our ear.

“ Attend, ye Fair,—ye Learn'd,—ye Gay ;
 “ To peace I point the certain way,
 “ To all the happiness your state may claim ;
 “ Ne'er shall ye find its sweet, coy stores
 “ On Luxury's voluptuous shores,
 “ Nor rise they on th' Icarian wings of fame.

“ That to be *blest* is to be *good*,
 “ These leaves proclaim, with martyr-blood
 “ Seal'd is their truth—and awful when they sung
 “ Me CHARITY, by power divine,
 “ First Priestess of the Christian shrine,
 “ The vault of Heaven with seraph-pæans rung.

“ Once more my power, my mission learn,
 “ And know ;—could ye events discern,
 “ As yet dim embryos in the womb of time ;
 “ Though ye were grac'd with every art
 “ That Wisdom, Science, Wit, impart,
 “ Though Faith were your's unswerving and sublime ;

" For virtuous purpose, though ye pour
 " The votive strain beneath this bower,
 " Where blest BENEVOLENCE the garland weaves;
 " If not for *me* ye wake the string,
 " With tongues of angels though ye sing,
 " No ear divine the tinkling sound perceives:

" And though ye smooth the thorny bed,
 " Where Sickness leans her languid head,
 " And pining Want, with fainting step, retires;
 " Though e'en to the devouring flames
 " Ye patient yield your mortal frames
 " When superstition lights demoniac pyres;
 " If in the proud and rigid breast
 " My soft, my generous behest
 " Each seeming-virtuous action fails to inspire,
 " Then are they fruitless in the eye
 " That lights the earth, and glads the sky,
 " Of Wisdom, Truth, and Love, th' ALMIGHTY SIRE.

" He bade me bend the stubborn mind
 " To all that's patient, soft, and kind,
 " Suspicion pale, and red-ey'd anger chace;
 " The vaunt of Pride, and Envy's stings;
 " Th' envenom'd dart that Slander flings,
 " Cruel Assassin of the Human Race!

1. 1. The institution of Bath-Easton was a charitable one.

“ When prophecies are heard no more,
 “ When vanish’d Wisdom’s priceless lore,
 “ And cold, and silent every mortal tongue,
 “ These blest unerring leaves ordain
 “ That I shall range yon azure plain,
 “ Immortal as the source from whence I sprung.

“ And when, amid the falling spheres,
 “ With *me* unswerving Faith appears,
 “ And Hope triumphant rises o’er the storm,
 “ Great as they are, yet more sublime
 “ The OMNIFIC VOICE will hail *me* prime,
 “ Who his benign commands did best on earth perform.

Shespake—she smil’d!—The Vision, heavenly bright,
 Melted in purest rays of liquid light.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Prize Poem at Bath-Easton.

DIM sweeps the shower along the misty vale,
 And Grief's low accents murmur in the gale.
 O'er the damp vase, Horatio, sighing, leans,
 And gazes absent on the faded scenes.
 Soft melancholy shades each sprightly grace,
 That wont to revel o'er his Laura's face,
 When, with sweet smiles, the garlands gay she twin'd,
 And each light spray her roseate ribbons bind.

Dropt from her hand the scattered myrtles lie;
 And lo! dark cypress meets the earnest eye!
 For lifeless GARRICK sighs from Genius breathe,
 And weeping Beauty culls the funeral wreath.

Great SHAKESPEAR's spirit, with its solar rays,
 Led him through all the wide, theatric maze ;
 Through the deep pathos of its mournful themes,
 Through the light magic of its playful dreams.
 He caught the genuine humour, glowing there,
 Wit's vivid flash, and Cunning's sober leer.
 The strange distress, that fires the kindling brain,
 When roams the heart-rent Sire the stormy plain ;
 When dire Ambition, from the regal room,
 In silence, night, and horror's breathless gloom,
 Conscience-appal'd, his crimson hands surveys,
 And turns to fancied sounds the wide reverted gaze ;
 Or when the pale Youth, in the midnight shade,
 Pursues the steel-clad phantom through the glade ;
 Or, starting from his couch, with wild affright
 When the crown'd Murderer glares upon our sight,
 And all his senses fly the dire controul
 Of guilt-struck terror, rushing on his soul,—
 Our subject passions own'd the sway compleat,
 And hail'd their GARRICK, as their SHAKESPEAR,
 great.

That voice, which pour'd its music on the ear,
 Sweet as the songsters of the vernal year ;
 Those graceful gestures, and that eye of fire,
 With rage that flam'd, or languish'd with desire ;

 l. 8. Lear.

l. 9. Macbeth.

l. 13. Hamlet.

l. 16. Richard the Third.

Awak'd the jocund mirth in dimples sleek,
 Or made the chilling blood forsake the cheek,
 Where are they now?—Dark, in the narrow cell,
 Insensate,—shrunk,—and wan,—and cold, they
 dwell;

A silence, solemn, and eternal keep,
 Where neither love shall smile, nor anguish weep.

Breathe, Genius, still the tributary sigh!
 Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from Beauty's eye!
 With slackened strings suspend your harps, ye Nine,
 While round his urn yon cypress wreath ye twine;
 Then give his talents to your loudest fame,
 And grave on your high shrines, Garrick's unrivall'd
 name.

ODE

ON THE PYTHAGOREAN SYSTEM.

Prize Poem at Bath-Easton.

SPIRIT of man, if thy mysterious fires
 Are emanent from that ETERNAL LIGHT,
 In whose comparison the Sun retires,
 Eclips'd and pale, can System trace thy flight,
 When thou shalt seek, freed from corporeal load,
 In dim Futurity a new abode?
 Ah no! strange destinies her dreams prepare
 For thy undying sense of joys and pains;
 How ill the Samian Sage explains
 Thy trackless wanderings in yon fields of air!
 Inadequate the bonds, by which he tries
 To chain thee still to earth, when lost, by guilt, the
 skies.

l. 9. *Samian Sage*,—Pythagoras.

And yet, howe'er imperfect, wild, and strange,
 His tenets seem ; still, as they not discard
 A sacred sense, along their erring range,
 Of punish'd crime, and virtue's fair reward,
 They soar, though on weak wings, above the sphere
 Where broods mad Atheism o'er precepts drear ;
 Or, with incessant sneer, delights to lead,
 By cold Oblivion's deep and sable waves,
 His grovelling crew of sensual slaves,
 Inebriate, muttering Epicurus' creed,
 And impious quenching in the sullen stream
 The brightning torch of Hope, kindled at Truth's
 pure beam.

Our more enlighten'd Sage disdained to fold
 In blank Annihilation's icy shroud,
 The Spirit warm, that, from her earthly hold,
 Had wings to soar above yon azure cloud ;
 Yet has he much perplex'd her doubtful way
 To Guilt's dark shores, and Virtue's realms of day.
 But tune thy notes, my lyre, to gayer strains ;
 Admit the futile system for an hour ;
 Embrace its creed, invoke its power,
 And to its fond illusions give the reins ;
 Conceive the soaring mind *has* earthly bounds,
 And vegetates, or breathes, through Fate's eternal
 rounds.

Then while Revenge meets his congenial lot,
 And howls the tiger of the desert plain ;
 While sensual Love burns in the odious Goat,
 And in the Hog the Glutton feasts again ;
 While selfish Dulness indolently laves,
 A cold Torpedo in the stagnant waves ;
 While Avarice grovels in the sateless Worm,
 And baneful Envy, on the Hornet's wing,
 Rises, and darts the barbed sting ;
 While Vanity assumes a kindred form,
 Sports a gay Butterfly in summer's noon,
 And shews her gilded wings, quick glancing to the Sun ;

Me, whom nor rage, nor thirst of proud controul,
 Nor wish impure, inflames to deeds abhorr'd ;
 Nor costly viand, nor inebriate bowl
 Allures to revel at the Glutton's board ;
 I, who can weep for sorrows not my own,
 Nor covet gold, nor envy bright renown ;
 If, for impetuous errors, ill-restrain'd,
 For many a frail omission, frequent mourn'd,
 For talents wasted, prudence scorn'd,
 My struggling spirit must to earth be chain'd,
 Ah ! gentle be its expiatory doom,
 In Brute-Existence dumb, or vegetable gloom !

If sink it must, O grant, ye lenient Powers,
 Soft that it fall on LAURA'S Delphic shrine ;

Then rise a myrtle in her blooming bowers,
Whose verdant arms may round her altars twine!
There, as the tuneful train, the groves among,
Pour the full cadence of the dulcet song,
While yet around me trill the charming strains,
While gentle Laura bends my glossy spray,
And graceful weaves its garlands gay,
My ardent spirit scarce shall *feel* its chains ;
Scarce shall its silent destiny deplore,
Since yet I *form* the wreaths, which once with pride
I, *wore*.

INVOCATION

OF THE

COMIC MUSE.

Prize Poem at Bath-Easton.

ON this mirth-devoted day,
 From these festal bowers away,
 In your sable vestments flee,
 Train of sad MELPOMENE!
 Ye, who midnight horrors dart
 Through the palpitating heart;
 Fear, that flies its shadowy cause,
 With hurried step and startled pause;
 Straw-crown'd Phrenzy's glaring gaze,
 Chaunting shrill her changing lays:
 Nor let dim-ey'd Grief appear,
 Weaving mournful garlands here,

Cypress-buds, and fading flowers,
 Wet with cold November's showers;
 Nor with the damp, wan brow, and streaming wound,
 Let stern, self-pierc'd Despair her hollow groans
 resound.

THALIA come, fantastic Fair,
 Enthron'd in pantomimic car!
 Thine open brow with roses bind,
 By morning's lucid rays entwin'd;
 Thine azure vest flow lightly down,
 And vivid glow thy rainbow zone!
 Haste thee, Nymph, with sunny hair,
 With varied voice, and jocund air,
 Adorn'd with all the laughing grace,
 That decks the sweet betwitching face
 Of her, who o'er the knee of snow
 Archly snaps young Cupid's bow;
 For O! in that more beauteous maid
 Than Grecian pencil e'er display'd,
 Bright from ANGELICA's unrival'd hand,
 Goddess, thy portrait glows, and charms the gazing
 Land.

Nor let this Delphic Vase alone
 Thy all-enlivening influence own;

1. 16. Alluding to a celebrated picture of Mrs Kauffman's,
 THE NYMPHS DISARMING CUPID.

Exert then still thy magic power
To whiten every passing hour
For him, whose taste decided shines
In the fair Priestess of these shrines;
For her, who guides the devious feet
Of Genius to this fair retreat,
Her verdant prize extending there ;—
Ah still for them, the generous Pair,
Collect thou each idea bright
From Fancy's shrine of missive light ;
From Health, from Love, from Virtue's ray,
To gild through life their varied day,
Illume the night, and bless the rising morn,
And with the beams of bliss the golden sun adorn.

AMUSEMENTS OF WINTER.

Written in 1779.

Now, in the tempests of the wintry sky,
 The whirling leaves of sickly Autumn fly ;
 But blithe EUPHROSYNE will soon appear,
 And gild the horrors of the darkening year.
 Soon shall she hail, with buskin'd Dian's horn,
 The light, ambiguous, of the tardy morn ;
 Mark the fierce Courser, the gay Youth beneath,
 Neigh as he paws the earth, and ardent breathe ;
 Toss the light mane, and snuff the moisten'd gale,
 Till vocal throats proclaim the tainted dale.
 Then the fleet hoof the echoing forest shakes,
 Then dash the deep-mouth'd hounds among the brakes ;
 The high, rough hill the hunter-throng deride,
 Strain up its steep, and thunder down its side ;
 Sweep through the misty vale, in long array,
 And shout exulting o'er the treacherous prey.
 Hygeia's eyes, whence diamond lustre streams,
 Deck the pale Orient with their glad'ning beams.

She can the short and louring day illume,
 And, with her dimpled Sister, mock the gloom.
 Twins and companions ever on the earth,
 Are the bright Goddesses of Health and Mirth.

Now fall the fearful Night's incumbent shades,
 And the swoln river pours along the glades ;
 Wild as the gulphing waves their eddies form,
 Shrieks the remorseless spirit of the storm.
 But, for the Social, shines the clean, warm hearth,
 And all within the walls is love and mirth.
 Pleas'd with the absence of intrusive Day,
 Science and Wit their varied stores display ;
 And the heart feels, whate'er our Bards may sing,
 Bright winter-fires propitious as the spring ;
 Since most the Youth the timid Virgin fires,
 When he, and only he, her breast inspires ;
 No golden suns, no fragrant flowers, to share
 The charm'd attention of the list'ning Fair.
 And when the howling wind and beating rain
 Shake the firm roof, and plough the delug'd plain,
 The sweet affections, in those fearful hours,
 Rule the kind bosom with augmented powers ;
 Then most the Sense, and Soul, dependence feel
 On Love's gay smile, and Friendship's cordial zeal.

In splendid roofs, the brilliant chandelier
 Pours trembling lustre on the full-plum'd Fair,
 And to their rival eyes the scenes unfold
 That glitter azure, and that glitter gold.

Here fickle Fortune leads her motley throng,
 Where varied laws to varied states belong :
 Solemn Spadille, the Lewis of the Train,
 Rules with despotic sway the velvet plain ;
 Whist's graver tribes Republic schemes display,
 Her still chang'd rulers bearing sober sway ;
 While Pam, like Prussian Frederic, darts to view,
 Exulting o'er the vanquish'd troops of Loo.
 All these, and more, with deeds of proud acclaim,
 Flock to the standard of the giddy Dame.
 His vassal monarchs thus Atrides bore
 From Grecian cities to the Trojan shore.

Hark the soft flutes, and loud'ning hautboys sound,
 And youthful Beauty glides her graceful round ;
 Till brisker measures rapid urge along
 The light, the mutable, the bounding throng.

When graver pleasures their pursuits engage,
 Majestic Tragedy sublims the stage,
 Till her gay Sister puts the pomp to flight,
 And Mirth resumes her empire o'er the night.
 Now rapt CECILIA strikes the golden lyre,
 Wakes to wild rage, or melts in soft desire ;
 And to her vocal tubes, and marshall'd strings,
 A thousand blended harmonies she brings.
 Their leader, Melody, they still sustain,
 And with sonorous grandeur lift the strain.

Then from the full Orchestra loud resounds
 The volant fugue, with its successive sounds.
 Heard, and but heard, lo ! now the soften'd notes
 Invite the song, that round the area floats,
 When graceful HARROP pours the liquid lay,
 Sweet as the warbler on the moonlight spray.
 Her fine expression, her consummate art
 Lift the moist eye, and thrill the feeling heart ;
 Strike e'en the prating fools of fashion dumb,
 Till late all *voice*, they now all *ear* become.
 'Twas thus that, listening to the Syren's strain,
 Charm'd Scylla hush'd her barkers on the main.

These are *thy* Syrens, WINTER,—while they sing,
 In vain the wild winds whirl on darken'd wing.
 Divine EUPHROSYNE, they form thy train,
 For absent *thou*, e'en they would sing in vain ;
 But from the radiance of thy laughing eye,
 The fiends of wintry Nature coward hie
 To howling heaths—damp fens—and murky caves,
 Uprooted forests, and o'er-whelming waves.
 As low-hung skies dismiss their dusky steam,
 Before the rising Sun's pervading beam,
 So fly November's monsters o'er the lea,
 And leave the world to Music—Love—and THEE.

BERMUDA,

ADDRESSED TO DOCTOR TUCKER,

A young Physician, Native of that Island.

WHILE springs from thy thrill'd heart the patriot tear,
 Thine, generous Youth, my sympathy sincere ;
 Beneath our transient suns and wayward skies,
 As bend regretful thy reverted eyes
 Far o'er the mighty Ocean of the West,
 Where thy lov'd Island lifts her palmy breast,
 And shoreless solitudes around her reign,
 Gem of the vast, and melancholy main !

Oft, in my fancy, I behold thee trace
 Each mild exemption, and each glowing grace,
 That bless thy native region, as she laves

Her massy pillars in the lonely waves,
 That ceaseless rave, and dash her rocky shore,
 But to innoxious winds all idly roar ;
 Like peevish babes that from the mother's breast
 Fling the wild head and scorn the offer'd rest,
 Yet, in their impotence of childish rage,
 Excite not anger stern, nor sad presage.
 So fair BERMUDA, with maternal smile,
 Derides the furious seas that lash her Isle,
 Since her bright Year, in youth eternal crown'd,
 With flowers perennial decks the glowing ground ;
 Protrudes successive germs from every root,
 And shews, on the same bough, the blossom and the
 fruit.

Whate'er with liberal hand rich Autumn throws,
 Dreads nor the Winter's wind, nor chilling snows.
 She to fresh Spring resigns her ripen'd pride,
 And green young leaves the juicy treasures hide.
 The sweet Bermuda, Nature's strife unknown,
 Reclines at ease on her cerulean throne ;

1. 1. *Massy Pillars*.—These are very tall rocks around Bermuda.

1. 2. *Ceaseless rave*—See Shakspeare's *Tempest*, where Ariel alludes to the high surf around this island.

“Thou call'st me at midnight, to fetch dews

“From the still vex'd Bermuda.”

Feels no swart Sirius o'er her shining day
 Breathe the sick gale, or dart the livid ray,
 But calls the punctual breeze, to fan the hours,
 That dance incessant 'mid her lemon bowers;
 To sigh through yellow groves of luscious canes,
 Or sweet palmettos, branching o'er the plains;
 Gently, with fragrant breath, at eve to blow,
 And cool the perfum'd night till morn shall glow;
 Hears birds, of every hue, with lavish throat
 Pour from each shade the wild, voluptuous note,
 Sees Plenty bear an unexhausted horn,
 And roseate Beauty deck the bursting morn.
 For there no twilight veils the dewy rays,
 But o'er the dusk immediate glories blaze,
 While lofty cedars rise to meet the beams,
 Whose fluid gold o'er the dark foliage streams,
 Back as they throw the sable shroud of night,
 And give the gorgeous scene to glow in light;
 Sees no dim cloud o'ershade her noon-tide bowers,
 Or wet her purple eve with chilling showers;
 But silent dews the closing florets feed,
 Swell the young grain, and saturate the mead
 While amber odours cheer the bloomy vale,
 And Health's clear spirit blends with every gale.

1. 3. *Punctual breeze.* The sea breezes at Bermuda come on about noon, and last till day-dawn.

1. 13. *No twilight.*—In those latitudes the sun shines out instantaneously on the break of dawn.

Well may thy mind, dear Youth, incessant rove
To those luxuriant scenes of peace, and love ;
Where on thy early life, energetic, rose
The hope that stimulates, the bliss that glows ;
Each good fraternal friendship can impart,
Or parent fondness pour upon the heart.

Yet, if resistless Destiny ordains
Thy future years to our less favour'd plains,
Amid the thicken'd sky, the howling storm,
O ! may no mental blast thy peace deform !
May Science bless with richest stores thy youth,
And Wisdom guide thee to the shrine of Truth !
O'er fond Regret, Hope, Love, and Joy prevail,
Warm as Bermuda's Sun, and gentle as her Gale !

ELEGY

ON

CAPTAIN COOK.

SORROWING, the Nine beneath yon blasted yew
 Shed the soft drops of pity's holy dew ;
 Mute are their tuneful tongues, extinct their fires ;
 Yet not in silence sleep their silver lyres ;
 To the bleak gale they vibrate sad and slow,
 In deep accordance to a Nation's woe.

Ye, who ere-while for Cook's illustrious brow
 Pluck'd the green laurel, and the oaken bough,
 Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,
 And pour'd his fame along a thousand shores,
 Strike the slow death-bell !—weave the sacred verse,
 And strew the cypress o'er his honour'd hearse ;
 In sad procession wander round the shrine,
 And weep him mortal, whom ye sung divine !

roams:

In cups of summer-ice her nectar pours,
Or twines, 'mid wint'ry snows, her roseate bowers ;
Where the warm Orient loads Britannia's gales
With all the incense of Sabæan vales ;
Where soft Italia's silken sons prolong
The lavish cadence of the artful song ;
Where Beauty moves with fascinating grace,
Calls the sweet blush to wanton o'er her face,
On each fond youth her soft artillery tries,
Aims the light smile, and rolls the frolic eyes :
What Power inspir'd his dauntless breast to brave
The scorch'd Equator, and th' Antarctic wave ?
Climes, where fierce Suns in cloudless ardors shine,
And pour the dazzling deluge round the Line ;
The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise,
'Mid the pale summer of the polar skies ?—
It was BENEVOLENCE !—on coasts unknown,
The shiv'ring natives of the frozen zone,
And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays
“ Where Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,”
She bade him seek ;—on each inclement shore
Plant the rich seeds of her exhaustless store ;

Unite the savage hearts, and hostile hands,
 In the firm compact of her gentle bands ;
 Strew her soft comforts o'er the barren plain,
 Sing her sweet lays, and consecrate her fane.
 While half the warring world, in senseless strife,
 Dire thirst of power, and lavish waste of life,
 Sent their hoarse thunders o'er the seas to roar,
 And dye the distant waves in human gore,
 O fair BENEVOLENCE ! thy guiding ray
 With light so pure illum'd the wat'ry way,
 Amaz'd and charm'd the Sons of Ravage stood,
 And by its lustre, streaming o'er the flood,
 Mark'd thy mild Hero's rising ships afar,
 And hush'd to peace the brazen throat of War ;
 His sacred ensigns view'd with moisten'd eye,
 And struck the blood-stain'd flag, and sail'd admiring by !

When high in rage the troubled deep they plough'd,
 Thus to thy charms War's haughty chieftains bow'd,
 Lovely BENEVOLENCE !—O Nymph divine !
 I see thy light step print the burning Line !
 Thy lucid eye the dubious pilot guides,
 The faint oar struggling with the scalding tides.—
 On as thou lead'st the bold, the glorious prow,
 Mild, and more mild, the sloping sun-beams glow ;
 Now weak and pale the lessen'd lustres play,
 As round th' horizon rolls the timid day ;

Barb'd with the sleeted snow, the driving hail,
 Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale ;
 And through the dim, unvaried, ling'ring hours,
 Wide o'er the waves incumbent Horror low'rs.

From the rude summit of yon frozen steep,
 Contrasting Glory gilds the dreary deep !
 Lo !—deck'd with vermil youth and beamy grace,
 Hope in her step, and gladness in her face,
 Light on the icy rock, with outstretch'd hands,
 The Goddess of the new Columbus stands.
 Round her bright head the plumy peterels soar,
 Blue as her robe, that sweeps the frozen shore ;
 Glows her soft cheek, as vernal mornings fair,
 And warm as summer-suns her golden hair ;
 O'er the hoar waste her radiant glances stream,
 And courage kindles in their magic beam.
 She points the ship its mazy path, to thread
 The floating fragments of the frozen bed.

l. 11. *Peterels soar*.—The Peterel is a bird found in the frozen seas ; its neck and tail are white, and its wings of a bright blue.

l. 18. *The floating fragments*.—" In the course of the last 24 hours, we passed through several fields of broken ice ; they were in general narrow, but of considerable extent. In one part the pieces of ice were so close, that the ship had much difficulty to thread them."

While o'er the deep, in many a dreadful form,
 The giant Danger howls along the storm,
 Furling the iron sails with numbed hands,
 Firm on the deck the great Adventurer stands ;
 Round glitt'ring mountains hears the billows rave,
 And the vast ruin thunder on the wave.—
 Appal'd he hears !—but checks the rising sigh,
 And turns on his firm band a glist'ning eye.—
 Not for himself the sighs unbidden break,
 Amid the terrors of the icy wreck ;
 Not for himself starts the impassion'd tear,
 Congealing as it falls ;—nor pain, nor fear,
 Nor Death's dread darts, impede the great design,
 Till Nature draws the circumscribing line.
 Huge rocks of ice th' arrested ship embay,
 And bar the gallant Wanderer's dangerous way.—
 His eye regretful marks the Goddess turn
 The assiduous prow from its relentless bourn.

1. 3. *Furling the iron sails.*—"Our sails and rigging were so frozen, that they seemed plates of iron."

1. 6. *And the vast ruin.*—The breaking of one of these immense mountains of ice, and the prodigious noise it made, is particularly described in Cook's second voyage to the South Pole.

1. 14. *Till Nature, &c.*—"After running four leagues this course, with the ice on our starboard side, we found ourselves quite embayed, the ice extending from north-north-east, round by the west and south, to east, in one compact body ; the weather was tolerably clear, yet we could see no end to it."

And now antarctic Zealand's drear domain
 Frowns, and o'erhangs th' inhospitable main.
 On its chill beach this dove of human-kind
 For his long-wand'ring foot short rest shall find,
 Bear to the coast the olive-branch in vain,
 And quit on wearied wing the hostile plain.—
 With jealous low'r the frowning natives view
 The stately vessel, and adventurous crew;
 Nor fear the brave, nor emulate the good,
 But scowl with savage thirst of human blood!
 And yet there were, who in this iron clime
 Soar'd o'er the herd on Virtue's wing sublime;
 Rever'd the stranger-guest, and smiling strove
 To sooth his stay with hospitable love;
 Fann'd in full confidence the friendly flame,
 Join'd plighted hands, and name exchange'd for name.
 To these the Hero leads his living store,
 And pours new wonders on th' uncultur'd shore

l. 5. *The olive branch.*—"To carry a green branch in the hand on landing, is a pacific signal, universally understood by all the islanders in the South Seas."

l. 16. *And name exchange'd.*—The exchange of names is a pledge of amity among these islanders, and was frequently proposed by them to Captain Cook and his people; so also is the joining noses.

l. 17. *His living store.*—Captain Cook left various kinds of animals upon this coast, together with garden-seeds, &c. The Zealanders had hitherto subsisted upon fish, and such coarse

The silky fleece, fair fruit, and golden grain;
 And future herds and harvests bless the plain.
 O'er the green soil the kids exulting play,
 And sounds his clarion loud the bird of day;
 The downy goose her ruffled bosom laves,
 Trims her white wing, and wantons in the waves;
 Stern moves the bull along th' affrighted shores,
 And countless nations tremble as he roars.
 So when the Daughter of eternal Jove,
 And Ocean's God, to bless their Athens strove,
 The massy trident with gigantic force
 Cleaves the firm earth—and lo! the stately horse;
 He paws the ground, impatient of the rein,
 Shakes his high front, and thunders o'er the plain.
 Then Wisdom's Goddess plants the embryo seed,
 And bids new foliage shade the sultry mead;
 'Mid the pale green the tawny olive shine,
 And famish'd thousands bless the hand divine.

Now the warm solstice o'er the shining bay,
 Darts from the north its mild meridian ray;
 Again the Chief invokes the rising gale,
 And spreads again in desert seas the sail;

vegetables as their climate produced; and this want of better provision, it is supposed, induced them to the horrid practice of eating human flesh.

O'er dangerous shoals his steady steerage keeps,
 O'er walls of coral, ambush'd in the deeps ;
 Strong Labour's hands the crackling cordage twine,
 And sleepless Patience heaves the guardian line.
 Borne on fierce eddies black Tornado springs,
 Dashing the gulphy main with ebon wings ;
 In the vex'd foam his sweeping trail he shrouds,
 And rears his serpent-crest amid the clouds ;
 Wrapp'd in dark mists with hideous bellowing roars,
 Drives all his tempests on, and shakes the shores.
 Already has the groaning ship resign'd
 Half her proud glories to the furious wind.
 The fear-struck mariner beholds from far,
 In gathering rage, the elemental war ;
 As rolls the rising vortex, stands aghast,
 Folds the rent sail, or clasps the shivering mast !
 Onward, like Night, the frowning Demon comes,
 Show'rs a dread deluge from his shaken plumes ;
 Fierce as he moves the gulphed sand uptears,
 And high in air the shatter'd canvass bears.
 Hardly the heroes in that fateful hour
 Save the torn navy from his whelming power ;

1. 2 *Walls of coral.*—The coral rocks are described as rising perpendicularly from the greatest depths of the ocean, inso-much that the sounding-line could not reach their bottom ; and yet they were but just covered with water. These rocks are now found to be fabricated by sea-insects.

1. 4. *And sleepless Patience.*—“ We had now passed several months with a man constantly in the chains heaving the lead.”

But soon from Industry's restoring hand,
 New masts aspire, and snowy sails expand.
 On a lone beach a rock-built temple stands,
 Stupendous pile ! unwrought by mortal hands ;
 Sublime the ponderous turrets rise in air,
 And the wide roof basaltic columns bear ;
 Through the long aisles the murm'ring tempests blow,
 And Ocean chides his dashing waves below.
 From this fair fane, along the silver sands,
 Two sister-virgins wave their snowy hands ;
 First gentle Flora—round her smiling brow
 Leaves, of new forms, and flow'rs uncultur'd glow ;
 Thin folds of vegetable silk, behind,
 Shade her white neck, and wanton in the wind ;
 Strangesweets, where'er she turns, perfume the glades,
 And fruits unnam'd adorn the bending shades.

1. 3. *A rock-built temple.*—"On one part of this isle there was a solitary rock, rising on the coast with arched cavities, like a majestic temple."

1. 11. *First gentle Flora.*—Flora is the Goddess of modern Botany, and Fauna of modern Zoology : hence the pupils of Linnæus call their books *Flora Anglica*—*Fauna Danica*, &c. "The Flora of one of these islands contained 30 new plants."

1. 13. *Vegetable silk.*—In New Zealand is a flag of which the natives make their nets and cordage. The fibres of this vegetable are longer and stronger than our hemp and flax ; and some, manufactured in London, is as white and glossy as fine silk. This valuable vegetable will probably grow in our climate.

—Next Fauna treads, in youthful beauty's pride,
 A playful Kangroo bounding by her side;
 Around the Nymph her beauteous Pois display
 Their varied plumes, and trill the dulcet lay;
 A Giant-bat, with leathern wings outspread,
 Umbrella light, hangs quiv'ring o'er her head.
 As o'er the cliff her graceful steps she bends,
 On glitt'ring wing her insect train attends.
 With diamond-eye her scaly tribes survey
 Their Goddess-nymph, and gambol in the spray.
 With earnest gaze the still enamour'd crew
 Mark the fair forms; and as they pass, pursue;

1. 2. *A playful Kangroo* —The Kangroo is an animal peculiar to those climates. It is perpetually jumping along on its hind legs, its fore legs being too short to be used in the manner of other quadrupeds.

1. 3. *Beauteous Pois*.—"The Poi-bird, common in those countries, has feathers of a fine mazarine blue, except those of the neck, which are of a beautiful silver grey; and two or three short white ones, which are in the pinion-joint of the wing. Under its throat hang two little tufts of curled white feathers, called its *poies*, which, being the Otaheitean word for ear-rings, occasioned our giving that name to the bird; which is not more remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, than for the exquisite melody of its note."

1. 5. *A Giant-bat*.—The bats which captain Cook saw in some of these countries were of incredible dimensions, measuring three feet and a half in breadth, when their wings were extended.

But round the steepy rocks, and dangerous strand,
 Rolls the white surf, and shipwreck guards the land.
 So, when of old, Sicilian shores along,
 Enchanting Syrens trill'd th' alluring song,
 Bound to the mast the charm'd Ulysses hears,
 And drinks the sweet tones with insatiate ears ;
 Strains the strong cords, upbraids the prosp'rous gale,
 And sighs, as Wisdom spreads the flying sail.

Now leads BENEVOLENCE the destin'd way,
 Where all the Loves in Otaheite stray.
 To bid the Arts disclose their wond'rous pow'rs,
 To bid the Virtues consecrate the bow'rs,
 She gives her Hero to its blooming plain :—
 Nor has he wander'd, has he bled in vain !
 His lips persuasive charm th' uncultur'd youth,
 Teach Wisdom's lore, and point the path of Truth.
 See ! chasten'd love in softer glances flows,
 See ! with new fires parental duty glows.

1. 2. *Rolls the white surf.*—“ As we passed this island, many of its trees had an unusual appearance, and the richness of the vegetation much invited our naturalists to land, but their earnest wishes were in vain, from the dangerous reefs and the violence of the surfs.”

1. 17. *Chasten'd love.*—Captain Cook observes, in his second voyage, that the women of Otaheite were grown more modest, and that the barbarous practice of destroying their children was lessened.

Thou smiling Eden of the southern wave,
 Could not, alas ! thy grateful wishes save
 That angel-goodness, which had blest thy plain ?—
 Ah ! vain thy gratitude, thy wishes vain !
 On a far distant, and remorseless shore,
 Where human fiends their dire libations pour ;
 Where treachery, hov'ring o'er the blasted heath,
 Poises with ghastly smile the darts of death,
 Pierc'd by their venom'd points, your favorite bleeds,
 And on his limbs the lust of hunger feeds !
 Thus when, of old, the muse-born Orpheus bore
 Fair Arts and Virtues to the Thracian shore ;
 Struck with sweet energy the warbling wire,
 And pour'd persuasion from th' immortal lyre ;
 As soften'd brutes, the waving woods among,
 Bow'd their meek heads, and listen'd to the song ;
 Near, and more near, with rage and tumult loud,
 Round the bold bard th' inebriate maniacs crowd—
 Red on the ungrateful soil his life-blood swims,
 And Fiends and Furies tear his quiv'ring limbs !

Gay Eden of the south, thy tribute pay,
 And raise, in pomp of woe, thy Cook's Morai !

1. 22. *Morai* —The Morai is a kind of funeral altar, which the people of Otaheite raise to the memory of their deceased friends. They bring to it a daily tribute of fruits, flowers, and

Bid mild Omiah bring his choicest stores,
 The juicy fruits, and the luxuriant flow'rs ;
 Bring the bright plumes, that drink the torrid ray,
 And strew the lavish spoil on Cook's Morai !
 Come, Oberea, hapless fair-one ! come,
 With piercing shrieks bewail thy Hero's doom !—
 She comes !—she gazes round with dire survey !—
 Oh ! fly the mourner on her frantic way.
 See ! see ! the pointed ivory wounds that head,
 Where late the Loves impurpled roses spread ;
 Now stain'd with gore, her raven tresses flow,
 In ruthless negligence of maddening woe ;
 Loud she laments !—and long the Nymph shall stray
 With wild unequal step round Cook's Morai !

But ah !—aloft on Albion's rocky steep,
 That frowns incumbent o'er the boiling deep,
 Solicitous, and sad, a softer form
 Eyes the lone flood, and deprecates the storm.—
 Ill-fated Matron !—far, alas ! in vain
 Thy eager glances wander o'er the main !—

the plumage of birds. The chief mourner wanders around it in a state of apparent distraction, shrieking furiously, and striking at intervals a shark's tooth into her head. All people fly her, as she aims at wounding not only herself, but others.

'Tis the vex'd billows, that insurgent rave,
 Their white foam silvers yonder distant wave,
 'Tis not his sails!—thy Husband comes no more!
 His bones now whiten an accursed shore!—
 Retire,—for hark! the sea-gull shrieking soars,
 The lurid atmosphere portentous low'rs;
 Night's sullen spirit groans in ev'ry gale,
 And o'er the waters draws the darkling veil,
 Sighs in thy hair, and chills thy throbbing breast—
 Go, wretched Mourner!—Weep thy griefs to rest!
 Yet, though through life is lost each fond delight,
 Though set thy earthly sun in dreary night,
 Oh! raise thy thoughts to yonder starry plain,
 And own thy sorrow selfish, weak, and vain;
 Since, while Britannia, to his virtues just,
 Twines the bright wreath, and rears th' immortal
 bust;

While on each wind of heav'n his fame shall rise,
 In endless incense to the smiling skies;
 The ATTENDANT POWER, that bade his sails expand,
 And waft her blessings to each barren land,
 Now raptur'd bears him to the immortal plains,
 Where Mercy hails him with congenial strains;
 Where soars, on Joy's white plume, his spirit free,
 And angels choir him, while he waits for THEE.

V E R S E S

T O A

Y O U N G G E N T L E M A N .

SEE the sky glows!—how fierce the beams of noon
 Pour their wide splendours o'er the yellow hill!
 But rosy hours fly fast;—dim Autumn soon
 Shall, from her drizzling urn, the gay green valley fill.

Pale billows then shall cast a sickly gleam
 Through the thin umbrage of the rifled groves;
 Whose rustling leaves, thick show'ring, swell the
 stream,
 That drenches the 'lorn mead, and widens as it roves.

With many a rising sigh for pleasures flown
 We view the destin'd ravage, cold, and drear;
 But let a few frore months be past and gone,
 And the sweet hour of prime shall renovate the year.

But ah ! no minstrel of the merry morn
 Shall wake to joy the icy sleep of Age ;
 No purple wreaths the palsied brow adorn,
 Or chace of pain and death the desolate presage.

Like broken lustres in the golden West,
 Now auburn tints gleam sunny in thy hair ;
 And Youth's warm spirit, dancing in thy breast,
 Looks through thy shining eyes, and animates thy air.

Seize the awaken'd moments—for they speed
 Thy light gay bark to Age's torpid wave ;
 And with th' exalted thought, the generous deed,
 Quick, from Oblivion's gulph, thy rescu'd memory
 save !

The Man, whose name on virtuous lips shall dwell,
 Disdains to think the mortal lot severe,
 Nor heeds the darkness of the funeral cell ;
 Fame, and the Summer-Morn shall gild his passage
 there !

ODE TO THE SUN.

Published in May 1780.

I.

LORD of the Planets! in their course
 Through the long tracts of never-ceasing day,
 Who to their orbs with matchless force,
 Bendest their rapid, wild, reluctant way;
 Though midst the vast and glitt'ring maze
 Of countless worlds, that round thee blaze,
 Small, dim, and cold, our little Earth appears,
 Thy life-enkindling light she shares:
 From the chill Pole's far-shining mountains frore,
 To sandy Afric's sultry shore,

1. 9. *Frore*.—Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, uses that fine old word, synonymous to the common word frozen.

“ The parching Air

“ Burns *frore*, and Cold performs the effect of Fire.”

Also Spencer, “ O ! my heart's blood is well nigh *frore*, I feel.”

Wide o'er her plains thy living lustres stream,
In Lapland's long pale day, and swart Numidia's beam.

II.

For her, with delegated right,
Thy virgin-sister in thy absence shines,
Throws her soft robe of snowy light
O'er sullen Night's opaque and shadowy shrines ;
Thy watchful sentinel, she reigns
Controuler of the watry plains,
Onward her silver arm the Ocean guides,
Or dashes back the impetuous tides.
But thou, on the green wave's capacious bed,
Hast light, and life, and gladness shed,
Through liquid mountains, as they roll,
Darting the beauteous beam, the vivifying soul,

III.

That paints the shell's meand'ring mould,
Or spots the twinkling fin with gold ;
That gives the diamond's eye to blaze
With all thy bright and arrowy rays.—
Low in the billowy hold,
Where the mighty whales are straying,
And the burnish'd dolphins playing,
There, with tremulous light, thou charmest
Nations basking in thy gleam ;
And e'en there thy earth thou warmest
With thy mild prolific beam :

From the dwarf coral, with his vermil horns,
 Or sea-moss, matted round her briny caves,
 To the broad oak, that Albion's cliff adorns,
 And bears her sons triumphant o'er the waves ;
 Each stem, root, leaf, fair fruit, and floret bright,
 Lustre and fragrance drink from thy all-cheering light.

IV.

Remov'd from its more ardent ray,
 In grassy Albion's deep umbrageous vales,
 Thou bid'st them bloom in soft array,
 And breathe sweet incense on her vernal gales.
 Thy red Morn blushes on her shores,
 And liquid gems profusely pours ;
 Thy gay Noon glows with unoppressive beams,
 And glitters on her winding streams ;
 Thy modest Evening draws the deep'ning shades
 O'er her green hills, and bowery glades,
 Till the fair Months, with faded charms,
 Shrink in the chilly grasp of Winter's icy arms.

V.

But this highly-favoured year
 From thee with gifts peculiar sprung ;
 At thy command Autumna fair
 Her golden vest o'er shiv'ring Winter flung ;

l. 19. *Highly-favoured year*.—This Ode was written at the end of that remarkable fine year, 1779, during which there was scarce any winter ; but at that period England was involved in the ruinous miseries of the American war.

And bade him his pale ling'ring hours
 Gaily deck with fragrant flow'rs ;
 For his hoar brow matur'd the Violet wreath,
 From his wan lip bid Pleasure breathe ;
 No more he blasts the plain, or warps the tide,
 Thou throw'st his icy bonds aside.
 His soften'd gale serenely blows,
 Till with Italia's charms hybernal Albion glows.

VI.

But see!—with bright hair drench'd in blood,
 On a rock that braves the flood,
 Her Genius sits, and pours the tear,
 Mindless of thy rosy year ;
 Since War's terrific brood
 Bid in chains his Commerce languish,
 Fright his shrines with groans of anguish.—
 Great SUN ! would lovely Peace, descending,
 Hither guide her dove-drawn car,
 And with thine her influence blending,
 Break the wintry clouds of War,
 Then should yon Angel-Form, that now deplores
 His wasted wealth, his bleeding joys,
 Rush from the rock, and, springing to the shores,
 Unbind fair Commerce, fetter'd where she lies ;
 Indignant hurl those fetters to the main,
 As thou threw'st back, great SUN ! old Hyems' icy
 chain.

VERSES

TO

CAPTAIN ELIOTT,

Written in the blank leaf of a manuscript Book,

WHICH CONTAINED HIS POEMS.

IN life's gay morn, in Circe's frolic train,
 Health to the youth who shunn'd their tempting
 harms ;
 Scorn'd his pure mind, and plighted faith, to stain
 With bowls inebriate, and with venal charms !

And led the muse, where muses seldom rove,
 Where rudely clang'd Bellona's gore-stain'd shield ;
 Sweet is the moral song, the lays of love
 That wak'd, and warbled o'er the tented field.

For thee, 'mid prouder laurels of the war,
Long may the bays their classic odours breathe !
And the gay Goddess of the morning star,
Twine the soft myrtle, and complete the wreath !

For thee, th' impervious cloud again prepare,
That veil'd her Paris on Scamander's plain ;
So, 'mid the volleying thunders of the war,
Round thee its thousand bolts shall fly in vain.

Yet, while the soft suffusion shields thy brow,
A fate unlike the Trojan's may'st thou prove,
Win the proud trophy from the flying foe,
And live to Glory, while thou liv'st to Love !

VERSES

Inviting Mrs C— to Tea on a public Fast-day,

DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

DEAR Stella, 'mid the pious sorrow
Our monarch bids us feel to-morrow,
The ahs! and ohs! supremely triste,
The abstinence from beef, and whist;
Wisely ordain'd to please the Lord,
And force him whet our edgeless sword,
Till, shipping o'er the Atlantic rill,
We cut provincial throats at will;
'Midst all the penitence we feel
For merry sins,—'midst all the zeal
For vengeance on the saucy foe,
Who lays our boasted legions low;
I wish, when sullen evening comes,
That you, to gild its falling glooms,
Would, without scruple cold, agree
Beneath these walls to sip your tea.

From the chaste, fragrant, Indian weed
 Our sins no pampering juices feed;
 And though the hours, with contrite faces,
 May banish the ungodly aces,
 And take of food a sparing bit,
 They'll gluttonize on Stella's wit.

“Tea!” cries a Patriot, “on that day
 ’Twere good you flung the drug away,
 Rememb’ring ’twas the cruel source
 Of sad distrust, and long divorce
 ’Twixt nations, which, combin’d, had hurl’d
 Their conquering javelin round the world.

“O! Indian shrub, thy fragrant flowers
 To England’s weal had deadly powers,
 When Despotism, with impious hand,
 To venom turn’d thine essence bland,
 To venom, subtle, foul, and fell,
 As steep’d the dart of Isdabel!

“Have we forgot that dread libation
 Which cost the life of half the nation?”

1. 22. See the Dying Indian in Dodsley’s poems :

“The dart of Isdabel prevails! ’twas dipt

“In double poison.”

When Boston, with indignant thought,
 Saw poison in the perfum'd draught,
 And caus'd her troubled bay to be
 But one vast bowl of bitter Tea;
 While Ate, chiefly bidden guest,
 Came sternly to the fatal feast,
 And mingled with its baneful flood
 Brother's!—Children's!—Parent's blood;
 Dire as the banquet Atreus serv'd,
 When his own son Thyestes carv'd,
 And Phœbus, shrinking from the sight,
 Drew o'er his orb the pall of night.

“ To-morrow then, at least, refrain,
 Nor quaff thy bleeding country's bane!
 For O! reflect, poetic Daughter,
 'Twas hapless Britain's laurel-water!”

l. 5. *Ate*.—Goddess of Vengeance.

l. 16. Alluding to captain Donellan's murder of sir Theodosius Boughton by laurel-water—an event, which at that time agitated the public mind considerably.

ON THE
FUTURE EXISTENCE
OF
BRUTES.

“THE beasts that perish.”—Those few words are
shown

On the dread pages of inspir’d Record,
By Man, proud Man ! as he were doom’d alone
To meet, for guiltless pains, supreme reward.

Yet knows he well, that on the leaves divine,
Oft from the seeming sense we must refrain,
And, lest warm Hope consistency resign,
The letter wave, the spirit to obtain.

For Brutal Life, while reasoning we explore
The text misconstru’d much, it but declares
That Man’s free thoughts, and deeds import him more,
Since this, his state of trial, is not theirs.

To earthly life HE perishes ;—but here
 The vast momentous difference is implied,
 He perishes accountable—aware
 That choice was given, and reason for its guide.

I mark the tones of arrogance exclaim,
 “ Since they are form’d incapable of sin,
 “ Of innocence instinctive where’s the claim ?
 “ It well may be as it had never been.”

True, if permitted ills did ne’er oppress,
 If certain as their innocence, their peace,
 With the short date of being Brutes possess,
 Heaven might ordain their consciousness should
 cease :

Yet not infringe those never altering laws
 Of equity and mercy, which combin’d
 To form the essence of th’ Eternal Cause,
 Judge, Guardian, Friend of all existing kind.

But since full oft the pangs of dire disease,
 Labour, and famine, and oppression hard,
 From cruel Man, the blameless victims seize ;
 Of Heavenly Justice they may claim reward.

Alas ! the dumb defenceless numbers, found
 The wretched subjects of a tyrant’s sway,

Who hourly feel his unresisted wound,
 And hungry pine through many a weary day ;

Or those, of lot more barbarously severe,
 Who strain their weak, lame limbs beneath the load
 Their fainting strength is basely doom'd to bear,
 While smites the lash, the steely torments goad ;

Has God decreed this helpless, suffering train
 Shall groaning yield the vital breath he gave,
 Unrecompens'd for years of want, and pain,
 And close on them the portals of the grave ?

Ah, no ! the great Retributory Mind
 Will recompense, and may perhaps ordain
 Some future mode of being, more refin'd
 Than ours, less sullied with inherent stain ;

Less torn by passion, and less prone to sin,
 Their duty easier, trial less severe,
 Till their firm faith, and virtue prov'd, may win
 The wreaths of Life in yon Eternal Sphere.

This then may form the much rewarding doom ;—
 But O ! whate'er the nature of the meed,
 Theirs it must be ; then let us now presume
 Their guiltless cause, on other grounds, to plead.

Suppose permitted ills did not oppress,
 That certain as their innocence, their peace,
 And thus, that with the Being they possess,
 Sensation might, without injustice, cease ;

Yet still, proud Man ! in this scorn'd tribe below
 Shall more than innocence thy pride impede,
 Nature, where all the generous ardours glow,
 And action, vying with thy noblest deed.

If strength, if grace, if magnitude of frame,
 To give the dignifying power must fail,
 If not from them proceeds the sacred claim,
 That lifts the creature on creation's scale ;

If mind shall ever be to form preferr'd,
 Courage to force, to beauty sentiment,
 One Brute, at least, has powers, by heaven conferr'd,
 That for a doom oblivious were not lent.

Ah ! what but Heaven-born sentiment corrects,
 Refines,—adorns,—ennobles being ? still
 From the contagious taint of vice protects,
 Controuls the organs, and exalts the will ?

This should'st thou feel, perforce then shalt thou see,
 That animal perfection must depend,

Human and Brute alike, on the degree
 In which the lights of sentiment extend.

In Brutal life if exquisite they prove,
 If Education may increase their force,
 If fond, intelligent, and faithful love
 Rise in the breast, and strengthen on its course ;

If, in a silent servitude to man,
 Energetic friendship burns with generous strife,
 Say, can'st thou deem thy Dog's short, vital span
 Stopt on the confines of eternal life ?

His natural temper fervent, choleric, fierce,
 Nay bloody, see, by sentiment subdued !
 Subdued, for thee, to every soft reverse,
 For thee, in all its native rage renew'd !

When unattach'd, and yet to Man unknown,
 Wolfish and wild, the wilderness he roves ;
 Bays with his horrid howl the silent moon,
 And stalks the terror of the desert groves.

Yet mark this heart of savage enterprise,
 Moulded by thee to all that's kind and sweet ;
 See him approach with mild, imploring eyes,
 And lay his strength and courage at thy feet !

Charm'd to exchange them for the soft delights
 Of growing love, his duteous head he lays
 Light on thy knee ;—his lifted eye invites
 The wish'd command, which instant he obeys.

At that known voice, with ardour, up he springs,
 And in the joy of usefulness elate,
 With gladden'd haste th' endear'd commission brings,
 Or drives intruding vagrants from thy gate.

Thy wealth, thy person, anxious to protect,
 And gentle only to thy frequent friends,
 Nor bribe, nor flattery gain his coy respect,
 Useless the flattery, and the bribe offends!

When Night broods sullen o'er the drowsy earth,
 Though faint with mid-day toil, he scorns repose,
 Leaves the warm comforts of the ember'd hearth,
 To guard thy slumbers, and appal thy foes;

Watchful and listening, walks his silent rounds,
 Scenting the lurking stranger from afar,
 And, if he pass the interdicted bounds,
 The loud, indignant bark proclaims the war.

Or Beast,—or Man,—is he to prey devote?
 With fangs terrific, and with burning eyes,

Rushes thy brave protector on his throat,
And low in blood the dark destroyer lies!

But yet, if fear resign what theft supplied,
He, pitying, from the prostrate foe recoils.—
Mark then the victor, great in honest pride,
Content with conquest, rest upon his spoils!

Though high in health, the pleas of hunger strong
In tempting opportunity arise,
Generously proud, he scorns his trust to wrong,
And all untouch'd the prey he rescu'd lies.

Vainly do night and secrecy accord,
This sacred sense of honour to controul!
Can human records fairer proof afford,
Of all that elevates a thinking soul?

Exempt the nuptial, and the filial ties,
Hast thou one Friend amongst the reasoning kind,
On whom thy secret heart for truth relies
Thus ardent, noble, constant and refin'd?

To selfish passions thus superior found,
Whom neither interest sways, nor arts beguile?
To thee, in faith and trust, unfaltering bound,
Thy will his law, his happiness thy smile.

Ah, wretch ingrate, to liberal hope unknown !

Does pride encrust thee in so dark a leaven,
To deem this spirit, purer than thine own,
Sinks, while thou soarest to the light of Heaven ?

What though, when Reason all her power displays,
Drawn from philosophy's most copious source,
Too subtle proves creation's endless maze
For her best skill, too mighty for her force;

Or, when she tries the mystery to explain
Of the tremendous Expiatory Plan,
Shows, only shows, how arrogant, how vain
Such needless, daring scrutiny in Man ;

Yet, while Almighty Wisdom thus appears
To human powers inscrutably sublime,
Her gracious form Almighty Justice rears,
Unveil'd, unchanging through the rounds of time.

Hear, from the centre of the Eternal Throne,
Her awful voice the fix'd award disclose,
If evils over guiltless life are strewn,
The God, who gave that life, will recompense its
woes.

TO

MISS SEWARD.

 IMPROMPTU.

As Britain mourn'd, with all a mother's pain,
 Two Sons, two gallant Sons, ignobly slain ;
 Mild Cook, by savage fury robb'd of breath,
 And martial Andre doom'd to baser death !
 The Goddess, plung'd in grief too vast to speak,
 Hid in her robe her tear-disfigur'd check.

The sacred Nine, with sympathetic care,
 Survey'd the noble mourner's dumb despair ;
 While from their choir the sighs of pity broke,
 The Muse of Elegy thus warmly spoke :
 " Take, injured Parent, all we can bestow,
 " To soothe thy heart, and mitigate thy woe !"

Speaking, to earth the kind enthusiast came,
And veil'd her heavenly power with SEWARD's name;
And that no vulgar eye might pierce the truth,
Proclaim'd herself the friend of Andre's youth.
In that fair semblance, with such plaintive fire,
She struck the chords of her pathetic lyre,
The weeping Goddess owns the blest relief,
And fondly listens, with subsiding grief;
Her loveliest daughters lend a willing ear,
Honouring the latent Muse with many a tear.
Her bravest sons, who in their every vein
Feel the strong pathos of the magic strain,
Bless the enchanting lyre, by glory strung,
Envy the dead, who are so sweetly sung.

W. HAYLEY.

MONODY

ON

MAJOR ANDRE.

Loud howls the storm! the vex'd Atlantic roars!
 Thy genius, Britain, wanders on its shores!
 Hears cries of horror wafted from afar,
 And groans of anguish, mid the shrieks of war!
 Hears the deep curses of the great and brave,
 Borne in the wind, and echoing o'er the wave!
 On his damp brow the sable crape he binds,
 And throws his victor-garland to the winds;
 Bids haggard Winter, in her drear sojourn,
 Tear the dim foliage from her drizzling urn;

1. 8. *Victor-garland*.—Alluding to the conquest by Lord Cornwallis.

With sickly yew unfragrant cypress twine,
 And hang the dusky wreath round Honour's shrine ;
 Bids steel-clad Valour chace his dove-like bride,
 Enfeebling Mercy, from his awful side,
 Where long she sat, and check'd the glowing rein,
 As whirl'd his chariot o'er the embattled plain ;
 Gilded with sunny smile her April tear,
 Rais'd her white arm and stay'd th' uplifted spear ;
 Then, in her place, bids Vengeance mount the car,
 And glut with gore the insatiate dogs of war !—
 With one pale hand the bloody scroll he rears,
 And bids his nations blot it with their tears ;
 And one, extended o'er th' atlantic wave,
 Points to his ANDRE's ignominious grave !

And shall the Muse, that marks the solemn scene,
 " As busy fancy lifts the veil between,"
 Refuse to mingle in the awful train,
 Nor breathe with glowing zeal the votive strain ?
 From public fame shall admiration fire
 The boldest numbers of her raptur'd lyre
 To hymn a stranger ?—and with ardent lay
 Lead the wild mourner round her Cook's morai,

l. 11. *Bloody Scroll*.—The Court-martial decree, signed at Tappan, for Major Andre's execution.

While ANDRE fades upon his dreary bier,
 And JULIA's only tribute is her tear ?
 Dear, lovely Youth ! whose gentle virtues stole
 Through Friendship's soft'ning medium on her soul !
 Ah no !—with every strong resistless plea,
 Rise the recorded days she pass'd with thee,
 While each dim shadow of o'erwhelming years,
 With eagle-glance reverted, Memory clears.
 Belov'd companion of the fairest hours
 That rose for her in joy's resplendent bow'rs,
 How gaily shone on thy bright morn of Youth
 The Star of Pleasure, and the Sun of Truth !
 Full from their source descended on thy mind
 Each generous virtue and each taste refined.
 Young Genius led thee to his varied fane,
 Bade thee ask all his gifts, nor ask in vain ;
 Hence novel thoughts in ev'ry lustre drest
 Of pointed wit, that diamond of the breast ;

1. 2. *Julia*.—The name by which Mr Andre addressed the author in his correspondence with her.

1. 16. *All his gifts*.—Mr Andre had conspicuous talents for poetry, music, and painting. The newspapers mentioned a satiric poem of his upon the Americans, which was supposed to have stimulated their barbarity towards him. Of his wit and vivacity, the letters subjoined to this poem afford ample proof. They were addressed to the author by Mr Andre when he was a Youth of eighteen.

Hence glow'd thy fancy with poetic ray,
 Hence music warbled in thy sprightly lay ;
 And hence thy pencil, with his colours warm,
 Caught ev'ry grace, and copied ev'ry charm,
 Whose transient glories beam on beauty's cheek,
 And bid the glowing ivory breathe and speak.
 Blest pencil ! by kind fate ordain'd to save
 HONORA's semblance from her early grave.
 Oh ! while on JULIA's arm it sweetly smiles,
 And each lorn thought, each long regret beguiles,
 Fondly she weeps the hand, which form'd the spell,
 Now shroudless mould'ring in its earthy cell !

But sure the Youth, whose ill-starr'd passion strove
 With all the pangs of inauspicious love,

1. 8. *Early grave.*—Miss Honora S—, to whom Mr Andre's attachment was of such singular constancy, died in a consumption, a few months before he suffered death at Tappan. She had married another gentleman, four years after her connection with Mr Andre had, by parental authority, been dissolved. To that marriage her father gave a reluctant consent. So groundless was the idea of the Reviewers, who, when this poem was first published, imagined, from some expressions, whose sense they had mistaken, that she was urged into wedlock against her inclination.

1. 9. *Julia's arm.*—Mr Andre drew two miniature pictures of Miss Honora S—, on his first acquaintance with her at Buxton, in the year 1769, one for himself, the other for the author of this poem.

Full oft deplor'd the fatal art, that stole
The jocund freedom of its Master's soul !

While with nice hand he mark'd the living grace,
And matchless sweetness of HONORA's face,
The enamour'd youth the faithful traces blest,
That barb'd the dart of Beauty in his breast ;
Around his neck th' enchanting portrait hung,
While a warm vow burst ardent from his tongue,
That from his bosom no succeeding day,
No chance should bear that talisman away.

'Twas thus Apelles bask'd in beauty's rays,
And felt the mischief of the stedfast gaze ;
Trac'd with disorder'd hand Campaspe's charms,
And as their beam the kindling canvas warms,
Triumphant love, with still superior art,
Engraves their wonders on the Painter's heart.

Dear lost companion ! ever constant youth !
That fate had smil'd propitious on thy truth !
Nor bound th' ensanguin'd laurel on that brow,
Where Love ordain'd his brightest wreath to glow !
Then Peace had led thee to her softest bow'rs,
And Hymen strew'd thy path with all his flow'rs ;
Drawn to thy roof, by friendship's silver cord,
Each social joy had brighten'd at thy board ;

Science, and soft affection's blended rays
 Had shone unclouded on thy lengthen'd days ;
 From hour to hour thy taste, with conscious pride,
 Had mark'd new talents in thy lovely bride ;
 Till thou hadst own'd the magic of her face
 Thy fair HONORA's least engaging grace.
 Dear lost HONORA ! o'er thy early bier
 Sorrowing the muse still sheds her sacred tear !
 The blushing rose-bud in its vernal bed,
 By zephyrs fann'd, by glist'ring dew-drops fed,
 In June's gay morn that scents the ambient air,
 Was not more sweet, more innocent, or fair.
 Oh ! when such pairs their kindred spirit find,
 When sense and virtue deck each spotless mind,
 Hard is the doom that shall the union break,
 And fate's dark billow rises o'er the wreck.
 Now Prudence, in her cold and thrifty care,
 Frown'd on the maid, and bade the youth despair ;
 For power parental sternly saw, and strove
 To tear the lily bands of plighted love ;
 Nor strove in vain ;—but while the fair-one's sighs
 Disperse like April-storms in sunny skies,
 The firmer lover, with unswerving truth,
 To his first passion consecrates his youth ;
 Though four long years a night of absence prove,
 Yet Hope's soft star shone trembling on his love ;

Till hovering rumour chas'd the pleasing dream,
And veil'd with raven-wing the silver beam.

“ HONORA lost ! my happy rival's bride !
 “ Swell, ye full sails ! and roll, thou mighty tide !
 “ O'er the dark waves forsaken ANDRE bear
 “ Amid the volleying thunders of the war !
 “ To win bright glory from my country's foes,
 “ E'en in this ice of love, my bosom glows.
 “ Voluptuous LONDON ! in whose gorgeous bow'rs
 “ The frolic Pleasures lead the dancing Hours,
 “ From orient vales sabæan odours bring,
 “ Nor ask her roses of the tardy Spring ;
 “ Where Painting burns the Grecian meed to claim,
 “ From the high temple of immortal Fame,
 “ Bears to the radiant goal, with ardent pace,
 “ Her Kauffman's beauty, and her Reynolds' grace ;
 “ Where music floats the glitt'ring roofs among,
 “ And with meand'ring cadence swells the song,
 “ While sun-clad poesy the bard inspires,
 “ And foils the Grecian harps, the Latian lyres.—
 “ Ye soft'ning luxuries ! ye polish'd arts !
 “ Bend your enfeebling rays on tranquil hearts !

1. 1. *Hovering Rumour*.—The tidings of Honora's marriage :
Upon that event Mr Andre quitted his profession as a mer-
chant, and joined our army in America.

“ I quit the song, the pencil, and the lyre,
 “ White robes of peace, and pleasure’s soft attire,
 “ To seize the sword, to mount the rapid car,
 “ In all the proud habiliments of war.—
 “ HONORA lost ! I woo a sterner bride,
 “ The arm’d Bellona calls me to her side ;
 “ Harsh is the music of our marriage strain !
 “ It sounds in thunder from the western plain !
 “ Wide o’er the wat’ry world its echoes roll,
 “ And rouse each latent ardour of my soul.
 “ And though unlike the soft melodious lay,
 “ That gaily wak’d HONORA’S nuptial day,
 “ Its deeper tones shall whisper, ere they cease,
 “ More genuine transport, and more lasting peace.
 “ Resolv’d I go !—nor from that fatal bourn
 “ To these gay scenes shall ANDRE’S step return !
 “ Set is the star of love, that ought to guide
 “ His refluent bark across the mighty tide !—
 “ But while my country’s foes, with impious hand,
 “ Hurl o’er the blasted plains the livid brand
 “ Of dire sedition, Oh ! let Heav’n ordain,
 “ While ANDRE lives, he may not live in vain !
 “ Yet without one adieu, O ! could I roam
 “ Far from my weeping friends, my peaceful home,
 “ The best affections of my heart must cease,
 “ And gratitude be lost, with hope and peace !
 “ My lovely sisters ! who were wont to twine

- “ Your soul’s soft feeling with each wish of mine,
 “ Shall, when this breast throbs high at glory’s call,
 “ From your mild eyes the show’rs of sorrow fall ?—
 “ The light of excellence, that round you glows,
 “ Decks with reflected gleam your brother’s brows !
 “ Oh ! may his fame, in some distinguish’d day,
 “ Pour on that excellence the brightest ray !
 “ Dim clouds of woe ! ye veil each sprightly grace
 “ That us’d to sparkle in MARIA’s face ;
 “ My tuneful ANNA to her lute complains,
 “ But grief’s fond throbs arrest the parting strains.
 “ Fair as the silver blossom on the thorn,
 “ Soft as the spirit of the vernal morn,
 “ LOUISA, chase those trembling fears, that prove
 “ The ungovern’d terrors of a sister’s love.
 “ They bend thy sweet head, like yon lucid flow’r,
 “ That shrinks and fades beneath the summer’s
 show’r.—
 “ Oh ! smile, my sisters, on this destin’d day,
 “ And with the radiant omen gild my way !
 “ And thou, my brother, gentle as the gale,
 “ Whose breath perfumes anew the blossom’d vale,
 “ Yet quick of spirit, as the electric beam,
 “ When from the clouds its darting lightnings stream,
 “ Soothe with incessant care our mother’s woes,
 “ And hush her anxious sighs to soft repose.—

“ And be ye sure, when distant far I stray
 “ To share the dangers of the arduous day,
 “ Your tender faithful amity shall rest
 “ The last dear record of my grateful breast.

“ Oh ! graceful priestess at the fane of truth,
 “ Friend of my soul ! and guardian of my youth !
 “ Skill’d to convert the duty to the choice,
 “ My gentle mother !—in whose melting voice
 “ The virtuous precept, that perpetual flow’d,
 “ With music warbled, and with beauty glow’d,
 “ Thy tears !—ah Heav’n !—not drops of molten lead,
 “ Pour’d on thy hapless son’s devoted head,
 “ With keener smart had each sensation torn !—
 “ They wake the nerve where agonies are born !
 “ But Oh ! restrain me not !—thy tender strife,
 “ What would it save ?—alas ! thy ANDRE’s life !
 “ Oh ! what a weary pilgrimage ’twill prove
 “ Strew’d with the thorns of disappointed love !
 “ Ne’er can he break the charm, whose fond controul
 “ By habit rooted, lords it o’er the soul,

1. 4. *Last dear record.*—“ I have a mother, and three sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject, I know your Excellency’s goodness.” See major Andre’s last letter to General Clinton, published in the Gazette.

“ If here he languish in inglorious ease,
 “ Where science palls, and pleasures cease to please.
 “ ’Tis glory only, with her potent ray,
 “ Can chase the clouds that darken all his way.
 “ Then dry those pearly drops that wildly flow,
 “ Nor snatch the laurel from my youthful brow !—
 “ The rebel-standard blazes to the noon,
 “ And glory’s path is bright before thy son.
 “ Then join thy voice! and thou with Heav’n ordain,
 “ While ANDRE lives, he may not live in vain !”—

He says ;—and sighing seeks the busy strand,
 Where anchor’d navies wait the wish’d command,
 To the full gale the nearer billows roar,
 And proudly lash the circumscribing shore ;
 While furious on the craggy coast they rave,
 All calm and lovely rolls the distant wave ;
 For onward, as the unbounded waters spread,
 Deep sink the rocks in their capacious bed,
 And all their pointed terror’s utmost force
 But gently interrupts the billows course.
 So on his present hour rude passion preys,
 So smooth the prospect of his future days ;
 Unconscious of the storm, that grimly sleeps,
 To wreck its fury on th’ unshelter’d deeps.

Now yielding waves divide before the prow,
 The white sails bend, the streaming pennants glow,

And swiftly waft him to the western plain,
 Where fierce Bellona rages o'er the slain.
 Firm in their strength opposing legions stand,
 Prepar'd to drench with blood the thirsty land.
 Now Carnage hurls her flaming bolts afar,
 And Desolation groans amid the war.
 As bleed the valiant, and the mighty yield,
 Death stalks, the only victor o'er the field.
 Foremost in all the horrors of the day,
 Impetuous ANDRE leads the glorious way ;
 Till, rashly bold, by numbers forc'd to yield,
 They drag him captive from the long-fought field.—
 Around the hero croud th' exulting bands,
 And seize the spoils of war with bloody hands ;
 Snatch the dark plumage from his awful crest,
 And tear the golden crescent from his breast ;
 The sword, the tube that wings the death from far,
 And all the fatal implements of war !
 Silent, unmov'd, the gallant youth survey'd
 The lavish spoils triumphant ruffians made ;
 The idle ornament, the useless spear
 He little recks, but oh ! there is a fear
 Pants with quick throb, while yearning sorrows dart
 Through his chill frame, and tremble at his heart.

“ What though HONORA's voice no more shall
 charm !

“ No more her beamy smile my bosom warm !

" Yet from these eyes shall force for ever tear
 " The sacred image of that form so dear ?—
 " Shade of my love !—though mute and cold thy
 charms,
 " Ne'er hast thou blest my happy rival's arms !
 " To my sad heart each dawn has seen thee prest !
 " Each night has laid thee pillow'd on my breast !
 " Force shall not tear thee from thy faithful shrine ;
 " Shade of my love ! thou shalt be ever mine !

" 'Tis fixed !—these lips shall resolute inclose
 " The precious soother of my ceaseless woes.
 " And should relentless violence invade
 " This last retreat, by frantic fondness made,
 " One way remains !—Fate whispers to my soul
 " Intrepid Portia and her burning coal !

1. 3. *Shade of my love.*—The miniature of Honora. A letter from Major Andre to one of his friends, written at that period, contained the following sentence. " I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stript of every thing except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I yet think myself fortunate."

1. 14. *Intrepid Portia.*—" *Brutus.* Impatient of my absence,
 " And grieved that young Octavius, with Mark Antony
 " Had made themselves so strong, she grew distract,
 " And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire."

Julius Cæsar, act 4. sc. 4.

" So shall the throbbing inmate of my breast
 " From love's sole gift meet everlasting rest !"
 While these sad thoughts in swift succession fire
 The smother'd embers of each fond desire,
 Quick to his mouth his eager hand removes
 The beauteous semblance of the form he loves.
 That darling treasure safe, resign'd he wears
 The sordid robe, the scanty viand shares ;
 With cheerful fortitude content to wait
 The barter'd ransom of a kinder fate.

Now many moons in their pale course had shed
 The pensive beam on ANDRE's captive head.
 At length the sun rose jocund, to adorn
 With all his splendour the enfranchis'd morn.
 Again the hero joins the ardent train
 That pours its thousands on the tented plain ;
 And shines distinguish'd in the long array,
 Bright as the silver star that leads the day !
 His modest temperance, his wakeful heed,
 His silent diligence, his ardent speed,
 Each warrior-duty to the veteran taught,
 Shaming the vain experience time had brought.
 Dependence scarcely feels his gentle sway,
 He shares each want, and smiles each grief away ;
 And to the virtues of a noble heart,
 Unites the talents of inventive art ;

Since from his swift and faithful pencil flow
 The lines, the camp, the fortress of the foe ;
 Serene to counteract each deep design,
 Points the dark ambush, and the springing mine ;
 Till, as a breathing incense, ANDRE'S name
 Pervades the host, and swells the loud acclaim.
 The Chief no virtue views with cold regard,
 Skill'd to discern, and generous to reward ;
 Each tow'ring hope his honor'd smiles impart,
 As near his person, and more near his heart
 The graceful youth he draws,—and round his brow
 Bids rank and pow'r their mingled brilliance throw.
 Oh ! hast thou seen a blooming morn of May
 In crystal beauty shed the modest ray,
 And with its balmy dew's refreshing show'r
 Swell the young grain, and ope the purple flow'r,
 With brightning lustre melt in radiant noon,
 Rob'd in the gayest mantle of the sun ?
 Then 'mid the splendours of its azure skies,
 Oh ! hast thou seen the cruel storm arise,
 In sable horror shroud each dazzling charm,
 And dash their glories back with icy arm ?
 Thus lour'd the deathful cloud amid the blaze
 Of ANDRE'S rising hopes, and quench'd their rays !
 Ah fatal embassy !—thy hazards dire
 His kindling soul with ev'ry ardour fire.
 As fair Euryalus, to meet his fate,
 With Nysus rushes from the Dardan gate,

Relentless fate ! whose fury scorns to spare
 The snowy breast, red lip, and shining hair,
 So graceful ANDRE launches on the waves,
 Where Hudson's tide its dreary confine laves.
 With firm intrepid foot the youth explores
 Each dangerous pathway of the hostile shores ;
 But on no veteran-chief his step attends,
 As silent round the gloomy wood he wends ;
 Alone he meets the brave repentant foe,
 Sustains his late resolve, receives his vow,
 With ardent skill directs the doubtful course,
 Seals the firm bond, and ratifies its force.

'Tis thus, AMERICA, thy generals fly,
 And raise new banners in their native sky !
 Sick of the mischiefs artful Gallia pours,
 In friendly semblance on thy ravag'd shores.
 Unnatural compact !—shall a race of slaves
 Sustain the ponderous standard Freedom waves ?
 No ! while their feign'd protection spreads the toils,
 The vultures hover o'er the destin'd spoils.
 How fade provincial glories, while ye run
 To court far deeper bondage than ye shun !
 Is this the generous active rising flame,
 That boasted liberty's immortal name,
 Blaz'd for its rights infringing'd, its trophies torn,
 And taught the wise the dire mistake to mourn,

When haughty Britain, in a luckless hour,
 With rage inebriate, and the lust of pow'r,
 To fruitless conquest, and to countless graves
 Led her gay legions o'er the western waves?
 The Fiend of Discord, cowering at the prow,
 Sat darkly smiling at th' impending woe!
 Long did my soul the wretched strife survey,
 And wept the horrors of the deathful day;
 Through rolling years saw undecisive War
 Drag bleeding Wisdom at his iron car;
 Exhaust my country's treasure, pour her gore
 In fruitless conflict on the distant shore;
 Saw the firm Congress all her might oppose,
 And while I mourn'd her fate, rever'd her foes.
 But when, repentant of her prouder aim,
 She gently waves the long disputed claim;
 Extends the charter with your rights restor'd,
 And hides in olive wreaths the blood-stain'd sword;
 Then to reject her peaceful wreaths, and throw
 Your Country's freedom to our mutual foe!—
 Infatuate land!—from that detested day
 Distracted councils, and the thirst of sway,
 Rapacious avarice, superstition vile,
 And all the Frenchman dictates in his guile
 Disgrace your Congress!—Justice drops her scale!
 And radiant Liberty averts her sail!
 They fly indignant the polluted plain,
 Where truth is scorn'd, and mercy pleads in vain.

That she does plead in vain, thy witness bear,
 Accursed hour!—thou darkest of the year!
 That with misfortune's deadliest venom fraught,
 To Tappan's plain the gallant ANDRE brought.

Oh WASHINGTON! I thought thee great and good,
 Nor knew thy Nero-thirst of guiltless blood!
 Severe to use the pow'r that fortune gave,
 Thou cool determin'd murderer of the brave!
 Lost to each fairer virtue, that inspires
 The genuine fervour of the patriot fires!
 And you, the base abettors of the doom,
 That sunk his blooming honours in the tomb,
 Th' opprobrious tomb your harden'd hearts decreed,
 While all he ask'd was as the brave to bleed!
 No other boon the glorious youth implor'd
 Save the cold mercy of the warrior-sword!
 O dark, and pitiless! your impious hate
 O'er-whelm'd the hero in the ruffian's fate!
 Stopt with the felon-cord the rosy breath!
 And venom'd with disgrace the darts of death!
 Remorseless WASHINGTON! the day shall come
 Of deep repentance for this barb'rous doom!
 When injur'd ANDRE's memory shall inspire
 A kindling army with resistless fire;
 Each falchion sharpen that the Britons wield,
 And lead their fiercest lion to the field!

Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,
 When dubious dread, and unavailing flight
 Impel your host, thy guilt-upbraided soul
 Shall wish untouch'd the sacred life you stole !
 And when thy heart appall'd, and vanquish'd pride
 Shall vainly ask the mercy they deny'd,
 With horror shalt thou meet the fate thou gave,
 Nor pity gild the darkness of thy grave !

1. 4. *Sacred life*.—The concurrent testimony even of the British officers, during the years which have elapsed since this poem was first published, acquits general Washington of that imputed cruelty, which had so forcibly impressed the grieved heart of the author, concerning the sacrifice of major Andre's life. They acknowledge that there was but one way to have saved the gallant sufferer, viz. by general Arnold having been given up in exchange, who had fled to the English army. It was believed by the American officers, that general Arnold had so taken his measures, that if the projected interview with Andre had been discovered, while they were together, it might have been in his power to have sacrificed Andre to his own safety. This report was urged to the prisoner by an American officer, commissioned from general Washington, who wished his preservation, to induce him to write to general Clinton, requesting him to propose the exchange—but major Andre would not listen a moment to the suggestion. However, though it is urged, that general Washington could not, with safety to himself, and justice to his country, set aside the decision of the court-martial, surely it was in his power to have rendered the manner in which major Andre was to suffer, less wounding to the sensibility of an intrepid spirit.

For infamy, with livid hand, shall shed
 Eternal mildew on the ruthless head !
 Less cruel far than thou, on Ilium's plain
 Achilles, raging for Patroclus slain !
 When hapless Priam bends the aged knee,
 To deprecate the victor's dire decree,
 The generous Greek, in melting pity spares
 The lifeless Hector to his father's pray'rs,
 Fierce as he was ;—'tis cowards only know
 Persisting vengeance o'er a fallen foe.
 But no intreaty wakes the soft remorse,
 Oh murder'd ANDRE ! for thy sacred corse ;
 Vain were an army's, vain its leader's sighs !—
 Damp in the earth on Hudson's shore it lies !
 Unshrouded welters in the wint'ry storm,
 And gluts the riot of the Tappan-worm !
 But Oh ! its dust, like Abel's blood, shall rise,
 And call for justice from the angry skies !
 What though the tyrants, with malignant pride,
 To thy pale corse each decent rite denied !
 Thy graceful limbs in no kind covert laid,
 Nor with the christian requiem sooth'd thy shade !
 Yet on thy grass-green bier soft April-show'rs
 Shall earliest wake the sweet spontaneous flow'rs !

1. 16. *Tappan*.—The place where major Andre was put to death.

Bid the blue hare-bell, and the snow-drop there
 Hang their cold cup, and drop the pearly tear !
 And oft, at pensive eve's ambiguous gloom,
 Imperial Honour, bending o'er thy tomb,
 With solemn strains shall lull thy deep repose,
 And with his deathless laurels shade thy brows !

Lamented youth ! while with inverted spear
 The British legions pour th' indignant tear !
 Round the dropt arm the funeral-scarf entwine,
 And in their hearts' deep core thy worth enshrine :
 While my weak muse, in fond attempt and vain,
 But feebly pours a perishable strain,
 Oh ! ye distinguish'd few ! whose glowing lays
 Bright Phoebus kindles with his purest rays,
 Snatch from its radiant source the living fire,
 And light with vestal flame your ANDRE'S HALLOW'D
 PYRE !

l. 9. *Funeral-scarf*.—Our whole army in America went into mourning for major Andre, a distinguished tribute to his merit.

LETTERS

Addressed to the Author of the foregoing Poem,

BY MAJOR ANDRE.

CLAPTON, OCT. 3, 1769.

FROM their agreeable excursion to Shrewsbury, my dearest friends are by this time returned to their thrice beloved Lichfield.—Once again have they beheld those fortunate spires, the constant witnesses of all their pains and pleasures. I can well conceive the emotions of joy which their first appearance, from the neighbouring hills, excites after absence; they seem to welcome you home, and invite you to reiterate those hours of happiness, of which they are a species of monument. I shall have an eternal love and reverence for them. Never shall I forget the joy that danced in Honora's eyes, when she first shewed them to me from Needwood Forest on our return with you from Buxton to Lichfield. I remember she called them the ladies of the valley—their lightness and elegance deserve the title. Oh! how I loved them from that instant! My enthusiasm concerning them is carried farther even than yours and

Honora's, for every object that has a pyramidal form, recalls them to my recollection, with a sensation, that brings the tear of pleasure into my eyes.

How happy must you have been at Shrewsbury ! only that you tell me, alas ! that dear Honora was not so well as you wished during your stay there.—I always hope the best. My impatient spirit rejects every obtruding idea, which I have not fortitude to support—Dr Darwin's skill, and your tender care will remove that sad pain in her side, which makes writing troublesome and injurious to her ; which robs her poor *Cher Jean* of those precious pages, with which, he flatters himself, she would otherwise have indulged him.

So your happiness at Shrewsbury scorned to be indebted to public amusements—five virgins—united in the soft bonds of friendship !—How I should have liked to have made the sixth !—But you surprise me by such an absolute exclusion of the beaux—I certainly thought that when five wise virgins were watching at midnight, it must have been in expectation of the bridegroom's coming. We are at this instant five virgins, writing round the same table—My three sisters, Mr Ewer, and myself. I beg no reflections injurious to the honour of poor *Cher Jean*. My mo-

1. 17. *Cher Jean*—A name of kindness which Mr Andre was often called by his mothers and sisters, and generally adopted by the persons mentioned in these letters.

ther is gone to pay a visit, and has left us in possession of the old coach ; but as for nags, we can boast of only two long-tails, and my sisters say they are sorry cattle, being no other than my friend Ewer and myself, who, to say truth, have enormous pig-tails. My dear Boissier is come to town ; he has brought a little of the soldier with him, but he is the same honest, warm, intelligent friend I always found him. He sacrifices the town diversions, since I will not partake of them. We are jealous of your correspondents, who are so numerous—Yet, write to the Andres often, my dear Julia, for who are they that will value your letters quite so much as we value them ?—The least scrap of a letter will be received with the greatest joy—write therefore, though it were only to give us the comfort of having a piece of paper which has recently passed through your hands ;—Honora will put in a little postscript, were it only to tell me that she is my very sincere friend, who will neither give me love nor comfort—very short indeed, Honora, was thy last postscript !—But I am too presumptuous ;—I will not scratch out, but I unsay—From the little there was I received more joy than I deserve. This Cher Jean is an impertinent fellow, but he will grow discreet in time—You must consider him as a poor novice of eighteen, who, for all the sins he may commit, is sufficiently punished in the single evil of being 120 miles from Lichfield. My mother and sisters will go to Putney in a few days to stay some time—we none of us like Clapton—I need not care,

for I am all day long in town ; but it is avoiding Scylla to fall into Charybdis.—You paint to me the pleasant vale of Stow in the richest autumnal colouring!—In return I must tell you that my zephyrs, are wafted through cracks in the wainscot ; for murmuring streams I have dirty kennels ; for bleating flocks, grunting pigs ; and squalling cats for birds that incessantly warble—I have said something of this sort in my letter to Miss Spearman, and am twinged with the idea of these epistles being confronted, and that I shall recal to your memory the fat knight's love letters to Mrs Ford and Mrs Page.

Julia, perhaps thou fanciest I am merry—Alas!—But I do not wish to make you as doleful as myself ; and besides, when I would express the tender feelings of my soul, I have no language which does them any justice ; if I had, I should regret that you could not have it fresher, and that whatever one communicates by letter must go such a round-about way, before it reaches one's correspondent ; from the writer's heart, through his head, arm, hand, pen, ink, paper, over many a weary hill and dale, to the eye, head, and heart of the reader. I have often regretted our not possessing a sort of faculty which should enable our sensations, remarks, &c. to arise from their source in a sort of exhalation, and fall upon our paper in words and phrases properly adapted to express them, without passing through an imagination whose operations so often fail to second those of the heart. Then what a metamorphose should we see in

people's stile! How eloquent those who are truly attached! how stupid they who falsely profess affection! Perhaps the former had never been able to express half their regard; while the latter, by their flowers of rhetoric, had made us believe a thousand times more than they ever felt—but this is whimsical moralizing.

My sister's *penserosos* were dispersed on their arrival in town, by the joy of seeing Louisa and their dear little brother Billy again, our kind and excellent uncle Giradat, and uncle Lewis Andre. I was glad to see them, but they complained, not without reason, of the gloom upon my countenance—Billy wept for joy that we were returned, while poor Cher Jean was ready to weep for sorrow. Louisa is grown still handsomer since we left her. Our sisters Mary and Anne, knowing your partiality to beauty, are afraid that when they shall introduce her to you, she will put their noses out of joint. Billy is not old enough for me to be afraid of in the rival-way, else I should keep him aloof, for his heart is formed of those affectionate materials, so dear to the ingenuous taste of Julia and her Honora.

I sympathize in your resentment against the canonical dons, who stumpify the heads of those good green people, beneath whose friendly shade so many

1. 26. The trees in the cathedral walk in Lichfield.

of your happiest hours have glided away—but they defy them ; let them stumpify as much as they please, time will repair the mischief—their verdant arms will again extend, and invite you to their shelter.

The evenings grow long—I hope your conversation round the fire will sometimes fall on the Andres ; it will be a great comfort that they are remembered. We chink our glasses to your healths at every meal. Here's to our Lichfieldian friends, says Nanny ;—Oh—h, says Mary ;—with all my soul, say I ;—Al-lons, cries my mother ;—and the draught seems nectar. The libation made, we begin our uncloying theme, and so beguile the gloomy evening.

Mr and Mrs Seward will accept my most affectionate respects—My male friend at Lichfield will join in your conversation on the Andres. Among the numerous good qualities he is possessed of, he certainly has gratitude, and then he cannot forget those who so sincerely love and esteem him.—I, in particular, shall always recall with pleasure the happy hours I have passed in his company—My friendship for him, and for your family, has diffused itself, like the precious ointment from Aaron's beard, on every thing which surrounds you, therefore I beg you would give my amities to the whole town.—Persuade Honora to forgive the length and ardour of the inclosed, and believe me truly your affectionate and faithful friend,

J. ANDRE.

LETTER II.

LONDON, OCT. 19, 1769.

FROM the midst of books, papers, bills, and other implements of gain, let me lift up my drowsy head a while to converse with dear Julia.—And first, as I know she has a fervent wish to see me a quill-driver, I must tell her, that I begin, as people are wont to do, to look upon my future profession with great partiality. I no longer see it in so disadvantageous a light. Instead of figuring a merchant as a middle-aged man, with a bob wig, a rough beard, in snuff coloured cloaths, grasping a guinea in his red hand; I conceive a comely young man, with a tolerable pig-tail, wielding a pen with all the noble fierceness of the duke of Marlborough brandishing a truncheon upon a sign-post, surrounded with types and emblems, and canopied with cornucopiæ that disembogue their stores upon his head; Mercuries reclined upon bales of goods; Genii playing with pens, ink, and paper; while in perspective, his gorgeous vessels “launched on the bosom of the silver Thames,” are wafting to distant lands the produce of this commercial nation.

Thus all the mercantile glories croud on my fancy, emblazoned in the most refulgent colouring of an ardent imagination—Borne on her soaring pinions I wing my flight to the time when Heaven shall have crowned my labours with success and opulence. I see sumptuous palaces rising to receive me—I see orphans, and widows, and painters, and fiddlers, and poets, and builders, protected and encouraged; and when the fabric is pretty nearly finished by my shattered pericranium, I cast my eyes around, and find John Andre, by a small coal fire, in a gloomy compting-house in Warnford court, nothing so little as what he has been making himself, and in all probability never to be much more than he is at present. But oh! my dear Honora!—it is for thy sake only I wish for wealth.—You say she was somewhat better at the time you wrote last. I must flatter myself that she will soon be without any remains of this threatening disease.

It is seven o'clock—You and Honora, with two or three more select friends, are probably encircling your dressing-room fire-place.—What would I not give to enlarge that circle! The idea of a clean hearth, and a snug circle round it, formed by a few sincere friends, transports me. You seem combined together against the inclemency of the weather, the hurry, bustle, ceremony, censoriousness, and envy of the world. The purity, the warmth, the kindly influence of fire, to all for whom it is kindled, is a good emblem of the friendship of such amiable minds

as Julia's and her Honora's—Since I cannot be there in reality, pray imagine me with you ; admit me to your *conversations* ;—Think how I wish for the blessing of enjoying them !—and be persuaded that I take part in all your pleasures, in the dear hope, that ere it be very long, your blazing hearth will burn again for me. Pray keep me a place ;—let the poker, tongs, or shovel represent me ;—But you have Dutch-tiles, which are infinitely better ;—So let Moses, or Aaron, or Balaam's ass be my representative.

But time calls me to Clapton.—I quit you abruptly till to-morrow : when, if I do not tear the nonsense I have been writing, I may perhaps increase its quantity. Signora Cynthia is in clouded majesty.—Silvered with her beams I am about to jog to Clapton upon my own stumps ;—Musing as I homeward plod my way—Ah ! need I name the subject of my contemplations !

THURSDAY.

I had a sweet walk home last night, and found the Claptonians, with their fair guest, a Miss Mourgue, very well—My sisters send their amities, and will write in a few days.

This morning I returned to town—It has been the finest day imaginable—A solemn mildness was diffused throughout the blue horizon ;—Its light was clear and distinct rather than dazzling ; the serene beams of the autumnal sun !—Gilded hills, variegated

woods, glittering spires, ruminating herds, bounding flocks, all combined to enchant the eyes, expand the heart, and “chace all sorrow but despair.”—In the midst of such a scene, no lesser grief can prevent our sympathy with nature—A calmness, a benevolent disposition seizes us with sweet insinuating power—The very brute creation seem sensible of these beauties ;—There is a species of mild cheerfulness in the face of a lamb, which I have but indifferently expressed in a corner of my paper, and a demure contented look in an ox, which, in the fear of expressing still worse, I leave unattempted.

Business calls me away—I must dispatch my letter,—Yet what does it contain?—No matter—You like any thing better than news.—Indeed you never told me so, but I have an intuitive knowledge upon the subject, from the sympathy which I have constantly perceived in the taste of Julia and Cher Jean.—What is it to you or me,

If here in the city we have nothing but riot;
 If the Spital-field weavers can't be kept quiet;
 If the weather is fine, or the streets should be dirty,
 Or if Mr Dick Wilson died aged of thirty?

—But if I was to hearken to the versifying grumbling I feel within me, I should fill my paper, and not have room left to intreat that you would plead my cause to Honora more eloquently than the enclosed letter has the power of doing.—Apropos of

verses, you desire me to recollect my random description of the engaging appearance of the charming Mrs ——. Here it is at your service—

Then rustling and bustling the lady comes down,
With a flaming red face, and a broad yellow gown,
And a hobbling out-of-breath gait, and a frown.

}

This little French cousin of ours, Delarise, was my sister Mary's play-fellow at Paris. His sprightliness engages my sisters extremely. Doubtless they talk much of him to you in their letters.

How sorry I am to bid you adieu ! Oh let me not be forgot by the friends most dear to you at Lichfield !—Lichfield ! Ah ! of what magic letters is that little word composed !—How graceful it looks when it is written !—Let nobody talk to me of its original meaning “ The field of blood ! ” Oh ! no such thing ! —It is the field of joy ! “ The beautiful city, that lifts her fair head in the valley, and says, I am, and

1. 16. *Field of blood.*—Here is a small mistake—Lichfield is not the field of blood, but “ the field of dead bodies,” alluding to a battle fought between the Romans and the British Christians in the Dioclesian persecution, when the latter were massacred.—Three slain kings, with their burying-place, now Barrowcop-hill, and the cathedral in miniature, form the city arms. *Lich* is still a word in use. The church-yard gates, through which funerals pass, are often called Lich-gates, vulgarly light-gates.

there is none beside me!"—Who says she is vain?
—Julia will not say so—nor yet Honora—and least
of all their devoted

JOHN ANDRE.

LETTER III.

CLAPTON, Nov. 1, 1769.

My ears still ring with the sounds of Oh Jack! Oh Jack! How do the dear Lichfieldians?—What do they say?—What are they about?—What did you do while you were with them?—Have patience, said I, good people!—and began my story, which they devoured with as much joyful avidity as Adam did Gabriel's tidings of heaven—My mother and sisters are all very well, and delighted with their little Frenchman, who is a very agreeable lad.

Surely you applaud the fortitude with which I left you!—Did I not come off with flying colours?—It was a great effort, for, alas! this recreant heart did not second the smiling courage of the countenance; nor is it yet as it ought to be, from the hopes it may

reasonably entertain of seeing you all again ere the winter's dreary hours are past.—Julia, my dear Julia, gild them with tidings of our beloved Honora!—Oh that you may be enabled to tell me that she regains her health, and her charming vivacity!—Your sympathizing heart partakes all the joys and pains of your friends.—Never can I forget its kind offices, which were of such moment to my peace!—Mine is formed for friendship, and I am blest in being able to place so well the purest passion of an ingenuous mind!—How am I honoured in Mr and Mrs Seward's attachment to me!—Charming were the anticipations which beguiled the long tracts of hill, and dale, and plain, that divide London from Lichfield!—With what delight my eager eyes drank their first view of the dear spires!—What rapture did I not feel on entering your gates!—in flying up the hall steps!—in rushing into the dining-room!—in meeting the gladdened eyes of dear Julia and her enchanting friend!—That instant convinced me of the truth of Rousseau's observation, “that there are moments worth ages.”—Shall not those moments return? Ah Julia! the cold hand of absence is heavy upon the heart of your poor Cher Jean—He is forced to hammer into it perpetually every consoling argument that the magic wand of Hope can conjure up; viz. that every moment of industrious absence advances his journey, you know whither.—I may sometimes make excursions to Lichfield, and bask in the light of my Honora's eyes!—Sustain me, Hope!—nothing on my part shall be

wanting which may induce thee to fulfil thy blossoming promises.

The happy social circle, Julia, Honora, Miss S—n, Miss B—n, her brother, Mr S—e, Mr R—n, &c. are now, perhaps, enlivening your dressing-room, the dear blue region, as Honora calls it, with the sensible observation, the tasteful criticism, or the elegant song ;—dreading the iron-tongue of the nine o'clock bell, which disperses the beings, whom friendship and kindred virtues had drawn together.—My imagination attaches itself to all, even the inanimate objects which surround Honora and her Julia ;—that have beheld their graces and virtues expand and ripen ;—my dear Honora's, from their infant bud.

The sleepy Claptonian train are gone to bed, somewhat wearied with their excursion to Enfield, whither they have this day carried their favourite little Frenchman ;—so great a favourite, the parting was quite tragical. I walked hither from town, as usual, to-night—no hour of the twenty-four is so precious to me as that devoted to this solitary walk.—Oh, my friend ! I am far from possessing the patient frame of mind which I so continually invoke !—Why is Lichfield an hundred and twenty miles from me ?—There is no moderation in the distance ! Fifty or sixty miles had been a great deal too much, but then, there would have been less opposition from authority to my frequent visits—I conjure you, supply the want of these blessings by frequent letters—I must not, will not ask them of Honora, since the

use of the pen is forbid to her declining health ;—I will content myself, as usual, with a postscript from her in your epistles.—My sisters are charmed with the packet which arrived yesterday, and which they will answer soon.

As yet I have said nothing of our journey. We met an entertaining Irish gentleman at Dunchurch, and, being fellow-sufferers in cold and hunger, joined interests, ordered four horses, and stuffed three in a chaise. It is not to you I need apologize, for talking in raptures of an higler whom we met on the road. His cart had passed us, and was at a considerable distance, when, looking back, he perceived that our chaise had stopped, and that the driver seemed mending something. He ran up to him, and with a face full of honest anxiety, pity, good-nature, and every sweet affection under Heaven, asked him if we wanted any thing ; that he had plenty of nails, ropes, &c. in his cart.—That wretch of a postillion made no other reply than, “ We want nothing, master.” From the same impulse the good Irishman, Mr Till, and myself thrust our heads instantly out of the chaise, and tried to recompense to the honest creature this surly reply, by every kind and grateful acknowledgment, and by forcing upon him a little pecuniary tribute. My benevolence will be the warmer while I live, for the treasured remembrance of this higler’s countenance.

I know you interest yourself in my destiny—I have now compleatly subdued my aversion to the profes-

sion of a merchant, and hope in time to acquire an inclination for it—Yet, God forbid I should ever love what I am to make the object of my attention!—that vile trash, which I care not for, but only as it may be the future means of procuring the blessing of my soul—Thus all my mercantile calculations go to the tune of dear Honora.—When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear, that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant, I draw my Honora's picture from my bosom, and the sight of that dear talisman so inspirits my industry, that no toil appears oppressive.

The poetic task you set me is a sad method—my head and heart are too full of other matters to be engrossed by a draggle-tailed wench of the Heliconian puddle. I am going to try my interest in Parliament—How you stare!—it is to procure a frank.—Be so good to give the enclosed to Honora;—it will speak to her—and do you say every thing that is kind for me to every other distinguished friend of the dressing-room circle—encourage them in their obliging desire of scribbling in your letters, but do not let them take Honora's corner of the sheet.

Adieu!—May you all possess that chearfulness denied to your Cher Jean. I fear it hurts my mother to see my musing moods;—but I can neither help nor overcome them.—The near hopes of another excursion to Lichfield, could alone disperse every gloomy vapour of my imagination.—Again, and yet again, Adieu!

J. ANDRE,

ODE

TO

POETIC FANCY.



WARM in May's pellucid noon
See Love and Beauty wanton o'er the vale
Which the young spring has green'd ;—and lo !
they hail

Thee, FANCY, rival of the sun ;
Thou, who with brighter red canst deck the rose
That by yon glassy fountain blows ;
A more voluptuous odour breathe
On ardent Summer's spicy wreath,
Or wake, with powers to higher aims consign'd,
The tender buds of joy in the enlighten'd mind.

With bounding step the Goddess comes,
Bending on high her gay, aerial bow ;

The splendid Phœnix' golden plumes
 O'er her fair brow in loose effulgence flow !
 Each various hue of colour'd light
 Quick glances o'er the silver'd white
 Resplendent in her vest,
 And the bright beam of extacy
 Flashes triumphant from her eye,
 And swells her polish'd breast ;
 While Zeuxis' pencil, Orpheus' lyre,
 Pygmalion's heaven-descended fire,
 The smiling pleasures bring, as round they throng,
 And hymn, in sportive tone, her last enchanting song.

That song, which to her HAYLEY's ear
 Whilom she breath'd in transport gay and loud.
 See ARIOSTO's spirit, from yon cloud,
 Stoops, the congenial notes to hear.
 His glad eye marks an Elfin Sprite descend,
 From many a mystic orb to rend
 The veil, that dimly spread between,
 Their secrets hid from mortal ken.
 The curtain falls !—and to our wondering sight
 Sophrosyne appears, amid new worlds of light.

l. 12. This Ode was written on the publication of Mr Hay-
 ley's TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

l. 17. *Elfin Sprite*.—Sophrosyne, the Goddess of Mr Hay-
 ley's supernatural machinery in that poem.

O, FANCY ! with fastidious smile
 Though Dulness, and though Envy may proclaim
 That thou, in thy distinguish'd isle,
 Art of diminish'd power, and faded fame,
 The Delphic treasure of this day,
 The magic of thy HAYLEY's lay,
 Shall prove the slander vain ;
 Since seldom have more vivid shone
 The lustre of thy rain-bow zone,
 Or sweeter trill'd the strain,
 Than when on HAYLEY's open brow
 Thou bad'st thy loveliest garland glow,
 When all thy powers endow'd his favour'd rhyme,
 Pleasure's envermil'd light, and Horror's shade sub-
 lime.

When pale Misfortune's ruthless gale,
 Ice-breath'd and fell, has those soft streams controul'd,
 That from the silver fount of comfort roll'd
 Quiet adown this mortal vale ;
 O, FANCY, but for thee, mild Hope had stood
 Blighted beside the frozen flood ;
 E'en halcyon Love with ruffled plume
 Had sunk amid the gathering gloom ;
 But thou again can'st melt th' arrested waves,
 Till in their clear, warm tide, the shivering spirit
 laves.

Each persecuting fiend of life
 Thy wand controuls, at least with transient sway ;
 Smooth grows the furrow'd brow of Strife,
 Smiles on the haggard cheek of Avarice play ;
 Terror drops the extended wing,
 And Envy sheaths her venom'd sting,
 Darting at others good ;
 E'en gaunt Ambition, from his car
 Unyokes the fiery steeds of war,
 Dark with the stains of blood ;
 Pale Grief, from veiled lids, no more
 Sheds the lone, incessant shower ;
 Her dim eye brightens in thy soften'd rays,
 As, raising slow her head, she listens to thy lays.

For her thou lay'st thy glories by,
 A veil extending o'er each dazzling hue,
 That Sorrow's tear-swoln eye would ache to view,
 As splendid insults on her frequent sigh.
 Congenial drops suffuse thy radiant glance,
 Suspension stays thy bounding dance ;
 The foliage wild, the dusky plume,
 Succeeding to each gaudy bloom,
 With gentle breath thou fill'st the pensive shell,
 Attun'd to April gales, in Echo's airy cell.

Where'er thou rov'st, enchanting Maid,
 To soothe the hapless, or the gay to charm ;

Return thou still to HAYLEY's shade,
 With every sacred inspiration warm !
 From the coy dell, and lavish bower,
 Bring every zest of every flower,
 In graceful gift and free ;
 For gentle Love, and Virtue there,
 With letter'd Taste, an altar rear
 To Happiness and thee.
 O ! hither bring thy purest fire,
 To sublimate each low desire !
 So with augmenting lustre shall it shine,
 The sweet abode of Peace, and thine own chosen
 shrine.

EPISTLE

TO

CORNELIA.

CORNELIA, yes, it would be hard to find
 The leading impulse of BELINDA'S mind,
 When, in the motley band, that forms her train,
 The gay, the proud, the indolent, the vain,
 Ardent she boasts a longing wish to view
 Such ill-match'd spirits join her modish crew,
 Those, who nor share her pleasures, nor supply,
 Things so unlike herself, as Thou, and I !
 Three sheets, this day, one bounteous packet
 brought
 Full of strange trifling with exalted thought ;
 Our fair Arachne's web, so fond to spread,
 From films internal, every glittering thread ;
 Since from no stores the verbal textures spring,
 That books, that anecdote, that science bring :

Through sentimental mazes finely spun
 Wide in eternal circles smooth they run,
 Attenuant rivals of the silvery lines
 That float in air when Summer's morning shines.
 How warm she boasts the intercourse refin'd,
 The kindred virtue, the congenial mind !
 Such as illum'd (she vows) her glittering bowers,
 When lov'd CORMELIA'S converse wing'd the hours ;
 When all the mental graces, led by thee,
 Made, only not Elysium—wanting me !
 Friend of my youth, what Cynic could upbraid
 The laugh of scorn, when in thy tints array'd,
 Those consecrated hours before us roll,
 Their feasts of reason, and their flow of soul ?
 Thee, summon'd to adorn that festal board,
 With all that Friendship, Science, Wit afford,
 Thee when we view, consign'd, with air serene,
 By the fair mistress of th' Arcadian scene,
 Consign'd in turn to ev'ry ancient beau,
 Obsequious cringing in the splendid shew ;
 While she in mystic rites consumes the morn,
 The fancied vestment studious to adorn ;
 Tried at the mirror,—tried,—and still retried,
 Ah ! willing labour of assiduous pride !
 Light till it floats in elegance supreme,
 Each Rival's envy, each Admirer's theme ;
 And when, as the late dinner-bell around
 Spreads, through the gay saloon, the silver sound,

The nymph descends amid the dazzled throng,
 Each mirror ogling as she glides along,
 To glut her senses and to charm her eyes
 With food more grateful than the board supplies,
 Pil'd though it be with all of rich and rare
 That glides the water, or that wings the air ;
 Till they, with every native semblance chang'd,
 In taste Parisian flavor'd and arrang'd,
 Wake the pale Epicure's keen hope, and vie
 With Gallic Perigord's recorded pie.
 Round for a dearer feast she looks the while,
 With triumph's gay anticipating smile ;
 For those wish'd flatteries, that reward and bless
 The morning labours o'er the evening dress.
 And there, encircled by the gaudy shew,
 By every bauble, and by every beau,
 Musing I see my sage CORNELIA sit,
 Inly repentant of her wasted wit ;
 Launch'd twice, or thrice, around the glittering
 board,
 'Mid belles, and sparks, the colonel, and my lord ;
 With aim as lucky, and with equal lot
 As the keen arrow at the wool-pack shot ;
 See her in speechless eloquence resign
 All hope one fashionable theme to join ;
 " Charmant the Opera !—Theatre, how triste !"

Each step of Vestris, and each chance of whist ;

Or,—when the gilded drawing-room invites
 To yield victorious Pam his wonted rites,
 Listless, and leaning o'er BELINDA's chair
 Bend on the velvet board the vacant stare ;
 Much marvelling what spell her footsteps drew
 To such a maze of nothingness and Loo !
 Thus past those hours, a lavish pen pourtray'd
 As blest by friendship, and in wit array'd ;
 BELINDA, boast them long !—since ne'er again
 CORNELIA figures in thy modish train.
 I, who had ne'er beheld this dame refin'd,
 This cloud-formed friend, this meteor of a mind,
 But when the shades of languor, and of pain,
 Screen'd every passion, frivolous and vain,
 Lur'd by her specious tenderness, impart
 The bleeding griefs that rankled at my heart ;
 Death, recent death of her my soul held dear,
 The pang'd remembrance, the incessant tear ;
 The mortal dart shook o'er a mother's head,
 The night's despondence, and the morning's dread.
 Lo ! in reply to all her eye had met
 Of filial grief, and friendship's long regret,
 Her answering pages eloquently rave
 Of every joy CORNELIA's converse gave ;
 And of her own charm'd thoughts, that love to greet
 Me, happy me ! amid my green retreat,

Where still, she tells me, smiling fortune blends
 The glad society of polish'd friends
 With melting music, and the strains divine
 Of Poesy inspir'd by all the nine.

Replying thus to lines, where heart-sick woe
 Sought in her breast kind pity's balmy flow,
 She proves it, in profession's spite, their lot
 Ne'er to be read, or instantly forgot.

Type of such hearts, amid the garden's store,
 Their gifts where Flora and Pomona pour,
 Shines the gay orange-gourd, of gorgeous grain,
 In lavish promise, and allurements vain.

Who would not guess its splendid veins supplied
 Streams, rich as gush from Seville's golden pride?
 But ah! less taste, less nutriment it yields
 Than the uncultur'd weed that choaks the fields;
 The watry juice within that glowing mould
 Is vapid, sick'ning, colourless, and cold.

CORNELIA, skill'd to trace, with reason's force,
 Each action's motive to its secret source,
 Say why BELINDA, to such fruitless end,
 Apes, what she ne'er was form'd to be,—a Friend?
 A Friend to us, whose granted faith must bring
 Intrusive homage on a flagging wing.

Ah! wherefore grasping at such barren power,
 Defraud her toilet of one precious hour;
 Why these warm phrases, that to Friendship prove
 A mockery vain, as Coquetry to Love;

This pomp of kindness, that thus idly feigns,
 Joyless exults, and sorrowless complains;
 These wandering lights—this cold, this meteor fire,
 Lit to mislead, and blazing to expire?
 Perchance, in Sorrow's mazes doom'd to stray,
 Fondly we deem its ineffectual ray,
 As the illusive gleams before us glide,
 To Friendship's shelter our auspicious guide.
 Hope, whose rash course wise Doubt not oft impedes,
 Smiles through her tears, and follows where it leads;
 Till round her erring footsteps, startled, checkt,
 Rise the cold billows of confirm'd neglect.
 From such vain models spleen'd *Museus* drew
 The light camelion nymphs that meet our view,
 While in the immortal beauty of his lays
 Lives bold Injustice to remotest days.
 Such though there be,—twin Sisters of the Fair
 Who spreads for us the sentimental snare,
 Ah! do the empty tribe his fancy paints,
 Dispassion'd Sinners, and voluptuous Saints,
 Coquets, that seize the Sage's clue, and spin it,
 With all the cloud-form'd *Cynthias* of the minute,
 Do these epitomize the female kind,
 Than man more virtuous, more than man refin'd?

1. 13. *Museus*.—The name *Mason* allots to *Pope* in his beautiful *Monody* on that Poet.

How many duteous maids to filial cares
 Yield unrepining all their rosy years!
 How many fair and faithful wives sustain
 From base ingratitude the keenest pain,
 Feel ev'ry woe that broken vows create,
 Deepen'd by cold neglect, or sullen hate!
 The Sot, returning from his midnight crew
 Each loathsome night, how many live to view;
 In outrag'd delicacy shudder near,
 Breathe the scorn'd sigh, and shed th' unheeded
 tear;

Their lot in bitterness of thought endure,
 Nor once reproach for ills they cannot cure!—
 What grieving numbers find the wealth they brought
 Melt in Profusion's spilt and needless draught;
 Or stores, that might exempt from hourly fear,
 From mean dependence, and from want severe,
 Their injur'd selves,—their little ones,—behold
 Risqu'd in the avarice of superfluous gold;
 The Gamester's desperate avarice,—more unjust
 Injurious, baleful, than the sordid lust
 That goads the Miser to increase his gain,
 Freezing his heart 'gainst ev'ry thought humane!
 Through trials, hard as these, how oft are seen
 The tender Sex, in fortitude serene;
 Revenge unsought, and injuries unreveal'd,
 Each wrong forgiven, and each fault conceal'd!

Whate'er of Woman's frailty ye have known,
 Own then, Creation's Lords, impartial own,
 If right, or wrong, the spleenful Bard defin'd
 The general texture of the female mind !
 Say, do two passions only sway our soul,
 The thirst of pleasure, and of proud controul ?
 And, while the mortals masculine pursue
 The various object, seen in various view,
 As "some to business, some to pleasure take,"
 Is "every woman at her heart a Rake ?"
 Says Hogarth's pencil so ?—that through the will
 Trac'd hidden impulse with unerring skill ;
 That firm, and faithful to his moral views,
 Drew real life in nature's genuine hues ;
 And with more striking, more resistless force,
 Warns lurking vice, on her progressive course,
 Than all that poignant wit, in nervous rhyme,
 Rouses, to lash a folly, or a crime.

See, in its speaking tints, the ruin'd maid,
 By solemn vows, and tender trust betray'd,
 From perjur'd love, with bursting grief, depart,
 His gold refusing, who recalls his heart !
 Yet, 'mid the prospect dire of all that strows
 The path of Woman with the sharpest woes,

O'er his deep crimes her darkest fears impend ;
 For their dread doom her bitterest tears descend !
 Environ'd as she is by every ill,
 To her heart's first impression faithful still,
 Round his lov'd image yet resistless rise
 Thrill'd recollections of their former joys ;
 Those pleading accents ! that impassion'd sigh !
 The shining ardours of that lucid eye,
 Whose glance might thaw, with its enamour'd glow,
 " On Dian's lap the consecrated snow !"

Smote by sore famine and the Winter's wind,
 To keen reproach and taunting scorn consign'd,
 And oft to her chill'd bosom pressing wild,
 Pledge of his love, her little, helpless child,
 Near the false youth she strays, unseen, unknown,
 His fate more dreading, than she dreads her own.
 While Love's deserter, Fashion's bubbled tool,
 Compound abhorr'd of villain and of fool !
 His hours in flatter'd ostentation wastes,
 Ere to the orgies of the night he hastes.

Then what an odious groupe the board surround !
 Here sottish filthiness distains the ground ;
 There lolls detested Lewdness, lost to shame,
 Here to the pictur'd Globe applies the flame ;

1. 21. See the second plate—the Brothel.

O speaking emblem of the mortal doom
 When Sin's dread fires the general peace consume !
 Ere fully play'd Profusion's desperate part,
 Wasting that wealth, which harden'd first his heart,
 Through her wild vortex as the false-one goes,
 An happier lot the sweet Forsaken knows.
 'Gainst new temptation proof, though doom'd to
 mourn,

She rises o'er the woes of Want and Scorn ;
 Ingenious Industry resource affords,
 Its efforts decent Competence rewards.

Behold the pencil's power display again,
 The heart of Woman, and the vice of Man !
 Round the gay Wretch, clos'd in the tossel'd chair,
 Law's ruthless ministers severely glate ;
 Drag towards the lonely prison's dim retreat
 Th' embroider'd victim from his gilded seat.
 Her pensive step by chance conducted there,
 Mark the too faithful, the too generous fair !
 See her, with streaming eyes, the scene behold,
 See ! in that injur'd hand the rescuing gold !
 Sav'd from the reckless debtor's bound forlorn
 By her, whom he betray'd to want and scorn,
 Preserv'd, yet thankless, sullen, cold, and rude,
 Steel'd 'gainst remorse, and dead to gratitude,

From the imploring look, the warning sighs,
To the mean refuge of his vice he flies.

Now, in another speaking scene display'd,
Rise the loose Rake, and violated Maid ;
We see him at the outrag'd altar stand,
Breathe the false vows, and plight th' insidious hand ;
Vows, to yon hapless Fair-one only due,
Afflicted, sinking in a distant pew,
She hears the prostituted Youth engage
To loath'd deformity and wither'd age.
Wealth thus re-purchas'd at a price so base,
Again he runs profusion's headlong race ;
Again her drains have sunk the golden pile,
And made the odious Hymen vain as vile.

At length the fate of folly and of vice
Hurl'd, past redemption, by the loaded dice,
All, all its horrors now the false-one feels ;
See ! in demoniac agony, he kneels !
See eyes uprais'd, in desperation fierce,
On his own head invoke the direful curse !
It falls !—the careless phrenzy fires his brain,
And whips and stripes, and manacles remain.

1. 3. See the fourth plate—the Marriage.
1. 18. See the fifth plate—the Gaming Table.

Beyond e'en all sweet Prior's lays impart
 Of the firm texture of the female heart,
 When gentle Emma rises o'er the snare
 That groundless doubt, and jealousy prepare,
 View life's just Limner eminently prove
 "The faith of Woman, and the force of Love;"
 The last sad scene of guilt aveng'd disclose,
 And its fair victim's voluntary woes.

And now unveil'd, beneath the pencil's truth,
 Stands the accomplish'd doom of perjurd Youth.
 Where yelling Bedlam shuts, to darkness hurl'd,
 The furious maniac from the trembling world;
 Chang'd for its horrid dungeon's dreariest shade,
 Her decent table, and her downy bed,
 See on his straw that injur'd form reclin'd,
 Her wrongs forgotten, to her dangers blind,
 And scorning the strong sense of corporal pain,
 Scarce feel her bruises from the rattling chain!
 One struggling arm her soft arms fold around;—
 The gash'd head bleeding from the self-struck wound,
 Towards the blank floor, with hideous laugh, he turns,
 Nor heeds the guardian form, that o'er him mourns.
 Shock'd, yet assiduous to assuage his woe,
 While on his writhing limbs her eyes o'erflow,

Fain would her soothing tones to rest beguile
The dire contortion and the ghastly smile!

Satiric pupils of Museus' train,
Echoing your Master's dogmas, false and vain,
The just, the life-drawn scene consider well,
And then in this, a female bosom, tell
Which passion govern'd through each hapless hour,
The love of pleasure, or the love of power!
From constancy, above their reach, or aim,
Who female fickleness aloud proclaim,
Turn we, CORNELIA, to thy happier life,
Thou duteous Daughter, and thou faithful Wife,
Whom beauty's dangerous gifts and triumphs ne'er
To indolence, or vanity's soft snare,
Once tempted; thou, that in youth's jocund hours
Sought truth and science, in their classic bowers;
Yet whom nor they, nor all the fame they brought,
When wits admired thee, and when sages sought,
Seduced one duty to resign, that spreads
The smile of peace, the balm of comfort sheds,
And gay prosperity's enlivening bloom
Through the mild precincts of thy happy home.
Virtues like thine consume in truth's bright fire,
Th' invidious slander of the Cynic lyre.
And ye of the proud Sex, that shun to prove
The blissful intercourse of wedded love,

Whom yet, upon whose fair and manly frame
 No foul distortion bars your tender claim
 To win, with all its soft and generous fires,
 The heart of woman to your just desires,
 You, with the tetchy bard's invidious sneer,
 Will you asperse the sex you should revere?
 Resemble him, who felt each passion warm
 Check'd by the influence of his hapless form?
 Who, sore with disappointment's galling pain,
 Hated the sex, to which he sued in vain.
 Turn from the Railer!—nor, without the fate,
 That warpt his mind to the false bent of hate,
 Draw, in the causeless rage of kindred spleen,
 The gloomy curtains of his cold chagrin
 Before the purple torch, that love displays
 To light your steps through life's bewilder'd maze.
 Yes, let each liberal youth, who would not be
 That suicide on self-felicity,
 Though wisely he may shun the gaudy snare,
 Spread by the vain, the fashionable Fair,
 For winning patterns of the powers that throw,
 On wedded hearts, delight's unfading glow,
 Fond love, resisting, in a woman's breast,
 The stings of falsehood, and the lures of rest;
 Wit, brilliant wit, with soberest wisdom join'd,
 Each charm of temper, and each strength of mind;
 The first in Hogarth's melting female see,
 And for the last, CORNELIA, study thee!

EPISTLE

TO

MR ROMNEY,

BEING PRESENTED BY HIM WITH A PICTURE OF
WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

INGENIOUS Romney, in thy liberal heart
We feel thy virtues rivals of thy art ;
Indulgent wilt thou then accept my lay,
Though faintly gilded by poetic ray,
When it would tell how much to thee I owe,
That on these walls thy Hayley's features glow ?

Remote in studious bowers, around his head
Too long false Modesty her shadows spread ;
But when at length upon the general sight
Rose his gay Muse, array'd in classic light,

Full on thy science her warm effluence shone,
 And mark'd its dear relation to her own,
 Painting and Poetry on one bright throne;
 And 'mid their mutual votaries display'd
 The kindred excellence that ne'er shall fade.
 High on the tablet, consecrate to fame,
 Painter belov'd, appears thy honor'd name.
 Reclin'd and musing on the secret shade,
 Oft have aerial Beings round me play'd,
 While Fancy, promptress of the waking dream,
 Bent her clear prism upon its rising theme;
 Blest could I catch, O ROMNEY, as they shine,
 As brilliant lights, and shades as bold as thine!

Ah! not for me, in such resistless blaze,
 Descend Poetic Fancy's plastic rays;
 But when their utmost force the Muse inspires,
 Through clearest crystal when they dart their fires,
 Then scenes arise, in intellectual hue,
 Gay, soft, and warm, as Claude or Poussin drew;
 Then setting sun-beams gild the lonely vale,
 Wet with the shower and trembling from the gale;

1. 1. *Thy science*—The first of Mr Hayley's admirable Poems on the Sciences, is addressed to his friend Romney, and characterizes the great painters, ancient and modern, comparing them with the poets.

Green circling hills imbibe them as they stream,
And their moist tops are yellow in the gleam.
Or sternly if she leads the mental sight
Where Horror scowls, beneath incumbent night,
With all Salvator's savage dignity

Scowl the dark, rugged rock, and lurid sky.

When Love and Beauty to her pen are given,
She draws their forms in colours dipt in heaven;
For Homer's leaf her hands the hues prepare,
And Helen shines as Titian's Venus fair.

She orient tints to Milton's page supplies,
And his sweet Eve with Raphael's Mary vies,
While deck'd in floating pomp the gorgeous an-
gels rise.

Or, if, obedient to her potent sway,
Passions embodied move in long array ;
If wild Revenge fierce bound into his car,
Wave the dark crest, and shake the lance of war ;
If Love sit melting in the azure eye,
Dye the warm blush, and swell the tender sigh ;
Glares conscious Guilt, or trembles hurried Fear,
Or if mild Pity drop the balmy tear,
Poetic Fancy o'er the shape and face
Breathes Michael's force, and Guido's flowing grace ;
Nor to one image, nor one scene confin'd,
Successive pictures rise before the mind.

Here Poesy o'er Painting proudly towers,
 Nor boasts unjustly her superior powers;
 Since, though to Painting's free and ardent hand,
 Is given to wake each form of fair and grand;
 To rival Nature with her vivid hues;
 To speak the language of the loftiest muse;
 Yet, to a point of time her force restrain'd,
 One fixed effect can only be attain'd
 By the slow labour of revolving days,
 Though Art consummate on the canvas blaze.
 Thus triumphs Poesy;—yet Painting knows
 A power more precious; on affection's woes
 To shed a softer, a more chearing ray,
 Than beams from MASON's, or from HAYLEY's lay.

See lovely Susan on the sea-beach stands,
 And stretches o'er the waves her trembling hands;
 Upbraids the bounding ship, whose sails unfurl'd
 Court the dread hazards of the wat'ry world;
 While, ling'ring on the windy deck in vain,
 William's dear form gleams dimly o'er the main;—
 Now distance veils him on the misty deep,
 And slow she turns, to wander, and to weep.
 What, 'mid these sorrows, may her tears beguile,
 And wake on her pale lip the pensive smile?
 O Painting! great Magician! thine the power
 That gilds unhappy Susan's gloomy hour;

Warm in thy tints, in thy expression bright,
 Still charming William lives before her sight ;
 Distinct his speaking eye, his graceful brows,
 And all himself the idol portrait glows.
 Say, Poesy, can thy rich stores impart
 Such precious balsam to the wounded heart ?
 What equal medicine boast thy mighty Nine,
 Though strains Orphean warble from their shrine ?
 Since if the fair ideal forms we trace,
 Rivals of life in colour, strength, and grace,
 Yet, when emerging Genius charms our sight,
 Free as it soars Aonia's sacred height,
 And our pleas'd thoughts the consciousness desire
 Of features warm'd and beaming with its fire ;
 Features, which to our mortal eye unknown
 Might to our mind by plastic art be shown,
 'Tis then that Poesy, responseless found,
 Frowns on her pen and throws it on the ground.

Though ne'er beheld the actual form he wears,
 My spirit thus thy Hayley's fame reveres ;
 Marks his dear Muse her charming strains extend,
 And boasts the privilege to call him Friend.
 But when in vain my grateful wishes sought
 His living image in the stores of thought,
 Thy pencil, ROMNEY, the desire supplies,
 And bids me see the generous Bard I prize.

O ! while in each bold lineament we find
Some emanation of his ardent mind,
See worth benign, and copious knowledge throw
Their mingled grace upon his pensive brow,
Still, glowing Artist, shall thy gift impart
Unsated pleasure to my conscious heart.
Dear is that gift as the soft, silver rain,
And breath Favonian, to the April plain,
As Memory's voice recalling happy days,
As to my favour'd muse thy Hayley's praise.

WRITTEN

IN THE

BLANK PAGE OF THE SORROWS OF WERTER.*

O THOU, who turnest this impassioned leaf,
 Where Anguish claims the sympathetic grief,
 If no relentless prejudice can bind
 In stagnant frost the mercy of thy mind;

* It is said, the characters of Werter, Charlotte, and Albert, the disastrous passion of the former, and the terrible event it produced, were *real*, together with nearly all the sentiments in Werter's letters; heightened, no doubt, in the powers of eloquence, by passing through the pen of the celebrated German novelist. There has been much ridiculous cant about the fancied immorality of these interesting volumes. The long miseries and tragic death of Werter, breathe an awful warning against imitating his error, and evince the fatal power of indulging an hopeless passion, even for a most amiable object, to blast the destiny, and to render fruitless all the virtues of a na-

If thou shalt guess how hard to inflict the smart
 Of icy absence on the glowing heart,
 When all that charm'd the sense, th' affection won,
 Dwells in that form, which prudence bids us shun ;
 That present, soothes each rankling woe to rest,
 Departed, desolates the languid breast,
 Then thou'lt lament, amidst thy virtuous blame,
 The wretched victim of a baneful flame,
 Where ill-starr'd Love its deadliest lightning shed
 On the pale Suicide's devoted head,
 And woes, that would no holier thought allow,
 Threw ghastly shadows on the bleeding brow.—

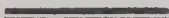
turally generous and good young man. Absurd censurers are angry that he is not made despicable, because he was criminally indiscreet. They are incensed that his woes excite compassion. With equal justice, Othello might be deemed an immoral play, because we cannot withhold our esteem and pity from the man, who, giving way to suspicious appearances, murders his innocent wife. Werter, by giving way to his affection for an engaged woman, though without the least design to seduce her, renders his own existence insupportable. There is no temptation to copy the conduct of either character ; therefore neither the play, nor the novel, can justly be taxed with having an immoral tendency. The light of moral warning breaks out stronger, from beneath the shades in such characters, than from the unmingled brightness of those, who are represented faultless, or at least exempt from any very marked error.

Still, as thou weep'st their unresisted powers,
The virtues of the lost-one's happier hours
Shall o'er his fatal errors gently rise,
Live in thy heart, and consecrate thy sighs !
And for the soft compassion thou hast shown
For woes and frailties, to thy soul unknown,
For generous sympathy, which shines confest,
Eternal inmate of the noble breast,
Ne'er may embosom'd grief thine eye-lids dim,—
O ! live to love, but not to mourn, like him !

WRITTEN

IN THE TITLE PAGE OF A VOLUME CONTAINING

MR JEPHSON'S TRAGEDIES.



POETIC Spirits, bend your ardent gaze
On this rich effluence of dramatic rays !
Than those alone less eminently bright,
That dart from Shakespear's orb their solar light,
Fastidious Spleen, and canker'd Envy fly,
Nor thou ! O mole-eyed Prejudice, be nigh !
Then, nervous Jephson, shall thy muse obtain
Applause, that opes the gate of Glory's fane.

WRITTEN

IN A

DIMINUTIVE EDITION OF GRAY'S POEMS.

ALL to the lofty Ode that genius gives
Within these few and narrow pages lives;
The Theban's strength, and more than Theban's grace,
A lyric Universe in fairy space.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAVES OF MR HAYLEY'S POEMS,

PRESENTED BY A. SEWARD, TO WM. GROVE, ESQ.

OF LICHFIELD, 1793.

IF e'er just taste, and sympathy sincere,
 Reader, thy breast illum'd, they kindle here,
 Here, at the Sun of Genius, for it shines
 And pours a flood of radiance through the lines.
 But to perceive in what degree each theme
 Draws life and beauty from the plastic beam ;
 To mark how deep its sacred force pervades,
 Its lights how lustrous, and how soft its shades,
 Demands a kindred Spirit, skill'd to pierce
 The coyest labyrinths of Aonian verse ;
 And HAYLEY'S powers due praise can only gain
 When Poets analyze his various strain ;
 Feel the extent of every just design,
 And taste the flowing sweetness of the line ;

The learn'd allusions mark, th' inventive art,
 The skill to energize and melt the heart;
 Through all the imagery empower'd to trace
 The strength impressive, and the winning grace;
 Behold the gay satiric verse arise
 From the rich source Benevolence supplies;
 For with her lustre, flashing from the lyre,
 Nor spleen, nor malice, mix their lightless fire;
 Since, though the pomp of letter'd Insolence,
 Cold-hearted Vanity, and nice Pretence,
 Stript of their veil, the lucid rhyme displays,
 Yet every virtue brightens in its rays.
 Ingenious GROVE ! thy own poetic vein,
 Its classic elegance, its tuneful strain,
 Are certain pledges, that to thee belong
 Powers, to appreciate well the Poet's song,
 And competent to breathe the just acclaim,
 Unerring harbinger of lasting fame.

WRITTEN

IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A SMALL POCKET EDITION OF

THOMSON'S SEASONS,

THE GIFT OF MISS NOTT, OF LICHFIELD.

THE gilded volume, where to actual sight
 The sculptor's powers the poet's scenes array,
 And rival praise by rival grace excite,
 Proves not to me a source of that delight,
 These small unornamented leaves convey.

Since they present, in an unburden'd hand,
 As my lone step o'er hill and valley strays,
 To fancy's eye, each trace of fair, or grand,
 Of bright, or fading, solemn, wild, or bland,
 The waxing, or the waning year displays.

Yes, little book ! like Elfin sprites of old,
 Thou to thy mistress shalt auspicious prove,
 And while thy leaves exhaustless charms unfold,
 More shall they please, since thee her eyes behold
 A welcome present from a friend they love.

WITH
A LOCK OF THE AUTHOR'S HAIR,
TO
A GENTLEMAN WHO REQUESTED IT.

NOT with the bright, yet dangerous rose of love,
By Florio's hand, be this light lock enwove,
But with the lily, cull'd from Friendship's bowers,
That hides no thorns beneath its snowy flowers.

ON

SEEING MR HAYLEY'S WORKS INVIDIOUSLY CRITICIZED
IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS OF THE YEAR 1783.

Rise, kindred dunces, from your drear abodes,
Where Folly nurs'd you, and where Envy goads!
Rise, till your growing numbers equal those
That hurl'd at POPE's bright verse their murky prose!
So you, at length, may raise the tardy ire
By Wit and Genius arm'd with all their fire.
Rise! that another DUNCIAD soon may save
Your venom'd tribe from Lethe's whelming wave,
And HAYLEY bear you through the walks of time,
Rendering your worthless names immortal as his
rhyme!

VERSES

TO THE CELEBRATED PAINTER, MR WRIGHT, OF DERBY,

WRITTEN IN 1783.

THOU, in whose breast the gentle virtues shine,
 Thou, at whose call th' obsequious graces bow,
 Fain would I, kneeling at the Muses' shrine,
 Gather the laurel for thy modest brow.

And should in vain my feeble arm extend,
 In vain the meed these faltering lays demand,
 Should, from my touch, the conscious laurel bend,
 Like coy Mimosa, shrinking from the hand,

Yet thy bright tablet, with unfading hues,
 Shall beam on high in honour's envied fane,
 By him emblazon'd, whose immortal muse
 Adorn'd thy science with her earliest strain;

l. 8. Sensitive plant.

l. 11. Mr Hayley celebrated Mr Wright's talent in his first great Work, EPISTLES ON PAINTING.

Brought every gem the mines of Knowledge hide,
 Cull'd roseate spoils from Fancy's flowery plains,
 And with their mingled stores new bands supplied,
 That bind the sister Arts in closer chains.

What living lights, ingenious Artist, stream,
 In mingling mazes as thy pencil roves !
 With orient hues in bright expansion beam,
 Or bend the flowing curve that beauty loves !

Charm'd as we mark, beneath thy magic hand,
 What sweet repose surrounds the sombrous scene,
 Where, fring'd with wood, yon moon-bright cliffs
 expand,
 The curl'd waves twinkling as they wind between ;

Start, as on high thy red Vesuvius glares,
 Through Earth and Ocean pours his sanguine light,
 With billowy smoke obscures the rising stars,
 Or darts his vollied lightnings through the night ;

Sigh, where 'mid twilight shades, yon pile sublime,
 In cumbrous ruin, nods o'er Virgil's tomb,
 Where, nurs'd by thee, poetic ivies climb,
 Fresh florets spring, and brighter laurels bloom ;

1. 9. Mr Wright's Moonlight Views of Matlock.—13. His Vesuvius—18. His Virgil's tomb.

Or weep for JULIA, in her sea-girt cave,
 Exil'd from love in beauty's splendid morn,
 Wild as she gazes on the boundless wave,
 And sighs, in hopeless solitude, forlorn.

Now, ardent WRIGHT, from thy creative hand,
 With outline bold, and mellowest colouring warm,
 Rival of life, before the canvas stands
 My Father's lov'd and venerable form !

O ! when his urn shall drink my falling tears,
 Thy faithful tints shall shed a bless'd relief,
 Glow with mild lustre through my darken'd years,
 And gild the gathering shades of filial grief !

l. 1. His Julia, banished to a desert island by her grandfather, Augustus, for her amours with Ovid.

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

'Tis past!—the shades of deprivation lour,
 Numbing, with influence cold, the heavy hour.
 Thy joys, O Friendship! fly ere well begun,
 Like the mild shining of yon liquid sun
 Through this short winter's day :—and yet I hear
 Haylean accents vibrate on my ear;
 Still on that countenance I seem to gaze,
 Whence mingled stream the intellectual rays.
 But ah! the sweet ideal mockery flies,
 Silence and vacancy around me rise!

* This poem, as far as the 64th line, was written in the chaise, returning from Coleshill to Lichfield, the author having accompanied Mr Hayley so far on his road to London in December 1781.

Wrap my chill'd spirit in their icy vest,
 And chace each dear illusion from my breast.
 Haste, ye tir'd steeds, that o'er the miry way
 To my lone home these listless limbs convey !
 There Hayley's mute resemblance still remains,
 To sooth the absent friend's regretful pains ;
 Yet well she knows that the repining sigh,
 The tear, that dims the disappointed eye,
 Shall prove how weak the pencil's utmost art
 To match the faithful tablet of the heart.

But when the form, there shrin'd, too oft survey'd,
 Beneath the ardent beam of Thought shall fade,

1. 11. Perhaps the generality of people have not sufficiently attended to the operation of their minds, respecting the personal idea they retain of the long absent, or the dead, so as clearly to comprehend the eight ensuing lines.

No picture, be it ever so well painted, can vie with the memory in that exactness, with which she presents, early in absence, the image of that form and face, whose lineaments are dear to us. Therefore, actual pictures of beloved friends would not be so eagerly coveted, but that we render this darling, internal image indistinct, by recalling it too frequently ; as that strength of line, which gives sharpness and spirit to a copper-plate, becomes injured after a certain number of impressions have been taken off. By repeated use, the plate, if not retouched, will produce only a dim and shadowy mass, in which the features and countenance cannot be very distinctly discerned.

For the mark'd lines that Memory's tints display
 In contemplation's fire will melt away,

So it is with the memory, after continual recurrence, and pressure of the affections upon the image she presents, which, for a considerable period, she had presented with that perfect precision, to which no powers of the pencil can attain ;—but, in time, the image becomes indistinct, not from any decay in the powers of memory ; not from the affections growing cold, but merely from intense and incessant recurrence. Yes, it is beneath the constant glow of ardent imagination, that the impression, given by memory, has faded. Then it is that a good, nay even an indifferent picture, or a paper-profile of a dear lost friend, strengthens our recollection, in the same manner that retouching a copper-plate restores its power of giving animated impressions.

The author wishes that all who peruse these remarks, and have dispositions sufficiently affectionate to contemplate fervently, and often, in their own minds the image of one, fondly beloved, whom they have, for a length of years, or for ever lost, would recollect if, after a time, they were able to recall that image with equal precision, as they could remember the features, and air, of other deceased, or absent persons, with whom they had been well acquainted, but of whom, being less interesting to their affections, they had only casually thought. The superior distinctness with which the less beloved image comes back to the mind, upon its summons, proves the philosophic truth of these remarks, and is the cause why we so fondly desire the penciled remembrance of those we love, to refresh that ideal image which intense and perpetual contemplation had rendered evanescent. LOCKE says—" The pictures drawn in our minds of our absent friends, are laid in fading colours,

Then, Romney, nor till then, my soul shall own
 Thy perfect skill, and each regret atone,
 For more than mortal art no longer pine,
 And cease to boast superior power to thine.

And now, illumined by the crystal rays,
 Fair spires, again ye meet my wonted gaze !
 Your forms majestic, in the fleecy skies,
 As conscious of recorded honours, rise ;
 Shield for your Bards, and Chiefs, of former days,
 The warrior-laurel, and the classic bays.
 Chiefs, o'er whose sunk, sepulchral, mossy stone,
 The suns and storms of countless years have flown ;

which, if not sometimes refreshed, will vanish and disappear." It might have been expected that a philosopher so accurate and discriminating, would have pursued the observation, and reminded us, that there are two causes, exactly opposite to each other, which produce this vanishing ; viz. the mind not having dwelt upon the originals of those its pictures often enough to make their image strong and vivid after long absence ;—and, its too frequently casting upon such inshrined resemblances, the dazzling light of fervent meditation. It is not meant that fervent meditation will produce forgetfulness of the general idea of the persons of those we fondly regret, but that it will, in time, make us unable to recall them with that precision we desire, without the help of the pencil.

I. 1. *Romney*—The celebrated painter.

I. 9. *Bards and Chiefs*.—Alluding to the tradition of a battle fought in the time of the Romans, and to the remains of the warriors' tombs on the scene of action, Berocop Hill, near the city.

And they, of later times, who wing'd afar
 From your high towers, the volleying bolts of war.
 For that fam'd Pair, in youth's delightful spring,
 Pluming beneath your shade their eaglet wing,
 What time, to fire each passion of the heart,
 Ye saw young GARRICK form his matchless art,
 Your stripling JOHNSON, build the lofty rhyme,
 Or ruminate the moral thought sublime.
 And late ye saw, at evening's solemn hours,
 As sigh'd the winter-blast amid your towers,
 Britain's distinguish'd Bard beneath you stray,
 And bend through your long aisles his musing way;
 Observe the gleams, from your half-lighted choir,
 Throw the long levell'd line of paly fire

1. 1. Lichfield stood a siege by Cromwell's army, in the civil war of that period.

1. 3. *That fam'd Pair*.—Johnson and Garrick were both educated at Lichfield, under the author's maternal grandfather, the Rev. John Hunter, Prebendary of the Cathedral, and Master of the Free-School.

1. 9. *Evening's solemn hours*.—It was Mr Hayley's custom, during his fortnight's residence at Lichfield, to walk in the side aisles of the Cathedral during choir-service at evening prayers, which are always performed by candle-light in winter. The arches of those aisles were then open at top into the choir. When the church was altered, in the year 1788, the arches were closed up, which prevents all the fine effect of dubious light and shadow, described in the ensuing lines. On week days the choir is but imperfectly illuminated.

High o'er the darksome arch, and awful spread
 Ambiguous glimmer round his pensive head;
 While the faint rays o'er distant objects wave,
 That seem the sombre spectres of the grave.

O ! will that honour'd Bard, in future time,
 Remember her, who view'd the thought sublime,
 Enthron'd majestic in his earnest eye,
 Slow as the gloomy figures glided by ?
 With one kind sigh will his great soul repay
 Pledg'd hours of letter'd joys his flight has borne
 away ?

And now again this roof, so lately blest,
 Receives me musing on its transient guest.
 Slow as my step, with joyless thought, I turn,
 The known apartments seek, and entering mourn,
 Instant each object to my sense recalls
 The Friend, so widely wandering from these walls.
 Though the mild sun, in this hybernal hour,
 Turns his gold eye on yonder moss-grown tower,

l. 10. *Pledg'd hours*.—Unforeseen business obliged Mr Hayley to abridge his purposed visit to Mr Seward and his daughter.

l. 18. *Moss-grown tower*.—Stow church stands in the little rural valley, overlooked by the east front of the Bishop's palace, the residence of Mr Seward and his family.

Yet the lone graces of the quiet scene,
 The vale, still grassy, and the lake serene,
 Distinct and clear present themselves in vain;
 Dim, as the sailing cloud, surcharg'd with rain,
 My swimming eyes have drawn the misty veil,
 O'er sunny tower, blue lake, and grassy dale;
 For through the walls a sullen silence reigns,
 So late resounding with delightful strains;
 Accents that Friendship's hallow'd powers inspire,
 Aonian lays, and more than attic fire.

And now the clamorous bell's unwelcome peal
 Calls me, reluctant, to the cheerless meal;
 No bounding step along the hall I hear,
 But turn my head, and hide the starting tear.

High-soul'd attachment, by thy powerful sway,
 Of deep regrets how large a sum we pay
 For joys, that triumph in their proud increase,
 And rashly pass the level line of Peace!

I. 18. *Level line of peace.*—Milton, in the close of his sonnet to Mr Laurence, insinuates that there is danger in too frequently indulging the luxury of intellectual society, thus—

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touch'd, and artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?

He, who of these delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
LADY MILLAR.*

Not to your shades alone, ye martial Dead,
The scatter'd flow'rs of plaintive rhyme belong,
Tho' Valour, marching round your grave, may shed
The richest seeds of elegiac song;
Tho' Fame's proud chissel o'er your trophied tomb
Hangs the bright falchion high, and bends the warrior-plume.

* The late lady Millar, of Bath-Easton, near Bath, held an assembly at that elegant villa, once a fortnight during the Bath season. She rendered this meeting a poetical institution, giving out subjects at each assembly for poems to be read at the ensuing one.

When Death with silent footstep prints the plain,
 And spreads o'er female worth his sable pall,
 Shall Poesy renounce the mournful train,
 Shall her melodious tears refuse to fall,
 Where Friendship's sighs, where Love's deep groans
 invite,
 And Virtue calls aloud to aid the solemn rite ?

Ye, who essay'd to weave the golden thread,
 And gem with flow'rs the woof of high applause,
 The pious veil o'er shroudless ANDRE spread,
 O'er ANDRE, murder'd in his country's cause ;
 Ye, who with foliage dun and plumage grey,
 Rear'd high the sacred shade that wav'd o'er Cook's
 Morai ;

The verses were deposited in an antique Etruscan vase, and were drawn out by gentlemen appointed to read them aloud, and to judge of their rival merits. These gentlemen, ignorant of the authors, selected three poems from the collection which they thought most worthy of the three myrtle wreaths, decreed as the rewards and honours of the day. The names of the persons who had obtained the prizes were then announced by lady Millar. Once a year the most ingenious of these productions were published. Four volumes have already appeared, and the profits been applied to the benefit of a charity at Bath ; so that lady Millar's institution was not only calculated to awaken and cultivate ingenuity, but to serve the purposes of benevolence and charity. It had continued about six years, and ceased with the death of its amiable patroness. That event happened in July, 1781.

Ye Sister Nine, that weep departed worth,
 Pour from your echoing strings the soothing lay,
 Chaunt the slow requiem o'er this hallow'd earth,
 That hides your LAURA's life-deserted clay ;
 Hides the cold heart, which glow'd with all your fires,
 The hand, that deck'd with wreaths your many-
 chorded lyres.

Oft have ye seen her, in her classic bow'rs,
 Weave the rich myrtle round the early rose ;
 And grace with dearer joy the festive hours
 Than vain parade, or idle mirth bestows ;
 While from her glance benign young Genius caught
 Spirit to ope fresh mines of soul-exalting thought.

And sure, o'er polished circles to diffuse
 The new ambition, virtuous and refin'd,
 To the light Graces lead the loftier muse,
 And their twin'd hands with rosy chaplets bind,
 Not less deserves the meed of tuneful praise,
 Than Valour his proud wreath, than Wit his death-
 less bays.

To her gay dome, that decks the breezy vale,
 Enlighten'd Pleasure led a jocund crew,
 And youths and virgins in the vernal gale,
 With eager step to her chaste revel flew ;

While to the inspiring God, that gilds the day,
Pure the devotion rose in many a glowing lay.

Propitious heard the Pow'r, and gaily beam'd,
Gilding the foliage of the verdant shrine;
And bending o'er her vase, fair LAURA seem'd
The smiling Priestess of the sacred Nine,
As her green wreath she wove, to grace the Bard,
Whose sweet superior song might claim the wish'd
reward.

But now, disastrous change!—alas! no more
Her gentle looks, and dulcet voice invite
The willing train their festive songs to pour,
And wing the passing moments with delight;
O'er the lone vase, e'erwhile so gaily crown'd,
A dim hand draws the veil of sable lawn around;

And to her shade the mingled dirge of woe
Ascends from HARRINGTON's harmonious hand;
The plaintive sounds with varied sweetness flow,
And through the scenes that feel her loss expand;
His melting notes impress with magic art
Her recollected worth on ev'ry generous heart.

l. 16. An elegy to the memory of lady Millar, set to music
for three voices, by Dr Harrington, of Bath.

Benignant LAURA ! to the Muses dear,
 Thy virtuous mind with bright ambition glow'd,
 To tune the lyre, the votive shrine to rear,
 By Science hallow'd in their fair abode ;
 From sterling wit to clear each base alloy,
 And fill with purest fires the crystal lamp of joy.

With high-soul'd pleasure, and ingenuous truth,
 'Twas thine to nurse the hopes of young Renown ;
 'Twas thine to elevate the views of youth ;
 To look, with calm disdain, superior down
 On Pride's cold frown, and Fashion's pointed leer ;
 On Envy's serpent lie, and Folly's apish sneer.

Wide through the murky shades, by Malice shed,
 To shroud its blossoms, and its foliage blight,
 With rising strength thy verdant altar spread,
 And bards of loftiest spirit join'd its rite ;
 And with their oaken, and their laurel crown
 Inwove thy myrtle buds, fair wreath of fair Renown !

Though all unknown to Fame its artless reed,
 My trembling hand, at thy kind bidding, tried
 To crop the blossoms of the uncultur'd mead,
 The primrose pale, the briar's blushing pride,
 And on thy vase with true devotion laid
 The tributary flow'rs—too soon, alas ! to fade.

Safe through thy gentle ordeal's lambent flame,
 My Muse, aspiring, dar'd the fiercer blaze,
 Which judgment lights before the hill of fame,
 With calm determin'd hand and searching gaze;
 But for thy lib'ral praise, with awful dread,
 Far from those burning bars my trembling feet had
 fled.

Clad in the fine Asbestos light attire,
 By elegance inwove with nicest care,
 Of pow'r to pass unhurt the public fire,
 Where critic Wit bids all his beacons glare,
 The sprightly WINFORD, at her LAURA's fane,
 Pass'd through its milder flames, amid th' applaud-
 ing train.

The Nymph of Dronfield there with snowy hand,
 To gay Thalia swept the silver wires;
 The frolic Muse attends her soft command,
 And the free strain with many a charm inspires;

1. 2. *Fiercer blaze*.—The Reviewers.

1. 11. *Sprightly Winford*—See Miss Winford's elegant poem, the Hobby Horse, printed in the fourth volume of Poetical Amusements at Bath Easton.

1. 13. *Nymph of Dronfield*—See Miss Rogers's Invocation to the Comic Muse, fourth volume of Poetical Amusements.

Long be it hers in lettered scenes to please,
 By quick Invention's fire, and Nature's graceful
 ease.

Dear to the parent-source from whence I drew
 The spark of life, and all that life endears,
 Time-honour'd GRAVES! with duteous joy I view
 Thy hollies blushing through the snow of years;
 Their wintry colours the chaste shrine adorn,
 Vivid as Genius blends in life's exulting morn.

Triumphant youth fann'd the poetic flame
 Of noble FIELDING, whose energetic soul
 So early wing'd him up the steeps of Fame,
 And gain'd, e'er manhood's dawn, the distant goal;
 Still in his lays the wounded breast shall find
 A charm, that soothes to rest each Vulture of the
 mind.

From woodland scenes, in Stamford's flow'ry vale,
 With Learning, Peace, and Virtue, fond to dwell,

l. 5. *Time-honour'd Graves*—Rev. Mr Graves, of Claverton, author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, &c.

l. 14. *Vulture of the mind*—Alluding to the *Chorus Ex Prometheus*, presented to the vase by the Hon. Charles Fielding, then of Harrow School. See fourth volume of *Poetical Amusements*.

l. 15. *Stamford's flow'ry vale*—Rev. Mr Butt, rector of Stam-

And ring his wild harp to the passing gale,
 While DRYDEN's spirit hover'd o'er the shell,
 Invention led her musing son among
 Sweet LAURA's Delphic shades, that crown'd his
 mystic song.

And graceful JERNINGHAM benignly brought
 His gentle Muse, of bigot rage the foe ;
 And skill'd to blend the force of reasoning thought
 With Sensibility's enamour'd glow ;
 Skill'd o'er frail love to draw the sacred veil,
 Whose mournful texture floats on Fancy's buoyant
 gale.

There tender WHALLEY struck his silver lyre
 To Love and Nature strung,—as mingled flows
 With elegiac sweetness epic fire,
 In the soft story of his Edwy's woes ;

ford, in Worcestershire. His verses on the Pythagorean System had the wreath. See fourth volume of Poetical Amusements.

1. 6. *Bigot rage*—Mr Jerningham, though a Roman catholic, has ably combated monastic enthusiasm, in his ingenious poem, the Nun.

1. 9. *Frail love*—See Mr Jerningham's Funeral of Aribert.

1. 11. *There tender Whalley*—Rev Mr Whalley, of Langford Court, near Bristol, author of that interesting love poem, Edwy and Edilda.

Its beauteous pages shall prompt, through distant years,
The thrill of generous joy, the tide of pitying tears.

Fir'd with the lofty strain of Grecian lore,
Whose light shone radiant on the morn of time,
The bard of Æschylus, in leisure hour,
Breath'd through the grove the lyric song sublime,
And see ! poetic Sympathy ordains
Health to the kindling soul from his inspiring strains.

ANSTEY himself would join the sportive band,
ANSTEY, enliverer of the serious earth !
At the light waving of whose magic wand,
New fountains rose, and flow with endless mirth ;
Pouring on Fancy's soul a glow as warm,
As Bath's rich springs impart to Health's reviving
form.

Immortal Truth, for his salubrious song,
Pluck'd the unfading laurel from her fane ;
Since oft, amid the laugh of Momus' throng,
Wisdom has gravely smil'd, and prais'd the strain ;
Pleas'd to behold the Fools of Fashion hit
By new, unrival'd shafts of ridicule and wit.

1. 5. *Bard of Æschylus*—The learned and Rev. Mr Potter,
translator of Æschylus.

Bright glows the list with many an honour'd name,
 Whom Taste in LAURA's votive throng surveys;
 But HAYLEY flashes in a type of flame,
 Trac'd by a sun-beam the broad letters blaze!
 Rapt Britain reads the long-recording fire,
 Claps her triumphant hands, and bids her realms ad-
 mire!

While check'd by gen'rous friendship's modest frown,
 That will not hear the praise it joys to give;
 My fingers quit the chords of high renown,
 On which his young, but deathless glories live;
 Yet with these lays one grateful wish shall blend,
 And on Devotion's wing to list'ning Heaven ascend.

Through lengthen'd years that pass, and passing shine,
 While Health and Joy on their bright moments
 wait,

May his pure mind, with all its warmth benign,
 Set late and cloudless in the depths of fate;
 Not early, like fair LAURA's spirit, fly
 From this dark earthly scene, to its congenial sky!

Stay the white radiance of thy silver car
 O'er LAURA's hallow'd turf, fair Queen of Night,
 And from the orbit of thy herald-star,
 Feed all its pensive flow'rs with dewy light!

For so her gentle spirit oft' would shed
Soft Pity's light and dew on Pain's deserted head.

When Fashion o'er her threw the shining vest,
When Pleasure round her trill'd the Syren song,
The sighs of Pity swell'd her polish'd breast,
The tones of Mercy warbled from her tongue ;
She bade the fires of classic lore pervade
With charity's kind warmth, misfortune's barren shade.

Not in the wealth of Andes' glitt'ring mines,
Not in the charms the zone of love bestows,
The female form so exquisitely shines,
Though Empire binds the circlet on her brows,
As when compassion sheds her lustre meek,
Swims in the moistened eye, and wets the glowing
cheek.

O witness thou, so eminently good,
That in the regal robe, and beauty's pride,
At Calais' conquer'd gate, sweet smiling stood,
By thy victorious Edward's awful side !
In martial ire War's sable cloud he seem'd,
And thou the radiant bow, that o'er its darkness
beam'd.

l. 8. *Charity's kind warmth*—Lady Millar's poetic institution was also a charitable one.

Boast of thy sex, and glory of the throne !

O'er all thy form what matchless graces spread,
When thy fair eyes in moist suffusion shone,
And from thy cheek the changing crimson fled,
As on the neck of Edward's captive foes
To thy afflicted sight the opprobrious cord arose !

Oh ! while the fair, with soul-subduing pow'r,
On her bent knee their forfeit lives implor'd ;
When, like two stars seen through a rushing show'r,
Her watry eyes gaz'd earnest on her lord,
'Twas then thy virtues, loveliest queen, outshone
Thy Edward's victor-plume, waving o'er Gallia's
throne !

Thus while with fervent zeal the auspicious Nine
O'er LAURA's form the classic cestus threw,
Hung all their golden harps within her shrine,
And ting'd her wreaths with undecaying hue,
Yet, Charity, thy soft seraphic flame
A purer glory shed around her spotless name.

And harmonizing sweet with Friendship's lyre
The grateful blessings of the poor shall blend,
And borne on angel-wings to Heaven's full choir,
Sublime the breath of Gratitude ascend ;

With strains more dulcet swell the aspiring gales,
 Than rise from Pindus' grove, than float in Thespian
 vales.

Nor yet that worth, which shunn'd the public view,
 Wilt thou, O mournful muse ! refuse to sing ;
 Each virtue rather to its shade pursue,
 And stoop from shining heights thy trembling wing ;
 Teach the soft sex whence genuine transport flows,
 Tell them, domestic joy the fullest bliss bestows.

This beauteous lesson may they wisely read
 In the white page of LAURA's vital state ;
 And emulate each great, each gentle deed,
 That crown'd her fame, or that disarm'd her fate ;
 For sky-rob'd Innocence can smiling brave
 The dart of instant death, and triumph o'er the grave.

O, born to smooth the rugged path of life,
 For all who trod with thee its mazy round !
 Where neither gloomy Care, nor noisy Strife,
 Dark Spleen or haggard Jealousy were found ;
 For Cheerfulness and Love, with potent sway,
 The LARES of thy hearth, chas'd ev'ry Fiend away,

Since well thou knew'st, nor pomp nor festal show,
 In the gay revel of their gorgeous night,

On youth's warm breast could breathe so pure a glow,
 As sweet domestic comfort's cheering light ;
 For soft she sheds, on halcyon pinions borne,
 Her poppies o'er the night, her roses on the morn.

In dissipation's giddy circle whirl'd,
 One joy sincere can erring Beauty prove,
 A rake's loose homage or a flatt'ring world,
 Supply the sweetness of connubial love ;
 Where fix'd esteem shall lasting joy inspire,
 And blend the husband's faith with all the lover's
 , fire ?

Nor less that bliss the virtuous bosom knows
 Whilst its fond care a parent's woe beguiles ;
 When life's pale winter, with the filial rose
 Adorn'd and happy, still serenely smiles ;
 Lulls the chill gale of each repining sigh,
 And basks in joy's warm gleam when the lov'd child
 is nigh.

Thus duteous LAURA hung, with vestal care,
 O'er the dim trembling light of waning age ;
 The waste of time and sickness to repair,
 And steal attention from each dark presage ;
 Discharging thus affection's vast arrears
 Of countless debts incurr'd through childhood's help-
 less years.

And thus her infants, in a distant hour,
 With fairest worth parental hopes had blest ;
 Strew'd her declining path with ev'ry flow'r,
 Her fost'ring hand had planted in their breast ;
 But ah ! that hand is cold ! and points no more
 The surest path of peace, on virtue's sacred shore !

Ye lovely innocents, whose loss severe
 The Muse with tender sympathy surveys,
 If such memorials as her love can rear,
 May catch, in future years, your filial gaze,
 Here shall your parent's pure emblazon'd name,
 Light you to fairest deeds by emulation's flame !

Yet must this verse thy kind indulgence crave,
 THOU, who wilt most perceive its failing art ;
 Who view'st, slow wand'ring round thy LAURA'S
 grave,

Her juster image in thy widow'd heart ;
 For the fond wish to bid her merits live,
 Forgive the fainter tints, the erring line forgive !

O faithful Memory! may thy lamp illumine
 Her honour'd sepulchre with radiance clear ;
 Connubial love shall rest upon her tomb,
 And infant duty shed its April tear ;
 There, with veil'd brows, parental fondness mourn,
 Bend o'er the holy earth, and consecrate her urn !

EPISTLE

TO THE

REV. DR WILLIAM BAGSHOT STEVENS,

OF REPTON, DERBYSHIRE,

WRITTEN IN 1783.

IF yet, unblest'd with learning's guardian aids,
 I rov'd the labyrinths of Aonian shades,
 And in the gloomy and the silent hour
 Wove the dun foliage of their cypress bower,
 The oak-crown'd Chief, and laurel'd Warrior's tomb
 Solemn to strew;—and cropt their floral bloom
 For a fair votary's urn, my priz'd reward
 Lives in the smile of Repton's classic Bard.

-
1. 5. Elegy on captain Cook—Monody on major Andre.
 1. 7. Monody on lady Miller.

Yet not the letter'd smile's inspiring ray,
 When most its warmth shall gild my pensive lay,
 Such intellectual luxury can impart,
 Or pour such sweet sensations on my heart,
 As when, ingenious Lyrist, brightly shine
 Through the clear medium of thy classic line,
 On every hill, and vale, and plain, and grove, '
 The seraph forms of Beauty, Truth, and Love.

Sing on, sweet Bard ! for to thy happy lyre,
 When beams the setting sun with chasten'd fire,
 And evening clouds, half pierc'd with light, have
 spread
 Their floating purple round his golden head,

1. 6. Alluding to the *RETIREMENT*, published by Mr Stevens, in 1732, the first of a small, but beautiful collection of poems, printed for Ab. Portal of the Strand ; Faulder, of New Bond-street; and Kearsley, No. 46, Fleet-street. This work went through two editions, though it met the utmost injustice that dullness and spleen could produce, in one of the leading Reviewers. No compositions, especially those of so young a man, are without imperfections. The few defects of *RETIREMENT* were assiduously pointed out, and exaggerated, and many unexceptionable lines and expressions clumsily ridiculed ; while the numerous passages of striking and unborrowed beauty, were passed over in silence ; but the Gentleman's Magazine did more justice to those excellencies, which must impress and delight every reader, who possesses any portion of poetic taste.

High o'er their edge, as soft they sail along,
 Shall bend the spirits of congenial song;
 THOMSON, great Nature's darling votary, bow
 The leafy honours of his placid brow,
 And lofty AKENSIDE shall hail the strains
 That Beauty decks, and Energy sustains.

Sing on, sweet Bard ! when spring's gay warblers
 cease

To celebrate the jocund year's increase,
 And summer must no more his thirst subdue
 In the expanding rose-bud's lucid dew ;
 But, with their fading hues, and closing bells,
 The pale, shrunk flowers shall strew the whiten'd
 dells,

And autumn's lingering steps, retreating, press
 Their fallen petals down the lone recess,
 Still may thy song, to every rising gale,
 Sigh through the dim and melancholy vale ;
 And when the aerial archer, as he flies,
 Wings the red arrow through the gloomy skies,
 And furious Trent, high o'er his banks shall pour
 The turbid waters round thy favourite bower,
 Ceaseless do thou the rising strain prolong,
 And hail stern winter with thy solemn song !
 While for the lyre, that erst to the soft days
 Of bloomy summer breath'd the lovely lays,

On thy nerv'd arm the Eolian shell be slung,
 Full to the tempest's angry wailing flung ;
 And he, whose strains, on cold Temora's hill,
 Mourn'd o'er the eddies of the darken'd rill,
 The fame resounding of the fallen brave,
 O'er Erin's heath, and Ullin's stormy wave,
 He, on his thin, grey mist descending slow,
 Shrill as the frequent blast is heard to blow,
 'Mid the lone rocks thy wandering steps shall find,
 And lift thy harp to winter's loudest wind.
 O ! when its tones fall murmuring on the floods,
 Deeply respondent to the groaning woods,
 Each lofty note, that hymns the rifled year,
 With force impressive shall assail the ear,
 As when thou call'st the shuddering thoughts to
 mourn
 O'er talents wither'd in the untimely urn ;

J. 16. *Talents wither'd*—Referring to Mr Stevens' beautiful descriptions in his poem, *RETIREMENT*, of the hard fate of those great poets, SPENCER, MILTON, OTWAY, COLLINS, and CHATTERTON, each of whom struggled with the evils of neglect and poverty ; and all, except Milton, became their victims. I am tempted to instance here the passages which relate to Collins and Chatterton, to prove that in praising the genius of Mr Stevens, I have not been influenced by partiality.

COLLINS——QUOTED FROM *RETIREMENT*.

“ But who is he whom later garlands grace ?
 “ Lo ! his worn youth, beneath the chilling grasp

To grieve that Penury's resistless storm
 Beat cold and deadly o'er the shrinking form,
 Where mighty Genius had those powers enshrin'd,
 Whose reign is boundless o'er each feeling mind ;
 To mourn that anguish durst the heart invade
 Beneath the regal purple's awful shade,

" Of penury, faints ; and in her mournful shroud,
 " Darkening all joy, all promises of bliss,
 " All health, all hope, dire melancholy saps,
 " In drear decay, the fabric of his mind !
 " See shuddering Pity, o'er his fallen soul
 " Wring her pale hands !—Regardless of the guide
 " That lifts his steps, regardless of the friend
 " That mourns, nor sadly conscious of himself,
 " Silent, yet wild, his languid spirit lies !
 " The light of thought has wander'd from his eye,
 " It glares, but sees not !—yet this breathing corse,
 " This youthful driv'ler, Nature's ghastliest form,—
 " O ! who would love the lyre !—in all the courts
 " Of fancy, where abstracted beauty play'd
 " With wildest elegance, his ardent shell
 " Enamour'd struck, and charm'd the various soul.

CHATTERTON—QUOTED FROM RETIREMENT.

" See later yet, and yet in drearier state,
 " Where dawning Genius, struggling into day,
 " Sinks in a dark eclipse !—No friendly heart,
 " With love propitious, and no angel-hand
 " With prosperous spell his labouring sun relieve,
 " And chase the gather'd clouds that drop with blood !

That, steep'd in blood, at the fanatic frown,
 From Charles' pale brows should fall the thorny
 crown ;

That England's virgin majesty should close
 A long illustrious life in bitterest woes ;
 She, who, in wisdom firm, as vast in power,
 On grateful millions shed the prosperous hour.

CHARLES THE FIRST—QUOTED FROM RETIREMENT.

1, 2. ————— “ in mockery see,
 “ O'er royal sorrow sits, in stern array,
 “ The traitrous judgment ! In the eye of Heaven
 “ O'er his meek brow dishonourable death
 “ Unwinds her sable flag.

ELIZABETH—FROM THE SAME POEM.

See in Hume's History, the death of that Queen.

“ O mark, where GLORIANA lies !—behold !
 “ On the cold pavement for the jewell'd throne !
 “ Mark, as the soothing friend, or to her ear,
 “ In wily humour creeping, the base speech
 “ Of adulation breathes !—Dread sovereign queen !
 “ Imperial Mistress ! Arbitress of Earth !
 “ Mark, if the Goddess, at the alluring sound,
 “ Unveil her sorrowing eye !—Mark if the pride
 “ Of empire, glistening on her crown, adorn
 “ Her brow's wan horror !—if a nation's prayer
 “ Gladden her heart !—Stern at her bosom hang,
 “ Bath'd in her blood, and twined with the strings
 “ Of life, the inexorable Fiends of Woe !

O ! how unlike those councils dark, that hurl'd
The torch of Discord o'er the western world !

Whatever ills may to the past succeed,
Though lust of war may doom a world to bleed,
And bleed in vain, yet may no public gloom
Nor private sorrow, blight thy classic bloom !
And to the Sons of Genius, whose sad fate
Thy mournful lines, with sacred force, relate,
O ! may thy fortunes no resemblance bear,
Yet may thy rising fame their deathless laurels share !

1. 2. *Western world*—This poem was written in retrospection of that fatal American war, which dismembered the British Empire.

TO

WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

ON LEAVING EARTHAM, HIS SEAT IN SUSSEX, SEPT. 1782.

To-morrow's dawn must bring the unwelcome hour,
 When my reluctant spirit's kind farewell
 Shall mourn in sighs, through Eartham's beauteous
 bower,
 The vanish'd pleasures of the sylvan cell.

The clouds of future torpid days to chace,
 On its dear scenes the tender thought shall dwell,
 And Memory restore each lovely grace,
 That decks their radiant hill, and dusky dell.

The full luxuriance of yon sloping wood,
 Circling the golden field with pomp of shade,
 And, where mild Comfort's downy pinions spread,
 The village, bosom'd in the leafy glade.

The path-way fence, with shrubs and florets strewn,
Soft as it winds the bright mount's steepy side;
While, on th' opposing hill, dark forests frown
On the noon's glory, in their sombrous pride.

Green as the livelier eminence ascends,
The champaign splendours bursting on the sight,
Where far and wide the dazzling vale extends,
Clos'd by the distant main, that rolls in light!

Groves half as beauteous may delight these eyes,
Thy bowers, gay Lichfield, lovely scenes afford;
But ah! what keen regrets must wake my sighs,
To miss the pleasures of the Haylean board!

Where, as his pencil, ROMNEY's spirit warm,
Glow with bold traits, original and strong,
While HERON's lays diffuse each tuneful charm;
ELIZA's wit enchants, and melting song.

But thou, dear Bard, our master-spring of joy,
How shall I breathe to thee the sad farewell?
Yet long thy kindness, grateful shall employ
The mind it gladden'd in thy sylvan cell.

l. 13. *Romney*—The celebrated Mr Romney was then on a visit to Earham.

l. 15. *Heron*—Miss Heron, of Portsmouth.

l. 16, *Eliza*—Mrs Hayley.

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

WRITTEN IN A CHAISE, RETURNING OUT OF SUSSEX,
 SEPT. 15, AFTER A SIX WEEKS RESIDENCE AT MR HAYLEY'S
 SEAT, IN THAT COUNTY, 1782,

BRIGHT God of Day, whose long-enshrouded beams
 Now dart refulgent on the glancing streams,
 Since thou did'st suffer, through the months that
 claim

The boon consummate of thy cloudless flame,
 Dim Auster still, in dank, and dropping groves,
 To breathe the sullen strain that Winter loves,
 Why now invest, with all thy pomp of light,
 The tardy morning, and the hast'ning night?
 But soon shall this late, gaudy race be run,
 Soon shall thy steeds our chill horizon shun;

l. 1. The almost incessant stormy weather of July and August, in the summer 1782, will not be forgotten.

Their labouring way through billowy ether gain,
While the pale ice-drop trembles on their mane.

Not with such transient fires, and slack'ning pace,
May thy own HAYLEY own his mortal race !
Be life for him one lengthen'd summer day,
With fame, health, friendship, love, and pleasure
gay ;

O ! be it long ere wintry powers assail,
Spread the dull cloud, or wake the stormy gale !
Intrusive Sun !—more dazzling splendours play
On these moist eyes, with uncongenial ray ;
Unwished, unwelcome, in these vacant hours,
Through which affection droops, and fancy lours ;
Send, as they seek a less inspiring sky,
The gaze reverted, and the straining eye
To wood-crown'd Sussex, in whose bright domain,
The Muses on their new Parnassus reign.
But now, O Sun ! from yonder western hill
Thy glories soften on the gilded rill ;
Yet, since the ruthless hand of distance spreads
To my reverted gaze, her waste of meads ;
Rears barrier mountains, ting'd with thy last ray,
Ah ! what shall cheer the long ensuing way ?
Lone deprivation breathes respondent sighs,
The gilded stream grows pale, and Eve's chill gales
arise.

ADDRESS
TO WOMAN.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

DESIGNED for peace, and soft delight,
For tender love, and pity mild,
O seek not thou the craggy height,
The howling main, the desert wild !

Stay, in the shelter'd valley low,
Where calmly blows the fragrant air,
But shun the mountain's stormy brow,
For darken'd winds are raging there.

The ruffian MAN endures the strife
Of tempests fierce, and furious seas ;
Ah ! better guard thy transient life,
WOMAN, thou rosy child of ease !

Rash MAN, for glory's fading wreath,
Provokes his early, timeless doom,
Seeks every varied form of death,
And desperate hastens to the tomb ;

But thou, O Gentlest ! what can rend,
With cruel grief, thy panting heart ?
Nor Heaven, nor Man, dost thou offend,
What fancied woes can dread impart ?

Ah ! surely, on thy primal day,
Great Nature smil'd in kindest mood,
Suspended held the bloody fray,
And hush'd the wind, and smooth'd the flood !

While Man, who lives a life of pain,
Was with a soul vindictive born,
Loud winds blew round him, and the rain
Beat furious on his wintry morn.

But thou, beneath a vernal sky,
What distant tempest wakes thy fears ?

1.7. *Thou offend*—Indeed ! what never ? The Italian poet flatters a little, it must be granted—his translator owns it—nor will the lordly sex assert that female woes are *always imaginary*.

Why does that soft, that trembling eye
Gleam through a crystal film of tears ?

Stay in the vale ;—no wild affright
Shall cross thy path, nor sullen care
But go not to the craggy height,
The dark, loud winds are raging there !

VERSES

TO THE

REV. WILLIAM MASON,

ON HIS SILENCE RESPECTING DR JOHNSON'S UNJUST CRITICISMS
UPON MR GRAY'S WORKS, IN THE LIVES OF
THE POETS.—WRITTEN IN 1782.*

LONG have I seen the injured muse of GRAY,
Angry and mournful, before MASON stand,
With asking eyes, that flash'd th' indignant ray,
A pen extending, with impatient hand.

I hear her awful voice reproach the bard,
That rude malicious hands, permitted, tear
From her fair brows, the wreath 'twas his to guard
With gratitude, and friendship's sacred care.

* These verses were published in one of the Gentlemen's Magazines, in 1783.

That unrepell'd the brazen faulchion flies,
 Whose blade is steep'd in Envy's venom'd dews,
 From that Philistine critic, who defies
 The chosen armies of the heavenly muse.

Blush, Loiterer, blush, that from thine able arm
 Truth's victor pebbles were not slung ere now,
 The Giant's vaunting prowess to disarm,
 And sink, deep buried in his haughty brow !

MASON, canst thou the vulture-talons spy,
 Mark the dead eagle's noble bosom gor'd,
 That taught thy muse to build her aerie high,
 And on whose guardian wing aloft she soar'd,—

To glory soar'd, in sun-bright fields of fame !
 O ! canst thou mark, and let illiberal dread
 Unnerve thy arm, and quench thy spirit's flame ?
 Then shall ingratitude her mildew shed,
 And stain thy garlands, to remotest years,
 With the disgraceful spots of cold and selfish fears.

EPITAPHS.

ON

HANNAH ROBINSON,

OF LICHFIELD,

ADDRESSED TO HER HUSBAND, THE REV R. G. ROBINSON.

ERE ten short months have ran their swift career,
 Three lovely sisters press the untimely bier !
 Last of the fallen blossoms ! griev'd I pay,
 At thy pure shrine, this tributary lay.

If ever dwelt with mortal woman's mind
 Angelic worth, from sin's dark stains refin'd,
 O gentle Hannah ! in thy beauteous frame
 From Heaven to Earth the soft perfection came.

Unhappy Husband, who art doom'd to mourn
The lamp of joy extinguish'd in her urn,
May thy torn breast congenial meekness prove,
O, live to emulate thy sainted love !
So shalt thou, passing a few destin'd years,
With pious hope illumine thy falling tears,
And when thy clay this sacred dust shall join,
Be ever hers who transiently was thine.

ON LADY MILLER

INSCRIBED ON HER MONUMENT IN THE
 ABBEY CHURCH, BATH.

ONCE, in this now cold breast, those virtues shone,
 Which tender thought, and lasting record claim ;
 Then, 'mid the wrecks of time, devoted stone,
 Uninjur'd bear thy Miller's spotless name !

When clos'd the numerous eyes, that round her bier
 Have wept the loss of wide-extended worth,
 O, gentle Stranger ! may one generous tear
 Drop, as thou bendest o'er this hallow'd earth !

Are truth, and science, love, and pity thine,
 With liberal charity and faith sincere ?
 Then rest thy wandering step beneath this shrine,
 And greet a kindred Spirit hovering near !

ON ELIZA JONES,

WIFE OF THE REVEREND JOHN JONES.

O, PURE of spirit! that hast soar'd away
 To thy congenial realms of cloudless day,
 ELIZA, Angel! wilt thou hover near,
 And teach his soul thy wounding loss to bear,
 Sorrowing who saw thy cypress garland wove,
 Ere time had dimm'd one hue of life, or love?
 Then o'er the darkness, gather'd round his head,
 Thy guardian care the light of hope will shed,
 Shewing the harbour bright, religion forms
 For the heart wreck'd by griefs o'er-whelming storms.
 So shall that heart, from fruitless anguish free,
 Teach thy lov'd children to resemble thee;
 And when, in future years, they pious turn
 The moistened eye of duty on this urn,
 Here shall its consecrated tablet prove
 Their Mother's virtue, and their Father's love.

ON MISS ANNE LAWLEY,

DAUGHTER OF SIR ROBERT LAWLEY,

OB. 1790. ÆTAT. 11.

SWEET transient Object of incessant cares,
Snatch'd from thy parents' hopes, and fears, and
prayers,

Let them, reflecting on life's thorny ways,
Change groans of anguish to submissive praise,
That thy much favour'd, and yet spotless soul,
Thus early reaches the triumphant goal;
Obtains the prize at the appointed place,
Without the toil and danger of the race!

ON

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.*

WHILE on this marble bends thy pensive eye,
Here, Stranger, breathe the tributary sigh !
Beneath these groves their GARRICK nurs'd the art,
That reign'd resistless o'er each feeling heart ;
And here those virtues dawn'd, whose power benign
Bids Faith, for him, celestial palms entwine.
Oft had his bounty, with pervading ray,
Chas'd the dark clouds from want's tempestuous day,
And oft his silence, generous as his aid,
Hid from the world the noblest part he play'd.

* This epitaph on Mr Garrick was requested and written in the year 1792, for his monument in Lichfield Cathedral, but not used, the sculptor not having left a space large enough for its insertion.

ON MRS BENNET,*

OB. SEPTEMBER 1792, ÆTAT. 73.

THE pale cold form these gates of death inclose,
 When warm with life, the gem of women rose.
 Immortal RICHARDSON, through many a year,
 Watch'd her pure soul along its bright career,
 Saw it arise, collected, and sedate,
 O'er the oppressive gloom of wayward fate.

* This lady had a personal friendship with Richardson, the well-known author of *Clarissa Harlowe*, &c. which, beginning in her youth, continued till his death. Her destiny was uncommon as her merit. Deserted by her husband before she was sixteen, she knew not, through the remainder of her days, whether she was a wife, or widow. She had to struggle with the mortifications of dependence, and a narrow fortune, considering her birth and education. When, in declining life, the latter was augmented from fifty to eighty pounds per ann. she spared twenty annually to the distressed daughter of a deceased gentleman, who during his life had been a generous and protecting friend to herself.

Her friendship taught his eagle-glance to find
Each perfect model rising in her mind,
When female virtues from his hallow'd page
In cloudless glory school'd a thoughtless age.
BENNET, tho' set thy earthly sun, whose ray
Pour'd all the fires of intellectual day,
Yet its sunk orb on every heart has spread,
That living honour'd, and that mourn'd thee dead,
A glow celestial, potent to illume
The mists of grief, the shadows of the tomb.

ON ELIZA WHATELEY,

WHO DIED MAY 1793, AGED NINE YEARS.

MILD as the dew, that cheers the drooping flowers,
Bright as its drops, ELIZA's infant hours.
Ah! scarce less transiently their influence given,
They shone, but soon exhaling, rose to Heaven.
Ye dawning talents, virtues soft and kind,
That lighted and adorn'd her opening mind,
Ye leave her parents' wounded hearts to mourn
Their hopes, their comforts, perish'd in her urn.
Religion, harbinger of endless life,
Calm thou their sorrow's unavailing strife,
And, with blest hope that they shall meet her there,
Gild the short hours of lone privation here!

ON ELIZABETH,

WIFE OF J. B. SIMPSON, ESQ. OF BABWORTH, IN YORKSHIRE.

She was celebrated for her skill in Painting and Music.

THOUGH breathing tints, wak'd by this now cold
hand,
To widow'd love's admiring gaze remain,
No more Eliza's melting tones expand,
Till choiring with the seraph's kindred strain.

Yet, while the mourner wails his years forlorn,
In floods of anguish, o'er her early doom,
Sky-towering Hope, on Faith's strong pinion borne,
Bursts the dark portals of the ruthless tomb.

ON ELIZABETH,

WIFE OF THE REV. MICHAEL BAXTER,

OF TAMWORTH.

IN the dire list of agonizing woes,
 Severest grief the human bosom knows,
 Is the fond husband's lot, ordain'd to lead
 His infants round their mother's clay-cold bed.

Youth, beauty, virtue, modesty's mild grace,
 Charms of the mind irradiating the face,
 Could they, ELIZA, have revers'd thy doom,
 Love had not quench'd his torch upon thy tomb.

Too early Angel! be thy bliss the balm
 This wound to heal, these rebel griefs to calm,
 Till the resigning heart shall cease to mourn
 A blighted lily, and a timeless urn!

ON THE

HON. HENRIETTA BAGOT,

OB. JAN. 13, 1797, AGED 16.

YE, who in sprightly health, and strength, and bloom,
 By choice, or chance, view HENRIETTA's tomb,
 Of vanish'd virtues while you mourn the fate,
 Ponder the warning of this early date!
 Her mortal lot, in youth, in beauty's prime,
 What was,—what is,—think!—and redeem the time!
 Gay converse!—facile smiles!—Hope's rising light!—
 Eternal silence!—and a mornless night!—

O! late the solace of thy parents' eyes,
 Balm of their rest, and day-star of their joys!
 Sunk from this orb of error, loss, and woe,
 Risen 'mid the spheres that change, nor sorrow know,
 If grief, if faith, bend mutual o'er thy shrine,
 The pang is human—but the trust divine.

ON

MISS WINGFIELD, OF SHREWSBURY,

OB. DECEMBER 1797, ÆT. 25.

O ! perish'd flower !—O ! early darken'd day !
 Deplor'd eclipse of youth's meridian ray !
 MARIA, she who mourns thy wither'd bloom,
 And weaves her cypress garland o'er thy tomb,
 Well knew the worth this now cold form enshrin'd,
 Pure in the last recesses of the mind ;
 Each shaded excellence, that shunn'd the crowd,
 Devote to Friendship, Wisdom, and to God.

Spirit benign, implore, from Mercy's Throne,
 Meekness resign'd and holy as thine own,
 To sooth their bosoms, whose parental woe
 They, who have lost an Angel, only know,
 And wake consoling thoughts of that blest clime,
 Where smiles eternal shame the tears of time.

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT
OF THE
REV. WILLIAM BAGSHOT STEVENS,
IN REPTON CHURCH. HE DIED 1800.

READER, if thee each sacred worth inspire,
The Patriot's ardour, and the Poet's fire ;
Unsullied honour, friendship's generous glow,
Sky-pointing hope, that smiles on finite woe
Such STEVENS was, and thy congenial tear
Drops on the Scholar,—Bard,—and Christian's bier.

FOR A MARBLE TABLET IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SAVILLE,

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS VICAR-CHORAL OF THAT PLACE,

DIED AUGUST 2, 1803, AGED 67.

ONCE in the heart, cold in yon narrow cell,
 Did each mild grace, each ardent virtue dwell;
 Kind aid, kind tears, for others' want and woe,
 For others' joy, the gratulating glow;
 And skill to mark, and eloquence to claim
 For genius in each art, the palm of fame.
 Ye choral walls, ye lost the matchless song
 When the last silence stiffen'd on that tongue.
 Ah! who may now your pealing anthems raise
 In soul-pour'd tones of fervent pray'r and praise?
 SAVILLE, thy lips, twice on thy final day,

Here breath'd, in health and hope, the sacred lay.
 Short pangs, ere night, their fatal signal gave,
 Quench'd the bright Sun for thee—and op'd the
 grave !

Now, from that once fair form and beaming face,
 Insatiate worms the lingering likeness chase ;
 But thy pure spirit fled from pains and fears,
 To sinless,—changeless,—everlasting spheres.
 Sleep then, pale, mortal frame, in yon low shrine,
 “ Till angels wake thee with a note like thine !”

l. 4. *Once fair form*—This epithet alludes to proportion rather than colour.

ON

GENERAL SIMCOE.

To deck lamented SIMCOE's hallow'd tomb,
Bid all thy laurels, sacred Honour, bloom!
Depriv'd BRITANNIA, o'er thy warrior's bier
Veil the droop'd head and bend the inverted spear!
Genius and Art, your greenest wreaths bestow,
And here, Religion, bid thy amaranths blow!
Connubial Love, thy thornless roses bring,
That shed o'er wintry life perpetual spring!
Friendship and filial duty, blend your tears,
Pour'd o'er the memory of departed years!
Here, O ye Virtues, spread your palms divine,
This once warm bosom was your chosen shrine.
But since no gem escapes the sullying vein,
No radiant sun the slightly-darkening stain,

Some spots of frailty in that soul might rise,
Whose altering form here cold and silent lies;
Now, from his earthly bound for ever freed,
Angel of mercy, for thy votary plead,
Till Love redeeming wash his stains away,
Ope the bright gate and give the nightless Day !

EPISTLE

TO

F. C. R. MUNDY, Esq.

OF MARKETON, DERBYSHIRE.—WRITTEN 1794

WITH pride, O MUNDY, can a soul like thine
 Survey the stores of Fortune's golden mine ;
 All her caprice can give, or can restrain,
 All that can glut the sordid, and the vain ;
 The circling grove, the lawns extended wide,
 Flocks, white and numerous, on the green hill's side,
 The menial train, gay roof, and costly food,
 The graceful person, and the gentle blood ;
 Since thy keen glance, where'er it turns, may see,
 Fools, coxcombs, villains, share those claims with
 thee ?—

Thee ! on whose path Aonian splendours shine,
 And shame the treasures of the golden mine.

No, MUNDY, no !—th' injurious doubt forget,
 Pardon the needless fear, the vain regret,
 While in a juster scale thy spirit weighs
 The Muse's smile, with fashion's empty praise !
 But soft, thy steady purposes require
 Graver applause than vibrates on the lyre ;
 Scorning to feed their fame with such slight things
 As fond libations from Pierian springs,
 From BURN, and BLACKSTONE, they incessant draw
 The thicken'd juices of important Law !
 But ah ! what equal honours can reward
 The toil, which to a Justice, chang'd a Bard !

O ! when clear spirits, generous, rapt, inspir'd,
 By judgment cultur'd, as by genius fir'd,
 Stoop from the heights, whence they had shed, sub-
 lime,
 Th' etherial essence of the deathless rhyme,
 And in the dimmer sphere of mortal light,
 Drop the strong pinion, plum'd for eagle-flight,

1. 12. *Chang'd a Bard*.—The author hopes she shall not be understood too seriously through this sportive poem. She has every honour for the profession of a public magistrate, and only means to say, that it does not require, she presumes, that brilliance of imagination, necessary to form a poet, accomplished as Mr Mundy. It is hoped she may be excused for trying to exalt her honoured masters, the Bards.

Something we feel of that regretful pain,
 Impress'd by busy memory on the brain,
 Sad as she marks the illustrious ROUSSEAU
 Imprint the harmonic types, intent and slow.
 How does the heart for wasted talents grieve,
 Recalling thus, the dark, improsp'rous eve,
 When one dull taper o'er the labour'd page
 Flings its weak ray, and aids the hapless sage
 With toil, like this, to obtain an humble bed,
 On which might rest secure his honour'd head !
 Deep shall the feeling heart his fate deplore,
 That sees him, from repeated treachery sore,
 With thirst of independence half insane,
 Its fever'd ardour throbbing through each vein,
 Scorn the luxurious board, where flattery sings,
 Scorn titled friendship, and the boon of kings,
 And earn scant viands to support that frame,
 Whose spirit lives, the immortal " Heir of Fame !"

But, MUNDY, thou, by kinder fate, art laid
 Where smiling affluence spreads her verdant shade.
 Not thee, Dependence' torpid hand restrains,
 Binding thy glowing soul in icy chains ;

1. 3. Rousseau supported himself, during several years, by copying music for the professors of that science, at the time when he refused royal gratuities.

Her freezing breath nor bids thy warblings cease,
 Nor blights the stainless lilies of thy peace ;
 Then, from its track wilt thou thy spirit force,
 Though gleams of glory mark its happy course ?
 O ! tell it not, ye bright Parnassian maids,
 On Hebrus' bank, nor in the Lydian shades,
 Lest Bacchanalian sons of Thrace rejoice,
 Lest Midas' daughters triumph in the choice !
 The sagest magistrate on Derwent side !—
 Is that the fame, to fire a Poet's pride ?
 Shall MUNDY bid the lyric pæan pause,
 That county-halls may murmur hoarse applause ?

I know thy specious maxim, to delude
 Thy mind's strong impulse from sublimer good,

1. 5. *O ! tell it not*—"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the sons of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph." The reader will perceive the propriety of the personages introduced in this parody. The muses are desired not to mention Mr Mundy's preference of law to poetry, on the banks of the Hebrus, because it was there that the poet, Orpheus, was destroyed by Bacchanalian women, whose descendants would be likely to triumph in such a preference, from their hereditary aversion to the lyre ; not in Lydia, because Midas, king of that country, decreed the palm to Pan, in his contest with Apollo.—His daughters, therefore, would probably exult in poetic apostacy.—It is thus

"That our frail thoughts dally with vain surmise."

“Be useful.”—’Tis the motto of the wise,
 But efforts surely should with talents rise;
 Those efforts disproportion’d to the powers,
 In one erroneous stream of lavish’d hours
 Life glides,—and reason’s tear regretful flows,
 Since no reflux the speedy current knows.

Most useful he, perhaps, who tills the soil,
 Yet, to mean minds we leave that needful toil;
 But MUNDY poises, through his wide command,
 The scales of equity with even hand!—
 We grant the purpose worthy, yet can see
 Numbers as equal to that task as he.
 Common humanity, and shrewd plain sense,
 May gain each honour Sessions can dispense,
 Acquire each art, by which his Worship knows
 The petty wounds of equity to close.

Superior views the Poet’s labours claim,
 Enduring good to man his glorious aim.
 In that high hope he bids the kindling page
 Illume with virtue’s ray, the distant age;
 Till all of Great, of Amiable, and Wise,
 In brilliant lights, and beauteous colours rise;
 Gay imag’ry with moral precept blend,
 Nature’s fine limner, Virtue’s ablest friend,

Such, as when standing in the forest green,
 The Bard immortalized the wood-wild scene,
 And mix'd, with skill, amongst the traces bright,
 Truth's mellow tints, and Pity's tender light.
 O shall he cease to hymn great Nature's stores,
 Her vales irriguous, her resounding shores ;
 Her watry world, in azure curves display'd ;
 Th' enamel'd mead, the forest's pomp of shade ;
 All that the mountain's steepy summits yield ;
 All that the morning's ruddy blushes gild ;
 And all that basks in noon's refulgent glare,
 Or shadowy sinks beneath the evening star ?
 O ! shall he cease, on Virtue's charms serene,
 On Sensibility's enamour'd mien,
 On mild Philosophy's exploring care,
 On Wisdom beauteous, yet severely fair,
 On ardent Science, gentle Love, to throw
 Poetic hues of ever-living glow ?
 Forbid the cold apostacy, ye powers
 That shed Aonian roses on his bowers !
 May Mundy's hand, illum'd by all your fire,
 Assert its claims, and reassume the lyre !

1. 2. *The Bard immortalized*—Mr Mundy printed 500 copies, for presents to his friends, of one of the most admirable local poems in our language, bearing the name and describing, in the most appropriate traits, the scenery of NEEDWOOD FOREST. The composition is enriched with moral sentiments, pathetic episodes, and fanciful machinery.

Then, while each neighbouring squire, and justice,
 tice, post,

On Time's fleet wing, to cold Oblivion's coast,
 Though rich, as ere the liveried suit display'd,
 Though wise, as e'er the county-hall obey'd,
 Thou, finer spirit, urge thy happier way,
 Where shines, for Genius, Fame's unsetting day !
 Should coronets with stars and garters blend,
 And, at the royal nod, in state descend,
 Ah say, could Fortune, in her vainest mood,
 Deck'd with these glittering types of airy good,
 Vie with the powers, from Nature's hand obtain'd,
 By art and learning polish'd and sustain'd ?
 Powers, that, exalting o'er the titled throng
 The glowing children of the deathless song,
 With immortality's bright meed reward
 The exalted labours of the honour'd bard ;
 Such, MASON, as thy splendid verse displays,
 Or stream, in varied course, through HAYLEY's lays,
 Or as, when BEATTIE, 'mid the lonely vale,
 Breath'd all the soul of music on the gale,
 Whose tuneful numbers sacred truths impart,
 Fir'd the charm'd fancy, and exalt the heart.

MUNDY, the Nine ordain thou should'st aspire
 To share the sacred empire of the lyre ;
 That ceaseless round thy auburn brows entwine
 Wit's sparkling gems, and fancy's rays divine.

And shalt thou with a chill'd and thankless soul,
 Contemn their honours, and their fires controul?
 Or to their shrines thy glowing wreath refuse,
 Who dipt its florets in their living dew?
 Ah no! thy talents are thy country's claim;
 Her public press, the Rubicon of fame,
 She bids thee pass;—and though its sable wave
 Prepares for Dulness a disgraceful grave,
 It must be past, ere Genius can attain
 Its destin'd goal in Glory's radiant fane.
 Far on the opposing shore thy sharpen'd sight
 May penetrate the altar's blazing height,
 And on its mystic tablet plainly see
 These lines, poetic Fame inscrib'd for thee.
 "To me, O MUNDY, give the indebted lay,
 "Thy place is here,—my Minstrel, come away!"

1. 3. *Glowing wreath*—The poem, NEEDWOOD FOREST, which its author cannot be prevailed upon to publish generally.

THE

RED-BREAST AND SPARROW.

A FABLE.

As near a rural cot a Robin sung,
 From the thatch'd roof an envious Sparrow sprung.
 Dost thou, he cried, in emulation proud,
 Vie with luxuriant Summer's plummy crowd,
 Who in gay bowers their various ditties weave,
 Charm the bright morn, or sooth the fading eve?
 O! why should'st thou thy feeble throat expand?
 Why, shivering, take thy solitary stand
 On the ice-crusted wall, or naked tree,
 As if dull Winter could be cheer'd by thee?

Fastidious Critic, the mild warbler cried,
 Who deem'st the wish to please, obtrusive pride,
 Their strains adorn'd, while yet the year was young.
 The reign of beauty with the charms of song.

Through wat'ry clouds when April sun-beams play'd,
 On the spruce foliage of the half-blown glade,
 At measur'd intervals, the Blackbird's lay,
 Sweet, though unvaried, hymn'd the crystal day ;
 In May's bloom'd morn the Lark, with carol clear,
 Pierc'd, as he soar'd, the roseate climes of air ;
 When through her copse, with hawthorns flowering
 round,

The stealing moon-beams checquer'd all the ground,
 Silver'd the sheety lakes, and winding brooks,
 And shed their hoary light upon the rocks,
 Silence and Night in rapt attention hung
 On plaintive Philomel's transcendent song ;
 Round the dark hills the melting cadence thrill'd,
 And widely floated o'er the whiten'd field.

But ah ! the choir of Summer chaunt no more,
 And the pale Months their silent throats deplore.

Yet, nor from envy, nor ambition rise
 My little songs, that cheer the wintry skies ;
 Superior lays, amid the vernal grove,
 Sing the bright reign of Beauty and of Love ;
 And if my humble effort aught avails
 To gladden yon grey glens, and drifted vales,
 Weak, though I own the far inferior strain,
 'Tis all I ask, nor have I sung in vain.

MOUNT ETNA.

WRITTEN AFTER HAVING READ MR BRYDONE'S
TOUR THROUGH SICILY.

IMAGINATION, while thy kindling eyes
Flame o'er the climes these faithful pages trace,
O may'st thou paint them, as sublime they rise,
In novel beauty, and horrific grace !

Swell the rich treasures of poetic fanes
With all the pomps that mighty ETNA boasts,
As, glaring o'er the affrighted deep, she reigns
The pride, and terror, of Ausonian coasts !

With thy keen glance the veils of distance pierce,
With thy firm step conduct my venturous way,
And on the texture of my proudest verse
The changeful glories of those heights display !

Now the proud steep climbing with toilsome tread,
 We mark the wonders of its triple zone ;
 Round the broad base see sultry Summer lead
 The stores luxuriant of his glowing throne.

While, on the rising edges of his clime,
 Emergent Spring her leafy mantle spreads,
 Woods, waving wide, in hues of vernal prime,
 Blue trickling rills and flower-embroider'd meads ;

Till Winter, o'er each blooming plain and grove,
 Draws the chill circle of his pallid line ;
 Dim fields of ice, and gelid rocks above,
 And sleety gales, and dreary lakes combine.

Then while, amaz'd, we lift exploring eyes
 To the vast Cone, high in the lurid air,
 We mark, in one eternal union, rise
 The elements, that wage eternal war.

Deep in the snows, it has no power to melt,
 View the dread gulph, in all its boiling ire,

1. 2. *Triple zone*—Mr Brydone tells us, that the three distinct seasons, Summer, Spring, and Winter, in inverted order, form the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid zone, round the ascending heights of MOUNT ETNA.

Where sleet, and ice, and wintry waves, have felt
How weak their force to quench its raging fire.

Terrific Pinnacle ! thy sides inclose
The unfathom'd Gulph, coeval with the world ;
And by thy flames, that burst 'mid circling snows,
Up sightless heights the blazing rocks are hurl'd.

Their dire explosion rends the frozen mound,
Shakes the firm earth, and thunders o'er the deep ;
While issuing deathful, from the fierce profound,
Rolls the red Lava down the icy steep !—

But we, in hours less terrible, prepare,
Adventurous, to pursue our faithless way,
And, though the drifted snows our steps ensnare,
Reach the extremest point, ere dawns the day.

Now long, pale gleams shoot thro' the sky, and warn
Retreating darkness of the Solar glance ;
And hills, rocks, plains, and seas, and night, and morn,
Blend, undivided, through the vast expanse.

But morning, by degrees, exerts her power ;
The stars are quench'd !—the shadows melt away !
Forests, that late seem'd like black gulphs to lour,
Rise, in faint green, beneath the glimmering ray.

Wide spread the skirts of strength'ning light around;
 And from the orient waves, that stretch serene,
 And with their silver line th' horizon bound,
 While states and nations dimly intervene,

On plains, rocks, mountains, rivers, seas, and isles
 Bursts the gay Sun!—his plastic beams are hurl'd!
 And to our strain'd and startled senses, smiles,
 New to our gaze, a whole illumin'd World!

While high exalted in the trackless air,
 Alarm'd, and doubting if on earth we stand,
 Scarce knows our sight to separate and compare
 The countless objects of its vast command.

As on a map, o'er Sicily we look,
 Trace all her rivers through their mazy sweep,
 From their first source, a little gurgling brook,
 Till, breadth'ning soon, they mingle with the deep;

But, rising at his spring a current wide,
 Devoted Acis hurries through the plain,
 Speeds from the Giant's voice with frightened tide,
 And throws his icy waters in the main.

l. 18. *Acis*—Mr BRYDONE mentions the peculiar coldness of this river, hence often called in Sicily, *il fiume Freddo*; also, that it rises out of the earth at once, a *large stream*. It is the

Here vine-clad Lipari, with her lucid streams,
 Gay Alicudi, and Panari there,
 While Strombola, a lesser ETNA, gleams,
 And wreaths with spiral smoke the fields of air.

These, as by magic, in the visual rays,
 Close drawn around the mountain skirts are shown,
 Seeming as lifted up to meet our gaze,
 Like medals in a watry bason thrown.

Then o'er the space immense weak vision strains,
 And feels its aching powers confus'd and lost,
 Else, that might view hot Barca's sandy plains,
 And verdant Thessaly's remoter coast.

river celebrated by the poets, into which the nymph Galatea transformed the shepherd Acis, her lover, after he had been killed by the giant, Polypheme. Mr Brydone ingeniously observes, that the extreme velocity of the current, seems, from our recollection of the fable, to be inspired by terror.

1. 8. *Bason thrown*—This is Mr Brydone's own simile, and beyond any other which could have been chosen, brings to the mind's eye these peculiar effects of vision. Poets and orators often find themselves obliged to accommodate great things to our perception, by comparing them to small ones. These comparisons are often happy, and sometimes sublime.

"Thou spreadest out the heavens like a curtain."

Milton compares the fallen angels in Pandemonium to *bees*, and Homer, Menelaus, guarding the dead body of Patroclus, to a *fly*. Instances of this sort in the noblest writers are innumerable.

Now turn we, sighing, from the boundless scene,
 Mocking the feeble sight's eluded ray,
 While wonder mellows into thought serene,
 As sinks, in evening shades, the garish day.

Here, while we rove beneath thy wayward skies,
 Green Albion, zoned by Ocean's azure wave,
 To Nature let our heart's thanksgivings rise
 For all she banish'd, as for all she gave ;

That not on our cold mountain-heights reside,
 On SNOWDON or Helvellyn's peak sublime,
 The Etnean graces ;—in their ardent pride,
 And baleful charms, exil'd this happier clime.

Faithful if here their lineaments shall flow,
 O, Brydone ! may the praise be thine alone !
 Since in thy traits arise, thy colours glow
 The bright Destroyers, on their Burning Throne !

EPISTLE

TO

COLONEL ST. GEORGE.

WRITTEN APRIL 1783.

SINEC with the laurels, whose luxuriant bough
 Oft veils the sternness of the warrior's brow,
 For thee the arts their varied foliage twine,
 Their roses blossom, and their myrtles shine,
 Why, St. George, should thy soul disdain the powers
 So fondly cultur'd in the muses' bowers?
 O! shall the etherial dews, by Genius shed,
 In full libation, on thy favour'd head,
 Be scorn'd, for that their joy-dispensing flood
 Feeds not the wreath that vegetates on blood?

1. 10. *Vegetates on blood?*—Colonel St George had nobly distinguished himself in the late disastrous war with America.

Not so the warrior, who, like thee, surveys
 Heroic glory with an eagle's gaze,
 Great FREDERIC!—Form of steel, and soul of flame,
 Who shares with Swedish CHARLES the palm of fame!
 See him, the toils of camps and battles done,
 Pant for the softer wreaths by Fancy won,
 Spring to the muses' lists, and ardent dare
 The lyric contest with the gay Voltaire!

Thou, whose high soul with kindred fires has
 glow'd
 Whose generous blood in fuller stream has flow'd,
 Whose finer fancy takes an ampler range,
 Sublime, and humourous, in graceful change,

He now lives with a considerable part of his head shot away, and though feeble, emaciated, and in almost constant pain, his imagination and his virtues have lost nothing of their vigour. His wit, and genius for allegoric and humourous invention in the art of the pencil, are first-rate. He is singularly happy in the grotesque humour of some of his designs, in the sublimity of others, and in the originality of all. He is also a pleasing poet, though not a poetic author—but upon these talents he sets so little value as to seem disgusted when their excellence is praised.

To the above note, coeval with the composition of the poem, its author grieves to add—that Colonel St George was assassinated, in the year 1798, in his house in Ireland, by the rebels—and thus finally perished for his attachment to the government of this country.

Ah ! learn, like him, to prize the gentler powers,
 That brighten languid life's oppressive hours,
 Light with the torch of joy the social board,
 When Peace in lilies hides the sated sword.
 And pardon if beyond the deeds, that gain
 The loudest pæan on the martial plain,
 Each grace in thee my female sense admires,
 Of softer texture, and of milder fires,
 And, far beyond them all, the virtues bland,
 The melting heart, the unwithdrawing hand,
 That seek the Child of Want, and bounteous throw
 Sweet balm of comfort on the mourner's woe.

Then, gallant St. George, let thy feeling heart
 Conceive how deeply pain'd reflection's smart,
 When I was taught to fear offence might spring
 Late that I rashly touch'd a grating string,
 By jealous honour proudly taught to jar,
 When he, that wears the garland of the war,
 Disgusted listens to the trivial voice,
 Whose warm applause shall make an humbler choice;
 Since, ah ! too great of soul, the Hero says,
 " Praise not heroic is unvalued praise."

ODE ON TIME.



O'ER him, by health and fortune crown'd,
Time steals with step so light,
Scarce are his faint impressions found
On the gay forehead's open round,
Or shining orb of sight.

Smooth as the young Camilla borne,
With printless step and fleet,
O'er plenteous fields of ripen'd corn,
Whose bending stalks the gales of morn
Bow on the passing feet.

But o'er the dim form, press'd by woes,
He treads with heavy pace,
Sweeps his broad scythe, and, as he goes,
Down falls the summer pride, and shows
Worn Nature's furrow'd face.

LOUISA.

A POETICAL NOVEL,

IN FOUR EPISTLES.

THE ensuing epistolary poems contain a description rather of passions than of incidents. They resulted from an idea of its being possible to unite the impassioned fondness of Pope's ELOISA, with the chaster tenderness of Prior's EMMA ; avoiding the voluptuousness of the first, and the too conceding softness of the second. It is hoped the reader will distinguish between the apprehended possibility of exhibiting in verse a more faultless female character than the ELOISA of Pope, or the EMMA of Prior, and the rash and vain design of equalling, much less of surpassing, the transcendent poetic excellence of either of those compositions.

The LOUISA of the following pages has all that enthusiasm which springs from an heart warmly affectionate, joined to a glowing and picturesque imagination. Her sensibilities, heightened, and refined in the bosom of retirement, know no bounds, ex-

cept those which the dignity of conscious worth, and a strong sense of religion, prescribe. It is feared the modern young ladies will have little sympathy with her, since she is unfashionably enthusiastic, and unfashionably tender.

An ingenious friend, after reading the first epistle, remarked, that LOUISA might have described with more interesting particularity her lover's declaration of his passion, and the manner in which she received that declaration : but the author thought the present method of conveying that circumstance to the mind of the reader more poetic. Pope's ELOISA is minute in her description of the awful scenery, formed by the rocks, the streams, and mountains of Paraclete, but by no means minute concerning the amorous eclairsissement between herself and Abelard. LOUISA discriminates her lover's early attentions to her, though she leaves the manner of his declaring their source very much to the imagination. Her application of the beautiful scenic objects, by which she was at that interval surrounded, to her own, and to her lover's situation; and the passing suddenly to their present altered appearance, contrasts the charms, and bloom of the first, with the chill dreariness of the second. There it was that the author had in view that striking letter in the 3d vol. of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, which describes St. Prieux accompanying Mrs Wolmar to the rocks of Meillerie, then covered with the richness of summer luxuriance; and painting to her the situation of that very scene,

when he had visited it alone, amidst the horrors of winter, and found those horrors congenial to the temper of his soul.

This poem has little chance to be popular. A feeling heart, and a fondness for verse must unite to render it interesting. A feeling heart without a glowing imagination will be tired of the landscape-painting, somewhat luxuriantly interspersed. An imagination that glows, while the heart is frozen, has a propensity to fancy every thing prosaic which is not imagery, and will probably yawn over the reasoning of these lovers, and sicken over their tenderness.

If, however, this little work has the honour to interest and please the few, in whom the kind and sweet affections are blended with poetic taste, the end for which it is published will be obtained.

Except some slight alterations, which have been made since the two first editions, the hundred and fifty-six lines, with which the poem opens, were written when the author was only nineteen. They had been mislaid during a long interval. It is sixteen months since they were accidentally recovered. Some few friends, to whom the fragment was shewn, thought it worth being extended into a regular work. The first and third of these epistles are designed to be descriptive, and sentimental; the second, and last, dramatic.

LOUISA

TO

EMMA,

HER FRIEND IN THE EAST-INDIES.

OCTOBER 21, 1779.

THEE, EMMA, four slow circling years have seen
 Press, with thy pensive foot, savannas green ;
 Seen thee, with fond affection's moisten'd gaze,
 And the low-warbled song of former days,
 Wind round the shadowy rock, and shelving glade,
 Where broad Bananas stretch their grateful shade ;
 Bend o'er the West thy longing eyes, and chide
 The tardy breeze that fans the unfreighted tide.
 Now, as with filial care thy light step roves,
 Through India's palmy plains, and spicy groves,
 To bless thee, exil'd thus in youth's gay prime,
 May sprightly health resist the torrid clime,
 Temper the sickly blast, the fever'd ray,
 And peace, and pleasure, lead the shining day !

Yet, when thou know'st, for me that sorrow shrouds
 Hope's crystal mirror with impervious clouds,
 The sighs, and tears, that tenderest pity speak,
 Shall swell thy breast, and chill thy glowing cheek;
 Since one have been our pleasures, one our cares,
 From the first dawn of those delicious years,
 What time, inspir'd by joy's enlivening powers,
 We chas'd the gilded insect through the bowers ;
 And oh ! I fondly tell my anxious heart,
 The dearest truth experience can impart,
 That yet, to quench this sympathy of soul,
 Time, and the world of waters, vainly roll.

O'er this deep glen, departing Autumn throws,
 With kind reverted glance, a short repose,
 Ere yet she leaves her ENGLAND's fading scene,
 Where sickly yellow stains the vivid green,
 And many an icy morn, and stormy gale,
 Embrown the pathway of the winding vale.
 Now, while I seek the bosom of the glade,
 And the thin shelter of the impoverish'd shade,
 Unequal steps, and rising sighs, disclose
 The thorny pressure of tyrannic woes ;
 And where the incumbent rock, with awful face,
 Bends o'er the fountain, gurgling from its base,
 And marks the limit of the silent dell,
 Sadly I sit, my bosom'd griefs to tell ;

Invoke thy spirit, those fond griefs to soothe,
 And bid, alas ! their surging tide be smooth.
 It will not be ;—since here, with yearning thought,
 By weak, involuntary impulse brought,
 Where love and memory bear resistless sway,
 And all the weakness of the soul betray !

O ye known objects !—how ye strike my heart !
 And vain regrets, with keener force, impart !
 Slow, through the faded grove, past pleasures glide,
 Or sadly linger by the fountain's side.
 Dear, awful witness of a broken vow,
 Steep rock, how sternly frowns thy rugged brow !
 But, if the frequent blast shall bend thy pines,
 Clear at thy foot the crystal water shines !
 Though drizzling clouds the misty mountains veil,
 Yet the mild sun-beam gilds the narrow dale !
 Though vernal flow'rs this bank no more adorn,
 Nor Summer's wild rose blushes on its thorn,
 Yet shelter'd, mossy, dry, and warm, it draws
 The heedless roving step to quiet pause.
 Thus the pale year, though Nature's edicts urge
 Her step to Winter's desolating verge,
 Sedately passes to the drear domain,
 And breathes, e'en yet, soft comforts o'er the plain ;
 But oh ! for me, in youth's luxuriant glow,
 Hope's lovely florets wither as they blow !

No grief my bosom at our parting knew;
 But that of bidding thee a long adieu;
 And the sweet tears, that such soft sorrows bring,
 Fall, as light rain-drops in the sunny spring;
 For youthful hope, subduing tender fears,
 Bounds o'er the gulf of interposing years;
 While, through their course, her airy hands avert
 Misfortune's arrow from the wanderer's heart.
 Soon then did cheerfulness the morn illumine,
 And peace descend with evening's grateful gloom;
 They saw my breast in that clear spirit gay,
 Which speeds the social hour so fast away.

Now expectation's fervour rose, to hail
 The youthful master of this quiet vale,
 My blooming brother—from Oxonia's towers,
 Who sought, with tender haste, his native bowers.
 'Twas noon, and ripen'd summer's fervid ray
 From cloudless ether shed oppressive day.
 As on this shady bank I sat reclin'd,
 My voice, that floated on the waving wind,
 Taught the soft echoes of the neighbouring plains
 Milton's sweet lays, in Handel's matchless strains.
 Presaging notes my lips unconscious try,
 And murmur—"Hide me from day's garish eye!"
 Ah! blest, had Death beneath his sable shrine
 Hid me from all the woes that since were mine!

Beneath my trembling fingers lightly rung
 The lute's sweet chords, responsive while I sung.
 Faint in the yellow broom the oxen lay,
 And the mute birds sat languid on the spray ;
 And nought was heard, around the noon-tide bower,
 Save, that the mountain bee, from flower to flower,
 Seem'd to prolong, with her assiduous wing,
 The soft vibration of the tuneful string ;
 While the fierce skies flam'd on the shrinking rills,
 And sultry silence brooded o'er the hills !
 As on my lip the lingering cadence play'd,
 My brother gaily bounded down the glade,
 And, while my looks the fire of gladness dart,
 With ardour press'd me to his throbbing heart ;
 Then to a graceful stranger turn'd, whose feet,
 With steps less swift, my coy welcome meet.
 O'er his fine form, and o'er his glowing face,
 Youth's ripen'd bloom had shed its richest grace ;
 Tall as the pine, amidst inferior trees,
 With all the bending osier's pliant ease.
 O'er his fair brow, the fairer for their shade,
 Locks of the warmest brown luxuriant play'd.
 Blushing he bows !—and gentle awe supplies
 Each flattering meaning to his downcast eyes ;
 Sweet, serious, tender, those blue eyes impart
 A thousand dear sensations to the heart ;
 Mild as the evening star, whose shining ray
 Soft in the unruffled water seems to play ;

And when he speaks—not music's thrilling pow'r,
 No, not the vocal mistress of the bow'r,
 When slow she warbles from the blossom'd spray,
 In liquid blandishment, her evening lay,
 Such soft insinuating sweetness knows,
 As from that voice in melting accent flows !

Yet why, fond memory ! why, in tints so warm,
 Paint'st thou each beauty of that faultless form ?
 His specious virtues surely might impart
 Excuse, more just for this devoted heart.
 Oh ! how each noble passion's seeming trace
 Threw transient glories o'er his youthful face !
 How rose, with sudden impulse, swift, and strong,
 For ev'ry secret fraud, and open wrong,
 The oppressor acts, the helpless feel, or fear,
 Disdain's quick throb, and Pity's melting tear !
 So well its part each ductile feature play'd,
 Of worth, such firm, though silent promise made,
 That to have doubted its well-painted truth,
 Had been to want the primal grace of youth,
 Credulity, that scorns, with gen'rous heat,
 Alike to practise, or suspect deceit.

Cease, vain regrets ; excursive fancy, cease !
 Ye only wound afresh my bleeding peace,
 And keep from gentle EMMA's anxious ear,
 The event she longs, yet kindly dreads, to hear ;

But ah ! nor singular, nor strange the tale,
 My sister-sufferers mourn in every vale ;
 For gold, and dazzling state, incessant prove,
 In Man's hard heart, the murderers of love.

While many a sun in summer-glory rose,
 EUGENIO's lip no softer accent knows
 Than friendship dictates—but disorder'd praise,
 Scarce half-express'd ; the musing ardent gaze ;
 The varying cheek ; the frequent smother'd sigh,
 Reveal the latent meaning of his eye ;
 Plain, and yet plainer ev'ry hour, declare
 The shining secrecies, that languish there.
 These are the days that fly on rapture's wing,
 Empurpling ev'ry flower that decks the spring ;
 For when delicious Hope, with whisper bland,
 Wakes the dear magic of her potent wand,
 More vivid colours paint the rising morn,
 And clearer crystal gems the silver thorn ;
 On more luxuriant shade the noon-beam plays,
 And richer gold the evening-sun arrays ;
 Stars seem to glitter with enamour'd fire,
 And shadowy hills in statelier grace aspire ;
 More subtle sweetness scents the passing gales,
 And softer beauty decks the moon-light vales ;
 All Nature smiles ! nor e'en the jocund day,
 When festive roses strew the bridal way,

Darts through the virgin breast such keen delight,
 As when soft fears with gay belief unite ;
 As hope, sweet, warm, seducing hope inspires,
 Which somewhat questions, what it most desires ;
 Reads latent meaning in a lover's eye,
 Thrills at his glance, and trembles at his sigh ;
 As o'er the frame disorder'd transport pours,
 When only less than certainty is ours.

At length, that rosy certainty appears,
 With faithless promises of golden years.
 Here, by this fountain side, EUGENIO strove
 To trace the tender progress of his love ;
 'Twas on the evening of a splendid day ;—
 Calm on the gilded grass the fountain lay !
 But oh ! when doubt, in that dear moment, fled,
 A calm more sunny o'er my bosom spread !
 As the gay lark his last clear carol sung,
 And on a slanting sun-beam warbling hung,
 With sweeter music trill'd the vesper lay,
 Than when he soar'd amid the blaze of day ;
 But yet a thousand times more sweet the sound,
 In which my soul its dearest blessing found !

Slow on the Sun had stol'n the sailing cloud,
 And drawn o'er his gay fires the purple shroud,
 Then roll'd away !—till, by no shade repress,
 Afar the setting orb emblaz'd the west ;

Lighted with arrowy beams the ocean caves,
 And sunk with splendour in the illumin'd waves.
 Thus oft would Modesty her blush employ,
 Coily to veil the radiance of my joy ;
 But from these eyes the sun-bright gladness beam'd,
 And all the triumph of my bosom stream'd !
 'Twas here,—e'en here !—where now I sit reclin'd,
 And Winter's sighs sound hollow in the wind ;
 Loud, and more loud the blast of evening raves,
 And strips the oaks of their last, lingering leaves ;
 The eddying foliage in the tempest flies,
 And fills with duskier gloom the thick'ning skies.
 Red sinks the Sun, behind the howling hill,
 And rushes, with hoarse stream, the mountain rill,
 And now, with ruffling billow, cold, and pale,
 Runs, swoln, and dashing, down the lonely vale ;
 While to these tear-full eyes, Grief's faded form
 Sits on the cloud, and sighs amid the storm !

Yet, dreary vale ! detain thy pensive guest,
 Though drizzling sleet beats cold upon her breast !
 To this sad soul more welcome are thy glooms,
 Than Spring's green bowers, or Summer's gaudy
 blooms ;

Nor asks an heart, that only breathes to sigh,
 A warmer mansion, or a kinder sky !
 And still that destin'd heart, so fond to mourn,
 And dwell on scenes, which never can return,

Shrinks, e'en as guilty bosoms shrink from shame,
 To join with perfidy EUGENIO's name;
 Feels its soft streams in ev'ry pulse recede
 From the pain'd mention of one barbarous deed,
 That kills my hopes, like Eurys' fierce career
 On the bright foliage of the early year;
 Which turns, while premature its buds disclose,
 To livid yellowness the damask rose.

Thou see'st, my EMMA, with what fond delay
 The unwilling spirit loiters on her way;
 Clings to past scenes that wore gay summer's form;
 Clings to the wildness of the wint'ry storm,
 To stop the sad narration, ere it throw,
 Dark on my fate, the long, long night of woe.
 Yet, O my soul! resume it, ere the power
 Of wasting sickness brings the fever'd hour,
 That stops the ill-guided pen in the weak hand,
 And shakes from life's dim glass the ebbing sand!
 Thou, EMMA, wilt not blame my easy youth,
 That soon this heart declar'd its tenderest truth.
 Ah! could I dream he feign'd, whose glances warm
 With ceaseless ardour wander'd o'er my form?
 And as gay smiles, and youthful graces fair,
 Shone in my eyes, and harmoniz'd my air,
 Not one unheeded pass'd his eager gaze,
 His fervent, yet discriminating praise;

Though oft he swore, amid the fond survey,
 The mind they grac'd was lovelier far than they;
 Protested oft, that mind was form'd to share
 Each high-soul'd purpose, and each virtuous care;
 Catch ev'ry new idea, as it rose,
 Partake his joys, and melt with all his woes;
 False could I think that vow, whose starting tear
 Sprung, the warm witness of a faith sincere?

Now dawn'd the appointed, but unwelcome day,
 That bore my dearest brother far away,
 Where foreign climes might store his ripening youth,
 With observation, science, taste, and truth.
 The same sad day my lov'd EUGENIO sigh'd
 Adieus impassion'd to his promis'd bride;
 Yet often urg'd, inspiring faithless ease,
 That between us fate spread no cruel seas;—
 Alas! in his chang'd heart my eyes explore,
 Of falsehood's waves,—a sea,—without a shore!

Where Thames expands with freedom's wealthy
 pride,
 Attractive Commerce calls him to her tide;
 As with firm step she runs along the strand,
 And points to the tall ship, the distant land.
 His rising interests on the call attend,
 For with a father's prosperous fate they blend.

Thus, with these interests, duty's filial power
 Unites to tear him from LOUISA's bower ;
 But parting sorrows yield them to the force
 Of strong necessity's resistless course,
 By generous confidence when lull'd to rest,
 That broods, on dove-like pinion, o'er the breast ;
 While, from kind letters, rays of joy pervade
 The gloomy moments of the love-sick maid ;
 And oh ! how warm, how bright those letters glow'd,
 What ardent love, in melting language flow'd,
 My dearest EMMA, thou wilt ne'er explore !
 The brilliant talismans are mine no more !
 Pride, virgin-pride, pronounc'd the stern behest,
 And tore the faithless scriptures from my breast !
 Through four sweet months, to my delighted eyes
 These precious tablets of my bliss arise !
 At length, dread silence,—torturing doubt and fear,
 Prompt the pang'd sigh—but check the softer tear ;
 Through the lone day, and lonelier night, impart
 “ The hope deferr'd, that maketh sick the heart.”
 Wish'd morning comes !—and hour succeeds to hour !
 But still, suspense, and terror, o'er me lour ;
 Chace each conjecture kind, with fierce controul,
 And send their cruel ice-bolts through my soul.

Three wretched weeks my throbbing bosom bears
 The wounding conflict of its various fears,
 While Rumour's voice inflames my grief, and pride,
 And gives EUGENIO to a wealthier bride.

My trembling hands, the sick suspense to ease,
 From day to day the public records seize;
 While glances, rapid as the meteor's ray,
 Eager amidst the crowded columns stray;
 Snatch at sad certainty from busy fame,
 Yet dread to meet my dear EUGENIO's name.
 Now glooms on the stain'd page the barbarous truth,
 And blights each blooming promise of my youth!
 EUGENIO married!—Anguish, and despair,
 In ev'ry pompous killing letter glare!
 Thy love, a sacrifice to glut thy pride!
 Ah! what avail the riches of thy bride!
 Can they avail, remorseless as thou art,
 To tear the wrong'd LOUISA from thy heart?
 Gold, and ye gems, that lurk in eastern cave,
 Or to the sun your gay resplendence wave,
 Can joys sincere, one heart-felt transport live
 In aught ye purchase, or in aught ye give?
 A bliss, to rival those thy avarice lost,
 Insolvent INDIA shall but vainly boast!
 Was it for this my gentle brother's heart
 Bore in our growing loves so warm a part!
 That soft indulgence deck'd his open brows,
 That smiles fraternal hail'd our mutual vows!
 And, as he kindly breath'd the parting sigh,
 Love's crystal fluid rushing to his eye,
 Was it for this our blooming hopes he blest,
 Seiz'd our twin'd hands, and clasp'd them to his breast?

Ah ! did he know his lov'd LOUISA's fate,
 What energy would nerve his rising hate !—
 Haste, my LORENZO, to thy sister's aid !
 With thy swift vengeance be her wrongs repaid !
 Ye rising winds, his wandering sails restore !
 Ye reflux waters, bear him to the shore !
 And thou, vain bride ! enjoy the meteor-ray,
 The fancied sun-beam of thy nuptial day !
 Stern fury waits, to quench its transient light,
 In deep, ensanguin'd, everlasting night !—
 Bleed, faithless, bleed ! LOUISA's wrongs explor'd,
 Shall frown relentless on her brother's sword !—
 Rash, lost LOUISA ! could'st thou bear the strife ?
 Throw on a fatal chance thy brother's life ?
 Or stretch, a victim to thy proud disdain,
 EUGENIO, pale, and bleeding, on the plain ?
 Endure that from a bosom, once so dear,
 Convulsive pangs the trembling life should tear ?
 Oh ! should'st thou, certain of the cruel truth,
 Behold, in fancy's eye, the slaughter'd youth,
 Could'st thou that lov'd, that lovely form survey,
 And see it faded to insensate clay ?
 Eternal darkness on those eye-lids hung ?
 Eternal silence stiffen on that tongue ?
 No ! wildly, from the bare surmise, I start,
 And treble fondness rushes through my heart ;
 Live !—live, EUGENIO !—free from fierce alarms,
 Blest, if thou canst, e'en in my rival's arms !

O! safe, thro' lengthen'd years, may'st thou remain
 From all the varied forms of deathful pain !
 From injur'd honour's unrelenting ire,
 The blast of accident, the fever's fire !
 Soft may those dangerous graces melt away,
 And gently sink in scarce perceiv'd decay !
 For this my breast its cureless woes shall hide,
 Nor sting fraternal love, nor generous pride.
 Yes, dear LORENZO ! thou shalt still believe,
 Tho' much the thought thy gentle breast will grieve,
 LOUISA, lost to tenderness, and truth,
 In the vain levity of thoughtless youth,
 Prov'd to EUGENIO's love a cold ingrate,
 And lightly splenetic deserv'd her fate.
 Cruel remembrance ! how shall I assuage
 The yearning pangs of thy incessant rage ?
 What balmy comfort can the heart pervade,
 When bitter tears his broken faith upbraid,
 Whose hand, we fondly hop'd, should wipe away
 Their flowing sorrows through each future day ?
 Since in reflection's grasp each blessing dies,
 When the forc'd struggling spirit must despise
 Him who, encircled with perfection's zone,
 Long in our sight scarce less than angel shone.
 For if credulity her warmth impart,
 With veils of light she screens the selfish heart ;
 But barbarous perfidy's severe extreme,
 In shades eternal, shrouds each gorgeous beam.

On the arch'd windows thus, that proudly grace
 An high majestic temple's awful face,
 When pours the setting sun its darting rays,
 An hundred solar orbs appear to blaze;
 But when the incumbent shades of loursing night
 Curtain the source of this illusive light,
 Its evanescent fires no more remain,
 But horrors gather round the darken'd fane;
 The lofty turrets, desolately grand,
 In dreary state, and lonely silence stand;
 Through the dim aisles pale spectres seem to flit,
 And hollow groans the whispering walls repeat.
 So, round EUGENIO's form, that rises yet,
 'Mid pride's cold frown, and passion's warm regret,
 Depriv'd of all the lustre it retain'd,
 When gay belief with sunny hue remain'd,
 Incessant now the fiends of Avarice glide,
 With dark Ambition scowling at their side.
 Detested impotence of flatter'd charms,
 That could not bind my wanderer to my arms!
 Ah! what avail'd your beauties, but to lure
 That fleeting love, ye knew not to secure!
 Like opening flow'rs, that deck the desert glade,
 Fair to no purpose, flatter'd graces fade!—
 One healing draught—and all shall yet be well!
 “Peace is the pale-eyed sister of the cell,”
 The cell of DEATH—where misery only knows
 The soft exemption,—and the long repose.

Ah no!—a guardian spirit seems to say,
 “ Stay thee, LOUISA, yet a little stay !
 “ Awake not righteous Heaven’s avenging hate,
 “ By rashly plunging in the waves of fate !
 “ Though time, for woes like thine, admits no cure,
 “ Yet learn its hardest lesson, to endure !
 “ Not long shall life her torturing sense impart
 “ Of the barb’d shaft, that rankles in thy heart.
 “ Thou shalt not need to stain thy spotless soul,
 “ Nor want the ensanguin’d knife, the envenom’d
 bowl ;
 “ Thy soul’s belov’d, by vain ambition fir’d,
 “ Deaf, as the grave, to all that once inspir’d,
 “ To love’s soft voice,—to honour’s awful plea,
 “ Lives to another !—and is lost to thee !”

EUGENIO married !—Oh !—yon village bell,
 That flings on the cold gale its mournful knell !
 The solemn pause,—the loud repeated toll,
 Calling the pale corse to its darksome goal,
 Not plainer there the tale of death relate,
 Than these detested words pronounce my fate !
 EUGENIO married, seals LOUISA’s doom,
 Her sure, though lingering passport to the tomb !

And thou, soft mourner o’er my bosom’s smart !
 Friend of my soul, and sister of my heart !

A fallen blossom while thy tears embalm,
 Regrets that fondness prompts, let fondness calm ;
 Since though this mortal frame, affection's slave,
 Wastes by the envenom'd wound that falsehood gave,
 I still possess, thus withering in my youth,
 The peace of innocence, the pride of truth ;
 My soul is conscious of its heavenly sire,
 The cherub, Faith, has lent her wings of fire ;
 Man, the base object of my scorn, it leaves,
 To join that gracious power, that ne'er deceives !
 When busy rumours to thy ear disclose
 The long enfranchisement of all my woes,
 Oh ! let thy mind's pure eye behold me soar
 Where light, and life, from springs unfailing pour !
 Mark the bright circlets of the eternal morn,
 In radiant points, my smiling brows adorn !
 By kindred seraphs see thy friend embrac'd,
 Nor one slight thought on false EUGENIO waste !
 Yet, though from pain and grief for ever free,
 Throw back soft pity's tender glance on thee !
 Smile at the human weakness of thy tears,
 And long to welcome thee to HAPPIER SPHERES !

SECOND EPISTLE.



EUGENIO

TO

EMMA,

ON HER RETURN FROM THE EAST-INDIES.



APRIL 15, 1781.

START not, dear EMMA, at an hapless name,
 Veil'd, to thy sense, in perfidy and shame !
 Oh ! deep indeed the mists, they long have spread,
 To fancy's eye, round this devoted head !
 While deeper still the shades of anguish lower,
 Drear as the night upon the wint'ry bower,
 When bitter winds howl fearful o'er the plains,
 And the bright stars are quench'd amid the rains !
 So quench'd each smiling pleasure's roseate ray,
 That once illumin'd lost EUGENIO's way !

But e'er his tortur'd soul's incessant strife
 Burst the dark confines of disastrous life,
 Given, or with-held, by EMMA's guardian hands,
 As her friend's peace hereafter best demands,
 Will she receive EUGENIO's last request,
 In faithful trust for her LOUISA's breast,
 Hear his sad story—that yet dares appear
 To claim her justice, and implore her tear?
 If so, let now thy gentle heart incline
 To mourn the trials, and the pangs of mine!
 No longer shalt thou think I basely sold
 My peace, my liberty, my love, for gold:
 That gold did purchase them, we know too well;
 But Oh! no sordid sacrifice they fell!
 Learn then those dire events, whose tyrant sway
 Forc'd me to throw joy's vital root away,
 Yield my LOUISA to their stern controul,
 Gem of my youth! and day-star of my soul!
 To thee, so long accustom'd to disclose
 Whate'er on life the strengthen'd colour throws,
 To thee LOUISA questionless appeal'd!
 Reveal'd my vows, my broken faith reveal'd;
 Taught thee, through scenes, now past and gone,
 rove,
 And hate the mean apostate to his love.
 Veil'd by her native groves, I left the maid,
 And journey'd onward from that blooming glade,

With eyes, full oft reverted as I pass'd,
 With many a look to heaven in fervour cast,
 To implore protection for LOUISA's peace,
 Her health's dear safety, and our love's increase.

Ere yet I join'd the animated train,
 Whose full-fraught vessels seek the ports of gain,
 To that domestic scene I bent my way,
 Which far in Deva's woodland mazes lay;
 A rural kind retreat from all the cares
 Which busy Commerce for her sons prepares.
 Translucent Deva the green valley laves,
 And darkling alders screen her wandering waves,
 Till slow she rises from o'er-hanging shades,
 And, seen, at distance, through the opening glades,
 With bank less veil'd, and streams that mildly shine,
 Leads round the lonely hills her silver line.
 In that sweet dale, and by a mountain's side,
 Whose sheltering heights the angry North deride,
 Abode, so late, of cheerfulness and ease,
 White gleams the mansion through the waving trees!
 Tall are the trees that whisper round its walls,
 And soft the path-way down the valley falls!
 Oh! how each charm, that decks the quiet scene,
 Assum'd new grace, and wore a softer mien,
 From the blest thought, that soon the nuptial hour
 Would lead LOUISA to my native bower!

'Twas there my gentle parents often knew
 The calm sweet night, the day that lightly flew ;
 And there the heart-felt pleasure gaily shew'd
 EUGENIO's welcome to the green abode.
 A father's elevating gladness proved
 How dear the presence of the son he loved.
 My gentle mother, archly smiling, prest
 The love-sick wanderer to her honoured breast ;
 For so she fondly called her darling youth,
 Yet lov'd his ardour, and approved his truth.
 My sisters, fair, ingenuous, graceful maids,
 The acknowledg'd pride of all the neighbouring
 shades,
 Met me with bounding step, and joyous mien,
 And rays of transport brightened all the scene.
 Nor wilt thou, mighty Love ! upbraid my heart,
 For bearing in their joys so warm a part ;
 Since no ambition gloomed my father's brow,
 No thirst of wealth reproached my plighted vow ;
 He scorned to name LOUISA's want of gold,
 But gladly listened while her worth I told.
 Pleased has he seen her in this melting eye,
 Pleased with her name, half whispered in a sigh ;
 Then would I grasp his hand, and ardent say,
 " Oft shall my parents bless our bridal day,
 " Since, from that soul of sweetness, they shall share
 " A daughter's tenderness, an angel's care ;

" For hers each virtue, and each grace refin'd,
 " That breathe on loveliness the glow of mind,
 " And, with assiduous duty's cheering power,
 " Strew life's worn path with ev'ry filial flower."

One eve, as on the shady bank I rode,
 Where through new dales the beauteous Deva flow'd,
 Loitering I listen to the red-breast clear,
 The last, lone songster of the waning year.
 Light o'er the leaves sweet Autumn breathes serene,
 And tips with gold their yet unfaded green.
 Now many a vapour grey the stream exhales,
 And twilight steals unheeded on the vales ;
 O'er the hill tops the lines of crimson run,
 The glowing raiments of the vanished sun ;
 Nor yet the deep'ning shades of night impede
 My roving course, which pensive musings lead,
 What time the moon of Ceres mildly throws
 Her shadowy grace, and breathes her soft repose
 O'er the dark shrubs, that clothe the rocky steeps,
 Shelve from their tops, and fringe the crystal deeps ;
 While, as around those rocks the river glides,
 White moon-beams tremble in the glancing tides.

Sudden, wild sounds are borne along the gales !
 The piercing shriek my startled ear assails !
 But scarce a moment, with check'd rein, I stand,
 The uplift'd cane grasp'd sternly in my hand,

Ere bending forward o'er my eager horse,
 Urging, with needless spur, his rapid course,
 And plunging through the deep, opposing flood,
 I pierce the tangled mazes of the wood.
 On fibrous oaks, that roughen all the ground,
 My steed's fleet hoofs with hollow noise resound;
 And, doubled by the echoes from the caves,
 Appal a guilty band of desperate slaves;
 For soon, in ruthless, felon-gripe, I found
 A beauteous female, screaming on the ground;
 Dragged from her horse, that grazed unconscious
 near,

Her tresses torn, and frantic with her fear.
 Two liveried youths, attendant on the maid,
 At the first onset in that gloomy glade,
 Had, or seduced by gold, or winged by dread,
 From danger, and from duty, coward fled.
 Alarm'd, the villains quit their struggling prey,
 And two, with terror struck, speed fast away.
 Fiercer the third, the arm of blood extends;
 The levell'd tube, in dire direction, bends!
 Yet no cold fear arrests my vengeful force,
 And his wing'd death-ball flies with erring course;
 But not descends my nervous blow in vain,
 The hidden lead indents the murderer's brain;
 With one demoniac glance, as down he fell,
 The soul starts furious from its vital cell.

Then tender pity and assiduous care,
 Conduct me swiftly to the swooning fair.
 The light, cool drops, scoop'd from the neighbouring
 spring,
 O'er her pale brow solicitous I fling;
 Till life's warm tide, which long the heart detains,
 Returns, slow purpling the forsaken veins.
 In one deep sigh, as recollection came,
 It wakens gratitude's impetuous flame.

‘ For more than life,’ exclaims the trembling maid,
 ‘ I stand indebted to thy generous aid.’
 ‘ Cease, fair-one, cease: well might this arm deserve
 ‘ That deadliest palsies wither ev’ry nerve,
 ‘ Had it refus’d the aid to thee it gave,
 ‘ Or coward shunn’d the duty of the brave !
 ‘ But let me now, since danger haunts delay,
 ‘ To safer scenes my lovely charge convey.
 ‘ Deep in yon vale, ERNESTO’s modest dome
 ‘ Lifts its fair head—my tranquil, happy home !
 ‘ There ev’ry welcome shall her steps receive,
 ‘ That hospitable affluence knows to give.’

This said, her trembling form, with anxious haste,
 My twining arms on her light courser plac’d ;
 Then, as emerging from the darkling wood,
 Along the moon-bright dales we slowly rode,

Surpris'd his gorgeous trappings I behold,
 The net of silver, and the thongs of gold ;
 While all the vestments of the lovely dame
 The pride of elevated rank proclaim.
 The costly lace had golden leaves imprest
 Light on the borders of the pearly vest ;
 Her taper waist the broider'd zone entwines,
 Clasp'd by a gem, the boast of orient mines ;
 On as we pass, on ev'ry side it gleams,
 And to the moon, in trembling lustre, streams.

Dear EMMA, that the splendid garb could gain,
 E'en in an hour exempt from grief and pain,
 The attentive gaze, proves my devoted heart
 From eyes so bright met no resistless dart ;
 For when the maid Love's potent cestus wears,
 The jealous God no glance dividual bears.
 Ah ! in those halycon days, a mind at ease
 Empower'd slight things to interest, and to please ;
 That memory should their faded tints relume,
 When deprivation's deepest shadows gloom,
 Perhaps seem strange !—but now, that full, and free,
 My long imprison'd spirit springs to thee,
 Friend of my love ! to whom I dare reveal
 All that my soul has felt, or knows to feel,
 So softened seem the asperities of grief,
 My senses anchor on the kind relief ;

With trivial circumstance retard the pen,
 Ere languid solitude shall lour again ;
 For oh! when, lost in woes of lengthen'd date,
 Alone we've lean'd upon the thorn of fate,
 Seeking, at last, the kind assuasive rest,
 Found only on compassion's downy breast,
 We feel, as soft the imparted sorrows flow,
 Almost discharged the bitterness of woe.
 Within ERNESTO's hospitable gates,
 Alarme a t my delay, Affection waits ;
 But as I lead the bright distinguished maid,
 Explain her danger, and my prosperous aid,
 The dear inhabitants around her move,
 With deep respect, kind care, and generous love.

And soon we learn, our peaceful walls contain
 The splendid heiress of a vast domain,
 EMIRA, she, whose wealth, and charms, inspire
 The crowd of titled youth with amorous fire ;
 While rumour paints her, midst the obsequious train,
 Though frolic, insolent ; though haughty, vain.
 But to our eyes, these wild and wandering fires
 Are screen'd by rising hopes, and gay desires ;
 For still, the parting hour with care delay'd,
 EMIRA loiters in ERNESTO's shade ;
 The noon-tide sun, the evening's softer ray
 Beholds the fair one through the valley stray ;

Thus, on MATILDA leaning, fondly own
Her heart's new choice in passion's warmest tone.

“ Lost to the world, for ever could I dwell
“ In the dear precincts of this sylvan cell ;
“ Renounce each vain, though once ador'd delight,
“ That dissipates the day, or gilds the night ;
“ That can each gay seducing art employ,
“ To flatter beauty, and inspire joy.”

Thus the proud maid, of all her scorn disarmed,
By strange, and partial preference strongly charmed,
Feels a new Eden steal upon the bowers,
And chides with sighs the swiftly fleeting hours ;
Still at the cheerful board, or as she roves
Along the plain, or lingers in the groves,
Each glowing wish, from new-born passion sprung,
Each soft disorder, on her eye-lids hung,
At my approach reveal, though much in vain,
What words are little wanted to explain.
Vain ! had I never seen the matchless grace,
The touching sweetness of LOUISA's face ;
Where from each feature beams, or mildly plays,
Refined intelligence, with varying rays ;
Where native dignity, with air serene,
Conscious, not arrogant, adorns her mien ;

1. 1. On *Matilda leaning*—EUGENIO's sister.

While from those eyes, in scorn of artful wiles,
 The tender spotless soul looks out, and smiles,—
 These unbeheld, yet still EMIRA's charms
 Had ne'er allured EUGENIO to her arms ;
 For oh ! the fevered languor of the eye,
 The restless blushes, the voluptuous sigh,
 The impatient haughtiness, but half concealed,
 The rage of pleasure in each glance revealed,
 Though, in youth's fervid hours, perchance they fire
 The kindling ardours of unawed desire,
 Quench, while the transient flames their force impart,
 The torch of passion, ere it reach the heart.

'Twas thus the youthful Ithacan survey'd
 The Goddess Nymph, beneath her magic shade ;
 While Eucharis' mild beauties foil'd the sway
 Of charms, that deck'd the Daughter of the Day ;
 By love protected, when the princely boy
 Beheld the dame her wonted lures employ ;
 Saw her fine form, by all the graces drest,
 The glowing purple of the floating vest,
 And on her blooming cheek the tresses bright,
 That play'd in wavy wreaths of golden light,
 Or on her snowy bosom, shining fell,
 Like a warm sun-beam on a lily's bell.

Not more EMIRA's charms my soul engage,
 The fair Calypso of a sensual age ;

And than licentious beauty less, the stores
 That splendid fortune on EMIRA pours;
 Or the proud boast of lineal blood, allied
 To rank, and power, could wake that senseless pride,
 Which quenches the soft warmth that love inspires,
 And lights the nuptial torch with rayless fires.
 To save the fair-one from the thorny smart
 Of hopeless passion, rankling in her heart,
 I urge my gentle sisters to reveal
 All my charm'd senses for LOUISA feel;
 The worth, the graces, which around her wait,
 And all the smiling prospect of our fate.

EMIRA listens with impassion'd scorn,
 Of wounded pride, and rival anger born.
 Unwished, unwelcome, as the theme arose,
 Her clouded cheek in deep suffusion glows,
 Proudly exclaiming,—“ Can EUGENIO prove
 “ Cold, and obdurate to my lavish love?
 “ Has beauty's magic zone my bosom bound,
 “ Does rank exalt me, and has fortune crown'd,
 “ That faint attractions in a village maid
 “ Should shield the passions which these eyes invade?
 “ Impossible!—but oh! thy lips impart
 “ The sting of jealousy, that goads my heart.
 “ MATILDA, all my waking dreams divine
 “ Thy charming brother shall at length be mine!

“ This grovelling flame was but ordain’d to prove
 “ Thy friend’s wish’d triumph at the shrine of love,
 “ And, by comparison of brighter charms,
 “ To light EUGENIO to EMIRA’s arms.”

Thus, while self-flattering pride her mind assures,
 The artful Fair-one spreads her varied lures ;
 Sometimes, with archness laughing in her eyes,
 Hangs on my arm, and ridicules my sighs ;
 And oft with coyer tenderness appears,
 While love’s warm glances steal through shining tears ;
 Now, with arch’d brow, and supercilious stare,
 Affects the empress dignity of air ;
 And now, as reasoning with a wayward heart,
 In trances, broken by the frequent start,
 With pausing step she wanders through the grove,
 A female Proteus in the wiles of love !
 To muse at leisure on my lovely maid,
 And woo her image in the lonely glade,
 Where no EMIRA, by the rigid laws
 Politeness dictates, my attention draws,
 Far in the wilds I wander through the day,
 And to a lowly cot at midnight stray ;
 There taste the sweetness of that deep repose,
 Which from applauding conscience gently flows,
 When health, and hope, their downy pinions spread,
 And scatter roses on the youthful bed.

Light with the dawn disperse my tender dreams ;
 And now the Sun looks golden on the streams !—
 O Morn ! the last for me that gaily rose,
 On Memory's tablet still thy beauty glows.
 Charmed, as I wandered through the dewy vale,
 And drank the spirit of the mountain-gale,
 How little did my unconscious heart divine,
 The joys thou gav'st should ne'er again be mine !
 On as I roved along the winding glades,
 A youth in haste the sylvan copse pervades !
 Says, his commission instantly recalls
 My devious step to the paternal walls.
 Upon the rustic countenance appears
 A fixed solemnity, that wakes my fears.
 " Oh ! is all well ?"—with breathless haste I cry.
 " Thy friends are well,"—his faltering lips reply ;
 Then dread, lest sad intelligence invade
 The precious quiet of my native shade,
 Sickens my heart ;—and swiftly as I go,
 From my pale lip disorder'd accents flow ;
 Each moment, for LOUISA's life, arise
 Prayers, that implore the mercies of the skies.
 And now my quick, unequal steps are led,
 A day of gladness where they used to spread ;
 But ah ! no silver tones EUGENIO call !
 No bounding footstep meets me in the hall !

Suspense, with all its heavy heart-ach, teems,
And palpable the solemn stillness seems!

So, when returning from the well-fought plain,
As near thy castle-walls thou led'st thy train,
O Hardiknute! such pangs as these opprest,
In hope's warm hour, thy brave, and veteran breast.
Along the midnight glooms, that thick impend,
While howls the storm, the beating rains descend,
Thou see'st no guard upon the turret's height,
Whose streaming torches used to gild the night!
Black, as a mourning weed, they silent stand,
And daunt the stoutest heart in Scotia's land!
Appalled, like him, I felt the stillness dire;
Eager to learn—not daring to enquire;
As one transfix'd, a few dread minutes wait,
While silent horror shrouds impending fate!

My Father entered—with a cheek how pale!
And oh! that look!—it told an awful tale!
'Twas mournful!—supplicating!—"Heavenly powers!
"In that dim gaze how deep an anguish lowers!
"LOUISA! lives she?"—dreading the reply,
My soul hung trembling in my straining eye.

"My son, the sweet LOUISA lives,—and knows,
"I hope, the peace that innocence bestows;

“ Oh ! may it long be hers !—but now remains
 “ A task for me, replete with sharpest pains !—
 “ EUGENIO !—Penury’s dire blasts assail,
 “ And hope is frozen in the bitter gale !
 “ Yes,—BELMOR has deceiv’d my boundless trust,
 “ To friendship treacherous, and to faith unjust !
 “ Unhappy hour, when confidence entire
 “ Lur’d me to follow that misleading fire,
 “ Those gay commercial visions, false, and vain,
 “ The glittering meteors of his artful brain !
 “ Too well he knew no genuine light they gave,
 “ And now they sink in ruin’s whelming wave !
 “ Oh ! great, and numberless the ills, that spread
 “ Their mingled horrors round this aged head !
 “ The pang of seeing thy sweet sisters, born
 “ To fairest hopes, from ease and affluence torn
 “ Exposed to all those guileful snares, that wait
 “ The beauteous indigent’s disastrous fate !
 “ Ills, whose bare dread a Father’s bosom tears,
 “ And blends with agony his anxious cares.
 “ Thy dearest Mother !”—Here he turn’d his head,
 And pausing wept ;—at length, resuming, said,
 “ These hovering woes, that o’er our house impend,
 “ Thou, my dear Son, e’er their dread weight descend,
 “ Thou canst avert !—but oh ! at what a price !
 “ Persuasion shall not urge—nor prayers entice.
 “ Two hours ere thy return, EMIRA found
 “ Thy Sisters’ eyes in streaming torrents drowned ;

- “ Learn’d, from their trembling lips, the cruel cause,
 “ Which the dark cloud of consternation draws
 “ Wide o’er my roof—that yesterday survey’d,
 “ Domestic comfort’s fair, and favourite shade.
 “ We know that fortune on EMIRA pours
 “ Her golden treasures in unstinted showers.—
 “ EUGENIO ! she stands ready to replace
 “ Thy Father’s comforts on a lasting base !
 “ Rescue his failing fame !—the numbers save,
 “ Whose hopes in his destruction find a grave ;
 “ And light, while woe’s dark cloud her wealth removes,
 “ Joy’s living spark in many an eye he loves !
 “ But at the price—Great God !—thy Father’s fears
 “ Shrink from the sound, and overwhelm it with his tears !
 “ By sharp distress at last to name it driven !—
 “ Thy hand to her,—e’en at the ALTAR given !—
 “ Alas ! the impossibility e’en now
 “ Grooms in the grief, the horror of thy brow !—
 “ Oh ! for myself—I could not wish to gain
 “ Exemption from the sharpest earthly pain,
 “ By banishing each hope, his love had won,
 “ From the kind, duteous bosom of my son !
 “ But for their dearer sakes who fall with me,
 “ Perhaps I dare—to hope e’en this from thee.
 “ Thou know’st, when peace and plenty’s jocund
 powers,
 “ Hung their ripe clusters round our blooming bowers,

" The joys that love, not those which wealth impart,
 " Form'd the warm wish for thee, that fill'd my heart;
 " But now—EUGENIO, listen, could'st thou bear
 " LOUISA's breast this weight of woes should share?
 " Would'st thou the blossoms of her youth transplant
 " Into the blasting soil of worldly want?
 " Whose pangs, though ne'er her soft complaints reveal,
 " She will not therefore less severely feel;
 " Since, when a breast, far dearer than our own,
 " Receives the darts by that fell demon thrown,
 " Fast'wasting health, and spirits broke, will prove,
 " Far from extracted, they are barb'd by love."

Here sighs, that seem'd to shake his frame, betray'd
 How deep he felt the sorrows he pourtray'd;
 But yet, though still his heart with anguish bled,
 Fail'd speech recovering soon, again he said:

" It is not much my waning life's remains
 " Should shorten'd sink by penury's cruel pains;
 " Ah! rather could I bear their utmost strife,
 " Than wish to quench the torch that gilds thy life.
 " Sweet possibility! which yet appears,
 " Borne on the eventful flight of days, and years,
 " Whose chance propitious might each bar remove,
 " Or industry restore the joys of love;

“ Though sharp the consciousness, that BELMOR’S
art

“ Must to my fame the deadliest wound impart !

“ For oh ! the many, who their ruin owe

“ To my rash hope’s unhappy overthrow,

“ Will, without scruple, think by fraud I won

“ The confidence, which drew that ruin on.

“ Hard to resign, for such opprobrious blame,

“ The honest triumph of a spotless name ;

“ E’en when the heart dares to itself appeal

“ From blind injustice, and misguided zeal !

“ Their torrent reason strives to stem in vain ;

“ Truth pleads to air, if prejudice arraign.

“ Her censures daily level with the base

“ A thousand names, no actual crimes disgrace ;

“ Pull down the fame a life of virtue built,

“ And stamp imprudence with the brand of guilt.

“ And yet, I would not ask my child to save

“ From pains, that seem to rob of rest the grave,

“ My hapless spirit, at a price so great,

“ To shade perchance with deeper gloom his fate !

“ But, oh ! my lov’d EUGENIO !—from a woe,

“ Sharper, I trust, than thou wilt ever know,

“ My sense recoils !—my wife !—my dearest wife !

“ The sweet companion of my lengthened life !

“ Thy mother !—for whose peace, and health, my
cares,

“ My fond attention, my incessant prayers,

" The day and night beheld !—Oh ! must I see
 " That dear one pine in helpless poverty ?
 " While pale, and trembling, sinks the vital flame,
 " Must her soft, delicate, and feeble frame,
 " To charity's donation, cold, and scant,
 " Owe its exemption from extremest want ?
 " Can I see this, unable to obtain
 " Those common comforts the laborious gain,
 " Conscious, my own infatuate rashness shed
 " This bitter phial on her gentle head ?
 " My Son !—my Son !" —Then, on my shoulder
 thrown,
 Heart-smote, and wan, he heav'd the bitter groan.

Oh ! while these arms their honour'd burden prest,
 As his sunk cheek felt cold upon my breast,
 What words can paint the deep distress I bore,
 What horror smote me, and what anguish tore ?
 Could I behold the author of my birth
 Thus bend in woe the hoary head to earth ;
 Round his weak frame such whelming anguish rage,
 Nor snatch from the dread storm his failing age,
 Because my hopes—my peace, perhaps my life
 Were doom'd to perish in the filial strife ?
 Impossible !—the softer passions fly,
 Nor dare dissolve great Nature's primal tie.
 " Be comforted, my father !—Could thy son,
 " Oh ! could he live to see thee thus undone,

“ Endure the knowledge, that when fortune gave
 “ The power to save thee, he refus’d to save ?
 “ The torturing self-reproach must rend his brain,
 “ And wake to phrenzy the remorseful pain.
 “ But O my love!—yet pardon me !—I go
 “ Alone to stem conflicting tides of woe !
 “ I go, to teach my soul her arduous task,
 “ And gain by prayer the fortitude I ask !”

So saying, to his couch my sire I led,
 And smoothed the pillow for his languid head.
 With softer tears his trembling eye-balls shone,
 And faltering accents ardent blest his son.
 Then up the mountain’s steep and craggy side,
 With step precipitate, I wildly stride ;
 Now stung with tortures of the last despair ;
 Now sunk in grief;—now energiz’d by prayer ;
 Nor yet in vain the heart-rending efforts prove,
 Warm duty rises over bleeding love !

The struggle past !—my peace !—my freedom given !
 Thy anchor, Hope, on shoreless oceans driven !
 What then to justice, or to love remained,
 But to restore the heart, my vows had gained ?
 Wrench from LOUISA’S breast its cherished bane,
 And nobly the last sacrifice sustain ?
 Renounce her pity, and inspire her hate,
 In tenfold gloom though it involve my fate ?

Teach her to think the villain-baseness mine,
 That bows the venal heart at fortune's shrine ?
 So might the indignant sense of barter'd truth
 Quench the disastrous passion of my youth ;
 Now doom'd to darken every hope, that cheers,
 With shining promises, the rising years !
 Had I the dread necessity explained,
 That with resistless force my freedom chained ;
 Tore the sweet bands, by virtuous passion tied,
 And stamp'd our constancy with parricide ;
 Then had LOUISA fortified my soul,
 And urged my ling'ring step to duty's goal ;
 Had given me back, with pity's softest brow,
 Of love so ruinous, the ill-starred vow ;
 A self-devoted exile fled my arms,
 But sorrowing fled them, and resigned her charms
 To fruitless constancy, and fond regret ;
 Ordained to mourn—unable to forget ;
 That pine in solitude the live-long day,
 Feed on the heart, and steal the life away.
 LOUISA's pity had my sufferings found,
 Somewhat it sure had balm'd the embosomed wound ;
 But since e'en her dear sympathy was weak,
 Of fate's dread shaft the envenomed point to break,
 I strove to avert the slow-consuming pain,
 And, for the conflict, armed her with disdain ;
 That cruel conflict, which the passions prove,
 Ere high-souled scorn subdues a rooted love,

Still, to my being's latest verge, be borne
 The dear, mistaken maid's unceasing scorn ;
 Ah ! be they borne in this unhappy breast,
 To the cold bed of its eternal rest !
 Near seems that rest my wearied life desires,
 Pain breaks her springs, and sickness dims her fires ;
 And hope, who comes in sable vest array'd,
 Points, with pale hand, to death's eternal shade !
 But yet,—when past the expiatory doom,
 When misery's shafts lie broken on my tomb,
 The exploring gaze, sweet EMMA, kindly bend
 On the dear bosom of thy beauteous friend ;
 If thou shalt mark, that cold contempt sustains
 The seat of softness from assaulting pains ;
 That no dim tears her cheek's warm roses pale,
 No sighs of anguish swell the lonely gale,
 Whose murmurs o'er the grass-green sod shall rise,
 Where cold, and peaceful, lost EUGENIO lies,
 Then, that thou name me not, my soul implores,
 Nor snatch the peace away disdain restores ;
 The cruel change thy tenderness will fear,
 Of pride's stern frown, for pity's heart-wrung tear.
 Oh ! shall one selfish wish her peace invade,
 That love so agoniz'd may sooth my shade ?
 No, EMMA, no !—my soul for hers shall wait,
 Till soft it pass the everlasting gate ;
 From those dear eyes till light divine shall clear
 The film, that mortal chance had darken'd here ;

Fond memory's deep reproach for aye remove,
And pleading seraphs reunite our love!

But oh! should pity, with intrusive sway,
Range her sad images in dire array,
And to LOUISA's mental sight disclose
The bed of death—the agonizing throes;
Oh! should she think she sees in struggles rise
That breath, which wak'd for her the fondest sighs!
Those eyes, whose softness shall no more betray,
Throw their last glances on the final day!—
In such an hour, should scorn, and anger prove
Weak to dispel the grief-awaken'd love;
Sorrowing for him, who could her hopes deceive,
Should she, in bitterness of spirit, grieve
For guilt, which, unextenuated, rears
Barriers to last beyond this vale of tears;
Then, EMMA, then, the sad events relate,
That wove the sable texture of our fate.

My dear LOUISA!—pardon him, who strove,
By means so seeming harsh, to quench thy love!
Hard was the task, that kindness to resign,
Which my torn bosom could demand of thine;
Esteem, that might have borne eternal date,
Since plac'd, by virtue, past the reach of fate;
That bless'd compassion, my sad lot had won,
A wretch by fortune, not by crimes undone;

These to renounce!—with my own hand to throw
In her dark chalice added dregs of woe;
To pierce my soul with voluntary pains,
A suicide on comfort's last remains,
Was hard!—but generous love the effort made,
Thy quiet ask'd;—I trembled and obey'd!
When to that purer world our souls are borne,
Where every veil from every breast is torn,
My willing spirit, in the realms above,
Shall meet the searching eye of wounded love
To thee, LOUISA, my past woes impart,
And hear thy angel voice ABSOLVE MY HEART.

THIRD EPISTLE.

 LOUISA

TO

EMMA,

WRITTEN THE DAY AFTER SHE HAD RECEIVED FROM HER
EUGENIO'S EXCULPATING LETTER.

APRIL, 21, 1781.

O THOU soft hope, that once with lustre gay
 Didst gild the hours of love's delicious day!
 What, though no more the lively joy remains,
 That trac'd thy light step o'er these earthly plains,
 Yet, piercing now despair's incumbent shroud,
 Soft hope, thou lookest from yon parting cloud;
 And my lov'd EMMA's hand the vision shews,
 That smiles my struggling spirit to repose!
 Bright in EUGENIO's vindicated truth,
 That vision lights anew my drooping youth;

Since, in perspective beauteous, it displays
 A long eternity of blissful days ;
 Of all those sacred joys our souls shall prove,
 “ When pleading seraphs reunite our love.”

’Tis true, EUGENIO, through life’s thorny way,
 In far divided paths our steps shall stray ;
 It is not given us, when rude blasts assail,
 And pale misfortune breathes the bitter gale,
 It is not given, to temper, and assuage,
 Each for the other’s breast, its cruel rage ;
 Nor mutually to feel the cheering rays,
 When health, and joy, inspire summer-days.
 Our little barks, their flattering port in view,
 Fate, on life’s billowy surge, asunder threw ;
 Friend of my soul ! we are not doom’d to gain
 The sunny isle of that tempestuous main ;
 But Oh ! thy virtue, long imagin’d lost,
 Has felt the wreck of no insidious coast !
 The deep and troubled floods, it knew to brave !
 It rises buoyant on the stormy wave !
 Vain are those storms, by which its course is driven,
 Since sure, though distant, is the port of Heaven.
 My dear EUGENIO, the dread voice will prove
 Indulgent to the frail excess of love,
 Which to such sad extremes would blindly run,
 Lavish of health, and sickening at the sun ;

Since, while an unaccusing conscience threw
 The eternal portals open to my view,
 My spirit sunk, a prey to fond despair,
 And coldly view'd that Heaven thou could'st not
 share ;

Soil'd with its griefs those amaranthine flowers,
 Inwove by faith in bright religion's bowers.
 Angel of Mercy ! thou wilt gently breathe
 Exhaling sighs upon that sullied wreath ;
 And the dim stains of my impatient tears,
 Impassion'd yearnings, and desponding fears,
 Shall vanish, as chill dews that morning throws,
 By summer winds are wafted from the rose !
 Oh ! how o'er-joy'd my dazzled sight surveyed
 These words, in EMMA's characters pourtray'd,
 " He is not guilty !" —rapid from my tongue
 They, in exulting iteration, sprung.
 " Read, dear LOUISA, and acquit the heart
 " That bears in all thy griefs so large a part."

Think'st thou, my EMMA, thy benign command
 Met an unwilling eye, a tardy hand ?
 Heaven ! with what force these hands, these eyes,
 impell'd,
 Seize the known characters, so long with-held !
 While every letter, ere examin'd, wears
 The uninjur'd magic of the vanish'd years !

Disorder'd sounds my lips pronounce, nor spare
 The useless question to the unconscious air.
 "Does that dear hand yet trace LOUISA's name?
 "Will it his love, his innocence proclaim?
 "How may this be?—yet EMMA says 'tis so."
 Then did I read, and weep, and throb, and glow,
 Approve, absolve, admire, and smile, and sigh,
 Till pensive Peace shone mildly in my eye;
 Back with that lost esteem, my heart deplor'd,
 The wanderer came, with half her rights restor'd.
 So luckless CLAIRMONT's thorny path she smooths;
 So his sharp sense of many an ill she soothes;
 One dear recover'd hope his grief beguiles,
 And, 'midst the wreck of all the rest, he smiles.
 EMMA, thou knew'st him well;—the jocund youth,
 Ambition's votary, yet of taintless truth.
 Lur'd by the wealth the glowing Andes hide,
 He long'd to pass the interposing tide.
 Remembrance sees him on the sea-beach stand,
 His fair CLARISSA weeping on his hand.
 With anxious smiles her varying cheek he dries,
 And talks of prosperous winds, and favouring skies.
 Clear was the sky, and gentle were the gales,
 And wide and waving stream'd the snowy sails;
 While, tossing the green sea-weed o'er, and o'er,
 Crept the hush'd billow on the shelly shore;
 Soft as the autumnal breeze among the sheaves,
 Or gently rustling in the fallen leaves;

And rolling in blue light the watery way
 With frosted silver seem'd bedropt and gay.
 Impatient CLAIRMONT led his pensive bride,
 As slow she scal'd the vessel's stately side.
 So smooth the seas, the tall bark seem'd to sleep,
 While her gay pennants ting'd the glassy deep.
 Day after day mild breezes freshen'd round,
 Till skies alone the mighty waters bound.
 But now, far distant from Britannia's shore,
 Round craggy steeps where angry billows roar,
 Rise the dark winds !—and borne on flagging wing,
 On the bent mast the screaming Fulmars cling!
 And soon the fury of the wildest storm
 That could the vext and swelling sea deform,
 With death's shrill voice, shrieks in the rending
 shrouds,
 As mounts the dizzy vessel to the clouds ;
 Or prone shoots swiftly to the billowy vale,
 While the wet seaman's altering cheek is pale.

The whirling ship the guiding rudder mocks,
 It strikes !—it bursts upon the bulging rocks !
 Unhappy CLAIRMONT, who had vainly tried
 In the toss'd boat to place his beauteous bride,
 Sees on the deck, pale, trembling, as she stood,
 The sudden billow dash her to the flood ;
 While on the riven plank himself convey'd,
 With only life, beneath a stranger shade,

Wakes from the briny trance, and wakes to know,
 Of fate's dark stores, the most accomplish'd woe !
 Borne by a friendly sail, that now he stands
 A ruin'd wanderer on his native lands,
 Seems little ;—Love's severer tortures reign
 With force despotic, and exclusive pain.
 This borne, from month to month, and year to year,
 At length unlook'd-for tidings charm his ear ;
 His fair CLARISSA lives !—on coasts unknown
 Wreck'd like himself, unfriended and alone,
 By destiny severe, an hapless slave,
 Pines on rude shores beyond the Atlantic wave ;
 Yet, that she lives is so unhop'd a joy !—
 Before it doubt, and fear, and anguish fly !
 She lives !—and fate may aid the ardent strife,
 And to his arms restore his long-lost wife !
 In that dear hope pale misery's tortures cease,
 And agony subsides almost to peace.
 So I—but to EUGENIO swift impart
 How full the pardon of LOUISA's heart !
 Oh ! let him not repent he wrung her mind
 With fruitless woes, so generously design'd ;
 Since, though they fail'd her freedom to restore,
 Had she not long been destin'd to deplore
 His mind, as cruel, venal, false, and vain—
 O but for that !—the soul-distracting pain,
 Whose unexpected flight makes other grief
 Sink in the softness of that blest relief,

Her spirit ne'er, as now, had risen above
 The poignant woes of disappointed love ;
 Of that disunion here, stern Fate commands,
 Who throws her edicts with such ruthless hands !
 But greater ills remov'd, the less remain
 Shorn of their pointed stings, and lost their bane.
 Say, in LOUISA's breast no longer glow
 The inward fires of life-consuming woe ;
 Distant alike from pain's incumbent gloom,
 And sprightly pleasure's gaily-kindling bloom,
 The vital powers effuse a softer flame,
 And with serener beams pervade her frame.
 Oh, bid him live !—live, to fulfil each part
 That makes such awful claims upon his heart ;
 And as a husband, as a father, prove
 Virtuous, and great, as in his filial love !

I too shall live !—Health's warmer currents brook,
 Yet unconfirm'd, upon my faded cheek :
 Last night their honey'd dews prolong'd my rest,
 As soft they sprung within my cherish'd breast.
 O Night ! the first exempt from wildest throes
 Of fever'd pain, that chas'd the short repose,
 Since my EUGENIO's seeming coldness strove,
 Alas ! how much in vain ! to quench my love.
 Yes, I shall live to expiate by a mind
 Bow'd to its fate, and cheerfully resign'd,

The dangerous rashness, which my peace had thrown
 On human chance, and errors not my own.
 Here, to my favourite bower, at rising day,
 With tranquil step, I bent my purpos'd way ;
 For here I first beheld the graceful youth,
 And here he promis'd everlasting truth ;
 And here, to thee, my friend, I us'd to grieve,
 When life could charm no more, nor hope deceive ;
 And here, my long afflicted spirit, freed
 From that barb'd shaft, on which it wont to bleed,
 Now bids its soften'd feelings gently flow
 To her, who draws the deadly sting of woe.

Once more these eyes, with smiles of pleasure, hail
 The vernal beauties of my native vale ;
 The plenteous dews, that in the early ray
 Gem the light leaf, and tremble on the spray ;
 The fresh cool gales, that undulating pass,
 With shadowy sweep, along the bending grass.—
 Now throw the shrubs and trees the lengthen'd shade
 On the smooth turf distinct !—and now they fade,
 As sinks the sun, behind a cloud withdrawn,
 That late unveil'd shone yellow on the lawn.
 Soft o'er the vale from this my favourite seat,
 Serene I mark the vagrant beauties fleet ;
 In different lights the changing features trace,
 Catch the bright form, and paint the shadowy grace.

Where the light ash, and browner oak extend,
 And high in air their mingled branches bend,
 The mossy bank, beneath their trembling bowers,
 Arises, fragrant with uncultur'd flowers,
 That stoop the sweet head o'er the latent spring,
 And bear the pendant bees, that humming cling.
 Just gleams the fount—for, curving o'er its brink,
 The lengthen'd grass, the shining waters drink ;
 Their green arms half its glassy beauties hide,
 As from beneath them steals the wandering tide,
 And down the valley careless winds away,
 While in its streams the glancing sun-beams play.
 But where the greenwood hill, with arching shade,
 Opes the light vista up the winding glade,
 I see a venerable form descend ;
 His slow steps falter as they hither bend.
 Soft lifts the breeze the locks of silver grey,
 And gentlest meanings his mild looks convey !
 Stranger, whoe'er thou art, thy faded face
 And bending form have many a touching grace.
 He stops !—I hasten to explore the cause
 Of that fix'd gaze !—of that impassion'd pause !

NOTE.—Upon reading this third epistle to a friend, he observed, that perhaps a comparison of Louisa's own situation with the harder fate of her lover, and her tender pity for the inevitable miseries of such a union, might have been acceptable in the place of the episode of CLAIRMONT, and the de-

scription of the bower ; but it should be considered, that **LOUISA** wrote under the immediate impression of her extacy to find **EUGENIO** guiltless ; that her mind was not sobered enough for reflection. To have investigated the unhappy lot of her lover, must have been a melancholy employment. Eased of an oppressive weight of misery, her exhilarated spirits admit not, so early, any painful ideas. She does not discriminate, she felicitates her destiny. Her sympathy in the fate of her friends grows more lively—she recollects the situation of **CLAIRMONT**—Joy is naturally loquacious, and she is gratified in relating his story to her **EMMA**. She awakens with new vivacity to the impressions of pleasure, which her mind was accustomed to receive from scenic objects. The propensity to dwell on them prevailed even in the hours of her unhappiness. It is an habit which compares and assimilates the smiling, or the gloomy views of nature, to the internal feelings, and is common to people of a lively imagination. In the exultation of her heart to find her lover yet estimable, **LOUISA** speeds to the bower, so impressed with his image. Its beauties strike her more forcibly than ever, and in this frame of mind she naturally feels delight in painting them.

FOURTH EPISTLE.

LOUISA

TO

EMMA.

APRIL 25, 1781.

OH! my lov'd EMMA, I have much to tell,
Since last I sent thee an abrupt farewell;
But be the chain of those events regain'd,
That led my steps, where awful horrors reign'd,
And through the gloom their light of joy reveal'd,
By Fate's eclipsing hand so long conceal'd.
Rising impatient from the mossy seat,
With asking eyes, the stranger guest I meet;
He clasps my hand!—Oh! in that look benign,
What rays of love, and angel-pity shine!
Sweet cordial confidence my bosom cheers,
Yet thrilling start the soft spontaneous tears.

"What chance, or generous impulse, may I bless,
 "Thrice gentle stranger, for this kind address;
 "That thus thou visitest this lonely grove,
 "And gazest on me with paternal love?"

"Ah! sweet LOUISA," the mild form replies;
 His words slow mingling with the rising sighs,
 "Behold in me, the source of all the woes
 "That paled on thy fair cheek the early rose!
 "But thou art generous, and wilt kindly shed
 "Forgiveness on ERNESTO'S aged head;
 "Yes, thou wilt much allow to sad extremes,
 "For round thee, as a light, compassion beams!"

With pleas'd surprise my beating heart expands;
 My swifter tears fall copious on his hands;
 My trembling knee involuntary bends,
 For deepest reverence with my transport blends:
 "O Heaven! art thou that being, so rever'd,
 "In happier days to my charm'd soul endear'd?
 "Which oft, unconscious of thy form, survey'd
 "Thy worth, by filial tenderness display'd.
 "All, all is known!—no selfish murmurs rise,
 "Nor groans arraign the mandates of the skies;
 "Nobly EUGENIO their high call obey'd!—
 "Oh! what a wretch were I, should I upbraid,
 "Because the exalted youth, whose heart I won,
 "Deserves the blessing, to be born thy son!

" Some vagrant drops may fall, some rebel sighs,
 " Perchance to our divided loves arise;
 " But banish'd now is misery's ruthless smart,
 " Though sad, not wretched, my devoted heart;
 " And oh! since poor LOUISA thus obtains
 " Thy generous love, thy soothing pity gains,
 " On them each fond regret shall sink to rest,
 " Nor memory whisper, how she once was blest.

" Honour'd LOUISA! fair angelic maid,
 " With every blessing be thy worth repaid!
 " But time flies rapidly!—the least delay
 " Ill suits the important message I convey;
 " An hapless penitent adjures thee fly,
 " To pardon and receive her dying sigh;
 " O come with me, LOUISA!—at thy gates,
 " Lo! in the glen, the expecting chariot waits!"

Silent—astonish'd—trembling—faint—and pale,
 My hurried step he hasten'd to the vale;
 And soon, as seated by his side I rode,
 Thus, from his lip, EMIRA's story flow'd.

' When to the altar my unhappy son
 ' Led the gay bride, whom all unsought he won,
 ' Pensive his eye, and serious was his air;
 ' Though, with attentive, and respectful care,

' He strove to hide the sorrows of his soul,
 ' But could not oft their bursting sigh controul,
 ' Bright, and adorn'd, as came the high-born maid,
 ' In every lavish elegance array'd.
 ' Yet oft I saw, that inauspicious morn,
 ' From smother'd consciousness, the transient scorn
 ' Cast lurid flame at times, amid the joy
 ' That glow'd voluptuous in her ardent eye,
 ' When she perceiv'd, no ray of fond desire
 ' Met her warm glance, or authoris'd its fire ;
 ' Saw deep-felt anguish in her bridegroom prove
 ' The power supreme of violated love ;
 ' And oft his notice, courteous, yet constrain'd,
 ' Eager she sought ; receiving it, disdain'd ;
 ' And still each day increas'd the vain chagrin,
 ' And wak'd new sallies of malicious spleen ;
 ' The pensive homage of a wounded mind,
 ' Though grateful, sad, and, without ardour, kind,
 ' Seem'd to reproach those eyes, as powerless grown,
 ' Whose glance, she deem'd, might make the world
 her own.
 ' Unjust EMIRA ! that could'st hope to gain
 ' Love's glowing homage from an heart in pain ;
 ' Thou should'st have sooth'd the involuntary smart,
 ' And with his friendship satisfied thy heart ;
 ' Thus sweet, and gentle, thou hadst quickly won
 ' That grateful tribute from my generous son ;

‘ But well he knew, thy vain ill-govern’d mind,
 ‘ Nor soft compassion knew, nor love refin’d ;
 ‘ So unregretful saw her wasted hours
 ‘ Resign’d to dissipation’s restless powers ;
 ‘ Yet wish’d those powers a kind relief might prove
 ‘ To the pain’d sense of disappointed love ;
 ‘ And sometimes hop’d, the strong maternal claims
 ‘ Might lead her light desires to softer aims,
 ‘ When a sweet cherub-daughter blest her arms,
 ‘ Whose features promis’d all her mother’s charms ;
 ‘ But no maternal tenderness she shares,
 ‘ The gay EMIRA scorns its gentle cares.
 ‘ And when to pleasures, frivolous and vain,
 ‘ He saw succeed, a mad licentious train ;
 ‘ Play, ruinously high, and dark intrigue
 ‘ Prompt the wild wish, and form the baneful league,
 ‘ How oft has he adjur’d her to reflect,
 ‘ What priceless peace her wild pursuits neglect !
 ‘ On me propitious Heaven the power bestow’d
 ‘ To cancel the vast debt my fortunes ow’d
 ‘ To proud EMIRA,—for my lucky sails
 ‘ Return’d, rich freighted, from Hispania’s vales ;
 ‘ Those sails, whose venture rash, and long delay,
 ‘ With all a bankrupt’s misery crossed my way.
 ‘ Now many a smiling chance combin’d to raise,
 ‘ Above the level of my fairest days,
 ‘ That wealth, whose dreadful and impending fall
 ‘ In one wide ruin had involv’d us all,

‘ But that EMIRA, in that fateful hour,
 ‘ Snatch’d my devoted credit from its power ;
 ‘ And duteous, noble, dear EUGENIO stood,
 ‘ A youthful victim to his father’s good.
 ‘ Yet when I saw, that mean unfeeling pride
 ‘ Rul’d the vain bosom of the worthless bride,
 ‘ My soul rejoic’d, with interest to repay
 ‘ The heavy debt of that disastrous day ;
 ‘ For what idea can more painful rise,
 ‘ Than much to owe, where owing we despise ?
 ‘ One scene, alas ! my heart can ne’er forget,
 ‘ Nor memory paint it without keen regret,
 ‘ That in the female breast, so form’d to prove
 ‘ The sweet refinements of maternal love,
 ‘ Disdain, and guilty pleasure, should controul,
 ‘ And to its yearnings indurate the soul.
 ‘ Consummate from her toilette’s anxious task,
 ‘ EMIRA, hastening to the midnight mask,
 ‘ The apartment enter’d, where EUGENIO stood,
 ‘ And near me lean’d, in deeply musing mood.
 ‘ My folding arms their rosy infant prest
 ‘ To the fond throbbings of a grandsire’s breast.
 ‘ She, with the tones of petulant reproach,
 ‘ And neck averted, call’d her tardy coach.

‘ I mark’d EUGENIO’s disapproving sigh,
 ‘ As the licentious vestment caught his eye :

‘ The lofty turban, from whose surface rais’d,
 ‘ Glitter’d the silver plume, the diamond blaz’d;
 ‘ The snowy veil, in soft disorder thrown;
 ‘ The bosom, rising from the loosen’d zone;
 ‘ And limbs, by golden muslin ill conceal’d,
 ‘ Whose clinging folds their perfect form reveal’d.
 ‘ With heart-felt pain the injur’d husband saw
 ‘ The fair thus scorn decorum’s guardian law;
 ‘ Saw all that decent dress, that modest pride,
 ‘ “ Which doubles ev’ry charm it seeks to hide,”
 ‘ Once the bright dame of Britain’s loveliest boast,
 ‘ In the seraglio’s wanton inmate lost!
 ‘ Seizing her struggling hand, EUGENIO tries
 ‘ To warn the fair devoted, ere she flies,
 ‘ Where infamy in silent ambush strays
 ‘ Amidst the antic throng, the midnight blaze.

“ Oh! is it thus, he said, a wedded dame
 “ Lights the loose profligate’s disgraceful flame?
 “ If ’gainst an husband’s claim thy heart is sear’d,
 “ By Heaven establish’d, and by man rever’d,
 “ To that, if thy high spirit scorns to bend,
 “ Yet, O EMIRA! hear me as thy friend!
 “ Snatch thy bright youth, and all its countless
 charms,
 “ From a dread ambush of o’erwhelming harms,
 “ Whose demon-tribe some evils shall impart,
 “ To reach and wring the most obdurate heart!

" How will that haughty, that aspiring mind,
 " Which claims the incessant homage of mankind ;
 " Sees to those graces, flattering crowds avow,
 " Proud rank unbend, and rival beauty bow ;
 " How will it bear to change this soft respect,
 " For studied insolence, and rude neglect ?
 " The nod familiar of the coxcomb throng ?
 " Thy name the theme of their lascivious song ;
 " And from the high-bred dames, that now excite,
 " And share the revels of thy dangerous night,
 " Who, when detection's livid spots arise,
 " Will studious shun, affecting to despise ;
 " Canst thou the unbending knee's cold insult bear,
 " Their smile of malice, and their vacant stare ?
 " Shafts, which wrong'd virtue only can sustain,
 " And rise superior to the unjust disdain."

' Thus while he pour'd, to check this rash career,
 ' The startling questions on her wounded ear,
 ' Frowning she strove to disengage her hand,
 ' And fly the just reproach, the firm demand ;
 ' While sullen brows, and flashes of disdain,
 ' Too plainly proved the awful challenge vain.
 ' Then striving, from a softer cause, to impart
 ' The virtuous wish to her misguided heart,
 ' A father's fondness melting in his look,
 ' From my embrace the smiling babe he took ;

‘ Exclaiming, as in all its touching charms
 ‘ He gave it to her half-unwilling arms ;

“ Alas! EMIRA, shall this infant live
 “ To feel the grief that consciousness must give,
 “ When a dishonoured mother’s deep disgrace
 “ Pours the pained crimson o’er the youthful face ?
 “ Or, lost to virtue, thy example plead
 “ For the light manners, the licentious deed ?
 “ Forbid it, Heaven !—O smile, my child, and lure,
 “ To the maternal transports, soft, and pure,
 “ That lovely bosom !—let thy opening bloom
 “ Charm my EMIRA, ere she yet consume,
 “ In guilty pleasure’s false and baneful flames,
 “ A wife’s fair faith—a mother’s tender claims !
 “ Oh ! may she bid thee live to breathe her name
 “ Without the pause of fear, the blush of shame !”

‘ She sigh’d, and clasp’d the infant to her breast,
 ‘ And milder looks the yielding heart confessed ;
 ‘ Then, as its eyes to hers are raised the while
 ‘ With all the pathos of the unconscious smile,
 ‘ Two crystal drops, that Nature’s influence speak,
 ‘ Steal from her lids, and wander down her cheek ;
 ‘ Those stranger tears, by that sweet thrill beguil’d,
 ‘ Fall on the forehead of her beauteous child.
 ‘ Pleased the maternal tribute to survey,
 ‘ EUGENIO kiss’d the lucid drops away.

‘ Earnest on him the fair-one’s moisten’d eyes
 ‘ Turn!—and some rays benign of soft surprise
 ‘ Meet his kind gaze—but ah! the transient dawn
 ‘ Of virtuous feeling, instant is withdrawn;
 ‘ And those mild beams, that beauty best adorn,
 ‘ Sink in the clouds of recollected scorn.
 ‘ Her arms extending, with imperious air,
 ‘ The smiling babe again to my fond care
 ‘ Coldly she gives;—and giving it exclaims,
 —“ Go, little wretch!—of tender mutual flames
 “ Thou wert not born!—then why should I embrace,
 “ And live for thee, whose birth is my disgrace?”

‘ Now to her husband, with contemptuous smiles,
 ‘ She bends—and thus his guardian-care reviles :
 —“ LOUISA’s lover has a right to claim
 “ The stern protection of EMIRA’s fame!
 “ Whose wealth, whose rank, whose youth, and far
 fam’d charms,
 “ So madly given to thy insensate arms,
 “ Are weak to chase the despicable pains,
 “ That load thy heart, and ice thy torpid veins;
 “ E’en now my soul that mean regret espies
 “ Pale on thy cheek, and languid in thine eyes!
 “ For me, thy needless apprehension spare!
 “ My peace, my fame, abjure EUGENIO’s care!
 “ And in my bosom female pride shall prove
 “ An happier guard, than my weak, wasted love!

“ Farewell, Insensible!—enjoy thy grief!
 “ Seek in inglorious shades, and sighs, relief
 “ For the hard doom relentless fate ordain’d,
 “ Thy splendid fortunes to EMIRA’s chain’d!—
 “ She goes to join, too great of soul to mourn,
 “ The circle she was destin’d to adorn,
 “ Till, seizing on her heart with demon-hold,
 “ Passion insane that destiny controul’d!”

‘ And thus the Fair, that one short minute saw
 ‘ Obey the sacred force of Nature’s law;
 ‘ Now to its dictates more obdurate grown,
 ‘ To Danger’s paths with double zest is flown.
 ‘ Then to the sameness of the opera throng,
 ‘ Where vocal tricks sustain the insipid song;
 ‘ Where, round the dancer, echoing plaudits sound,
 ‘ At each indecent and distorted bound,
 ‘ Each odious gesture that usurps the place
 ‘ Of easy elegance and genuine grace;
 ‘ To the pain’d hope, the secret dread presage,
 ‘ The ignoble triumph, and the smother’d rage
 ‘ Of fatal play;—the ball’s fatiguing task,
 ‘ And the loose revel of the wanton mask;
 ‘ To these succeed, the appointed guilty hour,
 ‘ That vests the libertine with boundless power;
 ‘ Whose darling hope consists not in the joy
 ‘ He scarce has wish’d, and that shall instant cloy,

‘ But in the triumph his mean pride has won,
 ‘ When, public as the air, and noon-day sun,
 ‘ The dup’d unhappy fair-one’s crimes shall throw
 ‘ New fancied glories round the boaster’s brow.

‘ Behold EMIRA, lost to faith, and shame,
 ‘ Quench the last spark of her long-faded fame
 ‘ For him, whose gay attentions to secure,
 ‘ Rash beauty spreads the self-ensnaring lure ;
 ‘ That haughty lord, licentious, false, and vain,
 ‘ Whose groveling heart, nor rank, nor charms obtain ;
 ‘ A swarthy opera dancer triumphs there,
 ‘ And foils the attractions of the high-born fair ;
 ‘ For her he wears the abject, lasting chains ;
 ‘ To her, of fashion’s drudgery complains,
 ‘ When in feign’d transports veiling cold distaste,
 ‘ With dames of quality his moments waste ;
 ‘ Waste to support his consequence, and prove
 ‘ His sway resistless in the realms of love ;
 ‘ While by her venal arts himself enslaved,
 ‘ Poor from her squandering, by her humours brav’d,
 ‘ He hugs the bonds, round which, to grace their power,
 ‘ Nor youth, nor beauty twine one blooming flower.
 ‘ On him EMIRA her unvalued charms,
 ‘ Scarce asked, bestows, to wake the wish’d alarms

‘ Of sister-beauties, and enjoy their pain,
 ‘ Their dangerous spleen, and rivalry insane.
 ‘ Too well the haughty dames avenge the smart
 ‘ Her short-lived triumph cost their swelling heart,
 ‘ As her false lover, with abandon’d pride,
 ‘ Reveals the guilt, which honour bids him hide!
 ‘ Nor tamely had an injur’d husband borne
 ‘ Of her connubial faith this lavish scorn,
 ‘ But that his own remember’d coldness brought
 ‘ Some palliation to his generous thought
 ‘ For guilty beauty, in these sensual times,
 ‘ Where foreign fashions lead to foreign crimes;
 ‘ Then, that her wealth, when fortune’s storm arose,
 ‘ Sav’d his lov’d parents from impending woes!
 ‘ Oh! ’twas a thought that would no mark allow
 ‘ Of just resentment for her broken vow,
 ‘ Save, that he leaves the violated bed,
 ‘ Where Peace no gentle poppy e’er had shed,
 ‘ And studiously each day avoids the dame,
 ‘ Who stains his honour with her bleeding fame.
 ‘ By duty urg’d, by friendship warn’d in vain,
 ‘ As gay EMIRA drives with loosen’d rein,
 ‘ Proud dissipation’s wearying labyrinths prove
 ‘ The bane of health, as the disgrace of love.
 ‘ Midst the light throngs, that crowd the garish mart,
 ‘ Consuming fever hurls her fiery dart;
 ‘ Deep in EMIRA’s breast behold it stand,
 ‘ And life’s warm current shrink beneath the brand!

‘ ’Tis now she wakens to the painful sense
 ‘ Of deep contrition for her past offence ;
 ‘ And now, alas ! her dying eyes survey
 ‘ The form of guilty pleasure pass away ;
 ‘ Drop the gay mask, and throw the ghastly smile
 ‘ Back on the baffled victim of her guile.

‘ Hapless EMIRA, on her dying bed,
 ‘ Shrinks from the phantom with convulsive dread ;
 ‘ While conscience, rous’d, her former guilt recalls,
 ‘ And with EUGENIO’s wrongs her heart appalls.
 ‘ Unfelt till this sad hour, the strong controul
 ‘ Of genuine fondness rushes on her soul !
 ‘ But with her native violence it reigns,
 ‘ Aids the disease, and stimulates its pains.
 ‘ Her husband’s name, in tones of strange affright,
 ‘ Eager she breathes, nor bears him from her sight ;
 ‘ In vain her calmness gently he intreats,
 ‘ The generous pardon vainly he repeats ;
 ‘ For, starting from her couch, she still demands
 ‘ Pardon afresh, and wildly wrings his hands.
 ‘ You too, LOUISA, she invokes, to sign
 ‘ Her passport blest to mercy’s healing shrine.
 “ O dear ERNESTO,” the shrill accents cry,
 “ If you have pity, to LOUISA fly ;
 “ Sweet, injur’d excellence ! would she impart
 “ Her pardon to this self-accusing heart,

“ ’Twould cheer my spirit, hov’ring on its flight
 “ To the dark confines of eternal Night.”

“ She said—and dear LOUISA will bestow
 “ The adjured forgiveness on repentant woe ;
 “ Will feel its sufferings all her wrongs atone,
 “ And in EMIRA’S pangs forget her own.”

ERNESTO ceas’d—for pity’s throbs oppress’d
 With tender force his venerable breast.
 Through the remaining way our mutual sighs,
 From awe-struck thought, in solemn silence rise.
 Shuddering we now draw near the house of death,
 And find yet stays the intermitting breath.
 What agitated dread my bosom tears,
 When pausing we ascend the silent stairs !—
 As we approach the slowly-opening door !—
 As my pain’d senses, horror-chill’d, explore
 The dim apartment, where the lessen’d light
 Gives the pale sufferer to my fearful sight !
 The matchless grace of that consummate frame
 Withering beneath the fever’s scorching flame.
 Outstretched and wan, with labouring breath she lies,
 Closing in palsied lids her quivering eyes.
 EUGENIO’S hand lock’d in her clasping hands,
 As hush’d and mournful by her couch he stands !

Horror, and pity, mingled traces flung,
 Which o'er his form, like wintry shadows, hung ;
 Yet, on my entrance in that dreary room,
 A gleam of joy darts through their awful gloom !
 Oh ! what a moment !—my EUGENIO's face !—
 Alas !—how faded its once glowing grace !
 Past hours of woe on his pale cheek I read,
 In eyes whose beams, like waning stars, recede !
 Faintly the sound of that known voice I hear,
 “ Oh, my LOUISA !” scarce it meets my ear,
 Lest the imperfect slumber should be found
 Chas'd by the check'd involuntary sound.
 But clear the senses of the dying seem,
 Like the expiring taper's flashing beam.
 Scarce audibly though breath'd, LOUISA's name
 EMIRA hears, and her enfeebled frame,
 With sudden powerless effort, strives to raise ;
 But, sinking back, her eyes, in eager gaze,
 Are fix'd on mine,—what anguish in their beams !
 O conscious guilt ! how dreadful thy extremes !
 The chill numb hands, whence deadly dew had
 broke,
 Snatch'd from her lord's, when starting she awoke,
 Now, as they seem unable to extend,
 Softly I take, as o'er her couch I bend ;
 She turns away, oppress'd by thought severe,
 And steeps her pillow in the bitter tear.

Alas ! be calm ! be comforted ! I cried.

- “ Do you too pardon ? ”—shrilly she replied,
 Bending again on me that burning ray,
 Whose heat no contrite waters could allay—
 “ Then, dear LOUISA, peaceful shall I die,
 “ Since hallow’d thus my last—remorseful sigh ;
 “ But Oh ! ’tis dread—when memory displays
 “ The guilt-stain’d retrospect of vanish’d days !
 “ The secret—selfish joy—which hail’d the blow,
 “ That laid ERNESTO’S prosperous fortunes low ;
 “ Sever’d those hands—whose glowing hearts were
 join’d,
 “ The sacred union of the kindred mind.—
 “ Heaven re-unites them!—and the wretch removes,
 “ That impious rose between their plighted loves ;
 “ Who not content to blast their sweet increase,
 “ And arm—EUGENIO’S virtue—’gainst his peace,
 “ Added”—But now, from feebleness, or shame,
 A deadly faintness sickens through her frame.
 Reviving shortly—“ I would fain,” she cries,
 “ Ere everlasting darkness close these eyes,
 “ Intreat of that kind spirit—sweet, and mild,
 “ Its future—generous goodness—to my child.
 “ Love her, LOUISA—love her—I implore,
 “ When lost EMIRA—wounds thy peace no more !
 “ Oh ! gently foster in her opening youth,
 “ The seeds of virtue—honour—faith—and truth,

“ For thy EUGENIO’s sake !—who gave her birth,
 “ And gave—I trust—the temper of his worth !
 “ And when—on his lov’d knees—my infant climbs,
 “ Adjure him—to forget her mother’s crimes !
 “ I know thou wilt !—I feel thy heart expand,
 “ In the dear pressure—of that gentle hand.
 “ O ye wrong’d pair ! in the last awful morn,
 “ When my stain’d soul at the eternal bourn
 “ Shall trembling stand—her final doom to hear,
 “ She less shall dread—to meet the injur’d there !
 “ Congenial mercy—she may hope to prove,
 “ From the offended powers—of truth—and love !”

While yet these interrupted accents hung,
 Faint on the rigid lip, and faltering tongue,
 The stiffening spasm, the suffocating breath,
 Gave dread presage of near approaching death.—
 Now roll the eyes in fierce and restless gaze !
 Now on their wildness steals the ghastly glaze !
 Till o’er her form the shadowy horrors spread
 The dim suffusion that involves the DEAD.
 Thus wealth, and rank, and all their gorgeous train,
 The proud that madden, and ensnare the vain ;
 Youth’s frolic grace, and beauty’s radiant bloom,
 Sink, in the dreary silence of the tomb ;
 But oh ! rejoice with me, that hope’s blest beam
 Threw o’er the dark abyss one trembling gleam !

For thy LOUISA—Words can ill impart
 How dear the comforts eddying round her heart !
 How soft the joy, by sorrow's shading hand
 Touch'd into charms more exquisitely bland !
 Or paint EUGENIO's transports as they rise,
 More sweet for generous pity's mingled sighs ;
 Sweet above all, from the exulting pride
 Of self-approving virtue, strongly tried.
 Applauding Conscience, yes ! to thee 'tis given,
 To inspire a joy, that antedates our heaven !

Thus, on Moria's consecrated height,
 Flow'd the obedient patriarch's fond delight,
 When o'er the filial breast, his faith to seal,
 On high had gleam'd the sacrificing steel ;
 Thus flow'd, when at the voice, divinely mild,
 His raptur'd hands unbound his only child !

O come, my EMMA !—yet thou ne'er hast seen
 Embodied virtue in EUGENIO's mien ;
 Grace, grandeur, truth, and tenderness combin'd,
 The liberal effluence of the polish'd mind !
 And for more generous pleasures than we prove,
 The bliss surveying of the friends we love,
 Sure we must wait, till angels shall impart
 Their own perfection to the expanded heart !

Haste then to share our blessings, as they glow
Through the receding shades of heaviest woe !—
As spring's fair morn, with calm, and dewy light,
Breaks through the weary, long, and stormy night,
So now, as through the vale of life we stray,
The STAR of JOY relumes, and leads us on our
way !

SONG OF ROXANA.*

A PERSIAN POEM.

WHEN, to thy own Roxana's arms,
 Wilt thou, my lovely lord, return?
 When on thy blaze of youthful charms
 Shall these desiring glances turn?
 Anxious I wait thee in the spicy grove;—
 My eye-balls ache with watching for my love.

* This, and the ensuing and very superior poem, the Song of Zillia, are from the under-written prose translations, of strains, sung by dancing nymphs in Persia, at the Grand Vizier's feast, at which a gentleman was present, who made these prose translations.

SONG OF ROXANA,

A NAME SIGNIFYING SPLENDOUR.

I.

“ When, O my beloved Lord, will thou return? My heart's
 “ idol, my soul's treasure! when wilt thou return to bless the
 “ eyes of thy Roxana?—In vain do I look for thee—my eye-
 “ lids ache in watching for thy approach.

The sofa, for my lord's repose,
 Is scattered o'er with jess'mine wreaths;
 There every flower, that Persia knows,
 Voluptuous odour breathes;
 While in full drops descend the roseate oils,
 Press'd from the glowing Orient's ripen'd spoils.

Light on my couch the virgins shed
 Zest, from the rich Latura drawn;
 And all in soft profusion spread,
 Embath'd in sweets, the snowy lawn.
 Haste then, O haste, to glad these longing eyes,
 Pride of my life, and transport of my joys!

II.

"The sofa for my beloved is dressed with garlands of jessamine. I have strewed it with the beauties of my garden, and perfumed it with the oil of roses.

III.

"My chamber is scented with the rich essence of the Latura. Hasten then, my beloved!—every thing is prepared for thy reception. Gladden the heart of thine handmaid by thy presence, thou first of her joys, chief happiness of her soul!"

THE

SONG OF ZILLIA.

LAMP of thy tender Zillia's vital day,
 Throb of her heart, her first, her only love,
 Incessant as her steps disorder'd stray
 Along the vacant,—silent,—lonely grove,
 Once the selected of thy beauteous train,
 Calls her far wandering Lord, but calls in vain!

Ah, my loved SULTAN! often hast thou bound
 Golconda's diamonds on my youthful brow!
 But dim the plum'd and jewel'd turban found
 In faded eyes, that weep a broken vow.
 Lost is the gem, that shames Peruvia's store,
 Thy heart, my Lord—restore it!—O, restore!

THE SONG OF ZILLIA.

“O! thou lamp of my life, my first, my only love, in vain
 do I now call upon thee. Thou art afar off, and hearest not
 the voice of thy Zillia,—once the most favoured of thy Se-
 raglio.”

Ye robes of Irva, ye embroider'd veils,
 Gifts of my Lord, this hapless breast that bind,
 Ah! when the piercing dart of grief assails,
 Can ye defend my love-devoted mind?
 From suns ye screen, or when chill dews prevail,
 Not from love's fire, or absence' icy gale.

Ye gilded palaces, ye marble cells,
 In which the tepid fountain sleeps serene,
 Ye bowers of roses, where the night-bird tells
 His amorous story to the floral queen,
 Ah! what avail ye? powerless to atone
 The heart estrang'd, that once was all my own!

These gay pavilions, these odorous bowers,
 So long the joy of thy distinguish'd maid!
 They charm no more;—no more, with tempting
 powers,
 Pomegranates redden through their leafy shade;

“Shawls of Cassimir, and robes of Irva, were presents from
 “my Lord—such gay attire has no charms for Zillia—They
 “cannot make her happier.

“Thy palaces, thy baths, and thy gardens, afford me no
 “pleasure—Take them back—they no longer delight me.

“The mango and pomegranate tempt me in vain—for the
 “fragrance of flowers, and odours of spices, or the songs of
 “minstrels, I have no relish.

“But return, O my Lord, to thine handmaid!—come back
 “to her arms!—restore to her thy heart, and every pleasure
 “will be renewed—she will be the happiest of women.

Unheard the minstrel trills the liquid strain,
And Persia lights her fragrant gums in vain.

But let my Sultan seek these longing arms,
His eyes shall give my darkened gems to shine ;
These gay retreats assume their wonted charms,
And all the bliss of vanish'd days be mine.
Blest, above women, shall the fair-one prove,
Who twines for him the purple wreaths of love !

EASTERN ODE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE PROSE OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.*

HARK, the sweet Nightingale ! how soft she hails
 The blooming season, and its balmy gales !
 Wild floats her song amid expanding bowers,
 And the young almond sheds the silver flowers.
 Then let us all be happy while we may,
 For soon the inspiring spring shall pass away !

* "Thou hearest the song of the nightingale, that the vernal season approaches. Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove, and the almond sheds her silver blossoms. Be cheerful, be full of mirth, for the spring passeth away, it will not last.

"The groves and hills are covered with all sort of flowers. A pavilion of roses, the seat of Pleasure, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us shall be alive when the season ends ? Be cheerful, be full of mirth, for the spring passeth away, it will not last.

"The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed. Amongst the plants, the fortunate tulips represent their

A thousand florets deck each hill and grove,
 And the rose flaunts in pleasure's gay alcove.
 Ah ! ere pale Winter, paler fate may breathe
 The deadly gale, that blasts our vital wreath !
 Hope not, while youth and health their treasures
 bring,
 Life's rapid hours will pause upon their wing !

The light of Beauty glitters round the bowers,
 For lovely as my Ahmed, shine the flowers ;
 Each varied tulip emulates my fair,
 Her glowing cheek, dark eye, and golden hair.
 Soon, like their hues, her beauties must decay ;
 We live to love, in youth's resplendent day !

" companion. Come, O people of Mahomed, this is the season
 " of merriment ! Be cheerful, &c.

" Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the
 " water of a bright scymitar. The dew drops fall through the
 " air on gardens of roses—Listen to me—listen to me, if thou
 " desirest to be delighted ! Be cheerful, &c.

" The roses and lilies are like the cheeks of beautiful maids,
 " in whose ears pearls hang, like drops of dew. Deceive not
 " thyself with thinking that these charms will have a long du-
 " ration. Be cheerful, &c.

" Tulips, roses, and anemonies appear in the garden. The
 " showers and sun-beams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks
 " with the colour of blood. Spend the day agreeably with
 " thy friend !

Again the dews, from leaves of lilies, glance,
 Bright as the watry polish of the lance.
 Their moisture soft the clust'ring roses share,
 It falls, from floating clouds, through balmy air.
 Hear me ! O hear me, if ye mean to prove
 In youth's short hours, the joys of Spring, and Love !

Gay are the flowers, as Persia's nymphs appear
 When the pearl trembles in the fair-one's ear.
 They, like the form they emulate, array'd,
 Shine but to wane, and blossom but to fade.
 Too fair to last, expect their swift decay,
 And taste the transient sweetness while you may !

" The time is past when the plants were sick, and the rose-
 " bud hung its drooping head on its bosom. The season is
 " come, in which the rocks and mountains are covered with
 " tulips. Be cheerful, &c.

" Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden.
 " The breath of the gales is full of Tartarian musk—Be not
 " neglectful of thy duty, through too great love of the world !

" The sweetness of the bowers have made the air so fra-
 " grant, that the dew is changed into rose-water. The sky
 " spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be
 " cheerful, &c.

" Whoever thou art, know, that the black gusts of the Au-
 " tumn had seized the garden—but the king of the world ap-
 " pears, dispensing pleasure to all. In his reign the happy
 " cup-bearer desired, and obtains the flowing wine. Be
 " cheerful, &c.

Their beauteous orbs anemonies disclose,
 Gay tulips flourish, and the splendid rose.
 Like spears, at times, the sun-beams pierce the rains,
 Tinging the weltering bank with sanguine stains.
 This day, while fast those vernal showers descend,
 Allot to Wisdom, Fancy, and thy friend !

Past is the time, the wintry days are fled
 When the dim rose-bud hung its shrivell'd head ;
 The time is come when rocks are crown'd with flowers,
 And the wild mountains vie with cultur'd bowers.
 Glad let us be since e'en rude rocks are gay,
 And wear the gaudy wreaths of Love and May.

Now her moist gems the early morning throws
 In the fresh bosom of the opening rose.

“ By these strains I hope to celebrate this delightful valley.
 “ May they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them
 “ of this assembly, and of those fair maids. Be cheerful, be
 “ full of mirth, for the spring passeth away, it will not last.”

1. 3. *Like spears*—This simile, in the original, of the sun-beams darting through the rains, and tinging the wet banks with the colour of blood, to *sharp lancets* ; and the preceding one, of dew upon lilies, to the watry lustre of polished steel, are each peculiarly in the spirit of the oriental poets, whose comparisons are bold and sublime, but rather broad and general, than answering at all points ; yet not the less beautiful for such want of precision. Surprise, to find these two characteristic similes omitted in Sir W. Jones' versification of this ode, induced the author of these poems to give the above translation.

Shall avarice draw thee from our blooming vales
 Whose musky perfumes linger on the gales ?
 What groveling cares do heaps of gold create !
 Let love and beauty rule our softer fate !

Thy garden sweets as high the light winds drew,
 They chang'd to rose-water the falling dew.
 The gilded clouds a rich pavilion form,
 Without the sable spot, that threatens the storm ;
 Then shall our temples one dim shade display ?
 Ye sunny smiles, adorn them while ye may !

Late round the bowers the winds of Autumn mourn'd,
 But soon, and bright, the solar Lord return'd.
 Of him the cup-bearer desir'd the vine,
 And flows, from purple orbs, the rosy wine !
 Free bleed the grapes, and freely flows my song,
 That gaily tells what joys to youth belong !

O ! live my song, that future years may hail
 These charming maids, and this enchanting vale !
 The charming maids have listen'd to my lays,
 And sure the verse will live, they deign to praise !
 Since though it tells how short the vernal day,
 It bids us live to pleasure while we may.

DAPHNE'S COYNESS

ACCOUNTED FOR.*

O! stay, lovely Nymph, while you hear who 'tis
 woos ye,
 That the blithe god of wit, and of music, pursues ye,
 Arrest thy fleet foot, that hastes wildly along,
 Nor fly from the Lord of Verse, Physic, and Song!

At that dreadful word, Physic, she doubles her speed,
 She springs through the thicket, she bounds o'er
 the mead,
 For when fancy should paint a warm youth to have
 kiss'd her,
 It presented, O, horrid! a bolus, and blister!
 So, at length, to escape from the Doctor's advances,
 She commits her soft beauties to roots, and to branches.

* Fontenelle observes that Daphne fled from Apollo lest he should give her physic—The author formed her bagatelle upon that hint.

Dull God !—had'st thou boasted, to vanquish her
 scorn,
 Of thy locks hyacinthine, that burnish the morn,
 Of the grace of those limbs, that can curb thy fierce
 horses,
 And firm thro' the Zodiac direct their rash courses;
 Hadst thou urg'd her to turn, and to gaze on those
 eyes,
 The blessing of earth, and the boast of the skies,
 Talk'd less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
 Would the nymph have preferr'd a cold tree to thy
 arms ?
 No, no ! 'twas the thought, and the dread of a potion,
 Which made her, thus oddly, renounce loco-motion.
 Ah ! ne'er, but for that, had the coy tree of fame
 Stood, trembling and silent, by Arethuse' stream;
 And the Bards, who have gain'd by this amorous
 quarrel,
 Might have worn the dull bays, but had miss'd the
 bright laurel.

VERSES

TO

MR. HAYLEY,

CONCERNING UNPUBLISHED REMAINS OF OSSIAN.*

Here are verses that greet you in strange motley dress,
Gay Boothby's arch fragment ek'd out by A. S.

" SWEET Bard of these times, whose poems are verse,
" No fragment have I of Gallic, or Erse,
" Of old Ossian's old raiment if more we must see,
" Not a rag of his cloak e'er descended to me ;

* Mr Hayley had heard that Mr Boothby (since, Sir Brooke Boothby) was in possession of such morceaus, and applied to him on the subject. The above lines were written extempore after supper, by Sir Brooke, and the author of this *Miscellany*, about the year 1784.

“ And, if I durst say so, I dont much repine,
 “ For these Epics in prose are no favourites of mine;
 “ ’Tis the sun, who obscur’d in a mist, dimly gleams,
 “ Depriv’d of his ardour, and shorn of his beams;
 “ ’Tis the glimmering twilight, where all is confus’d,
 “ And the uncertain sight with vain phantoms abus’d;
 “ ’Tis”—Yes, I’ll tell you what ’tis, gentle Sir, on
 my word,

It is effrontery matchless, and worse than absurd,
 When on crack’d bells of wit your few changes you
 ring all,
 When pigmies, like you, dare attack GIANT FINGAL.

Immers’d in Low Latin, High German, and Dutch,
 On the claims of the Poet how dar’d you to touch?
 And to write too in rhyme your impertinent letter!
 Pity those who judge others dont know themselves
 better!

Pray, Sir, when you call on your elegant muse,
 Is it Danish, or Swedish, or Polish, you use?
 Hedwigia, Rotbollio, Bauxbamia, Serckæa,
 Wackendorffia, Zuzygium, Schwalbea, Zægæa?

1. 11. *Immers’d in low latin*—Sir Brooke Boothby, then Mr Boothby, had been recently engaged in translating Linnæus, whose herbal titles are often promiscuously taken from the generally harsh names of the Continental professors.

1. 17. *Hedwigia, &c.*—Plants called after Dutch and German botanists.

Such horrible jargon the Muses would drive all,
 As the smell of the fish did Tobit's black rival :
 Yet that was a simile vended in haste,
 For 'tis thou art the fiend on the bride-bed of Taste,
 And ne'er shall that virgin an happy wife be,
 Till Genius, her bridegroom, shall drive away thee.
 To consummate their loves in the temple of Fame,
 That bridegroom, from Scotia's bleak scenery, came;
 Strong in youth, though four centuries o'er him had
 roll'd,

For Genius poetic can never grow old :
 Rich in beauty, tho' sombre the hue of each grace,
 For the sweetness is shaded that smiles on his face ;
 His harp the free hand of Sublimity strung,
 And Pathos distill'd all her balm on his tongue ;
 Mighty Nature his pencil so exquisite made,
 That it softens each light, as it mellows each shade ;
 Brings the object so full and distinct on the eye,
 As shines the green vale, or as darkens the sky,
 That rapt we can suffer no thought intervene,
 But stand in the desert, and view the lone scene.
 Heretic decisions thus bronzing thy brow,
 Assuredly, Boothby, the demon art thou ;
 The dose Asmodean I long to see given,
 Till from chamber poetic thou fairly art driven ;
 So for OSSIAN's high claim, when you, demon-like,
 mock it,
 May a shoal of rank herrings be stuff'd in your pocket !

WRITTEN

IN AUTUMN, 1784, AFTER A VISIT TO COLTON,

THE SEAT OF WILLIAM GILBERT, ESQ.

IN STAFFORDSHIRE.



SWEET were the joys, that o'er my spirit flow'd
 In kind and generous GILBERT's blest abode ;
 From Nature, and from him, the calm retreat
 Boasts all that joins the lovely, and the great.
 Charm'd from the track, which winds the mountain's
 brow,

Peering so proudly on a world below,
 I mark'd the circling heights, that bare, and pale,
 Zone the rich bosom of his sylvan vale ;
 Where darksome woods rise murmuring to the gales,
 Robe the near hills, and sink into the dales ;
 With pomp theatric many a mountain crown,
 And screen the bulging rock's terrific frown.
 How soft, around their sombrous basis drawn,
 Shines the green bosom of the sloping lawn !

While, 'mid their dusky labyrinths widely spread,
 Swells the illumin'd bosom of the mead ;
 And, skirting its light edge in waving rows,
 Ting'd with autumnal gold, the umbrage flows.

What wizard dells ! how tangled, dark, and steep !
 Down whose rough sides the foaming waters leap,
 And with meand'ring course, and tuneful wail,
 Run silvering onward through the gloomy dale !
 How smooth those cliffs, that meet the noon-tide ray,
 Rounding in gilt convexity away !
 How clear the lake, that on the green hill sleeps !
 How full the shrubs, that fringe its crystal deeps !
 Whose Dryads o'er the liquid mirror lean,
 Braid their light locks, and view their graceful mien.

Still, as, supported by his arm, I stray'd,
 Climb'd the bold hill, or trac'd the silent glade,
 Listening I heard his honour'd lips explain
 The laws there given to Nature's lavish reign ;
 The just restraints, that chasten'd wanton art,
 And prov'd his taste ingenuous as his heart.

But GILBERT's virtues claim an holier meed
 Than praises warbled from the doric reed ;
 Since not alone with beauty's robe he veils
 The sterile rocks, and drains the marshy dales,

His cares the desert wilds of life explore,
 He lives the friend, and guardian of the poor ;
 Seeks, with unwearied aim, their lasting weal,
 Their kind warm shelter, and their wholesome meal.
 Deep in the lone recesses of the wood,
 As leaning, late in pensive mood, he stood,
 He mark'd the brook, descending from on high,
 In one straight channel tire the earnest eye,
 And, in the thirst for scenic beauty, sigh'd
 To see its course in numerous streams divide.

High on its brow the rock's stern Genius stood,
 And struck the crag, that beetled o'er the flood,
 It falls !—huge fragments thunder on the waves!
 The startled stream in many a current raves ;
 Throws her white foam amid the darkling glades,
 And rapid flashes through entangled shades.
 Thus, at benignant Gilbert's wish to expand
 The streams of Charity with skilful hand,
 May giant Power suspend each ruthless claim,
 Revere his virtue, and assist its aim ;

1. 1. *His cares*—Alluding to his benevolent efforts in the senate, for the better regulation of the Poor's laws.

1. 11. *High on its brow*—The accidental fall of part of a rock, in one of the Colton glens, anticipated Mr Gilbert's design of dividing the straight channel of a stream, which fell down the declivity, by throwing into it stony fragments.

Strike Law's stern rock, till falling statutes force
The tides of bounty into happier course !
With me not only shall remain the trace
Of his lov'd Colton's bold, romantic grace,
But of each rational and pure delight,
That cheer'd its walls with intellectual light ;
Those smiles, awakening with resistless power,
The quick affections of the social hour,
Beam'd from her looks, who bounds his joys on earth,
Choice of his heart, and partner of his worth !

COLEBROOK DALE.

SCENE of superfluous grace, and wasted bloom,
O, violated COLEBROOK ! in an hour,
To beauty unpropitious and to song,
The Genius of thy shades, by Plutus brib'd,
Amid thy grassy lanes, thy woodwild glens,
Thy knolls and bubbling wells, thy rocks, and streams,
Slumbers !—while tribes fuliginous invade
The soft, romantic, consecrated scenes ;
Haunt of the wood-nymph, who with airy step,
In times long vanish'd, through thy pathless groves
Rang'd ;—while the pearly-wristed Naiads lean'd,
Braiding their light locks o'er thy crystal flood,
Shadowy and smooth. What, though to vulgar eye
Invisible, yet oft the lucid gaze
Of the rapt Bard, in every dell and glade
Beheld them wander ;—saw, from the clear wave
Emerging, all the watry sisters rise,
Weaving the aqueous lily, and the flag,

In wreaths fantastic, for the tresses bright
 Of amber-hair'd SABRINA.—Now we view
 Their fresh, their fragrant, and their silent reign
 Usurpt by Cyclops ;—hear, in mingled tones,
 Shout their throng'd barge, their pond'rous engines
 clang

Through thy coy dales; while red the countless fires,
 With umber'd flames, bicker on all thy hills,
 Dark'ning the Summer's sun with columns large
 Of thick, sulphureous smoke, which spread, like palls,
 That screen the dead, upon the sylvan robe
 Of thy aspiring rocks ; pollute thy gales,
 And stain thy glassy waters.—See, in troops,
 The dusk artificers, with brazen throats,
 Swarm on thy cliffs, and clamour in thy glens,
 Steepy and wild, ill suited to such guests.

Ah ! what avails it to the poet's sense,
 That the large stores of thy metallic veins
 Gleam over Europe ; transatlantic shores
 Illumine wide ;—are chang'd in either Ind
 For all they boast, hot Ceylon's breathing spice ;
 Peruvian gums ; Brazilia's golden ore ;
 And odorous gums, which Persia's white-rob'd seer,

1. 7. *Umber'd flames*—“ Each battle sees the other's *umber'd* face.”—SHAKESPEARE.

With warbled orisons, on Ganges' brink,
 Kindles, when first his MITHRA's living ray
 Purples the Orient.—Ah ! the traffic rich,
 With equal 'vantage, might Britannia send
 From regions better suited to such aims,
 Than from her Colebrook's muse-devoted vales,
 To far resounding BIRMINGHAM, the boast,
 The growing LONDON of the MÆRCIAN realm ;
 Thence to be wafted o'er our subject seas
 To every port;—yes, from that town, the mart
 Of rich inventive Commerce. Science there
 Leads her enlighten'd sons, to guide the hand
 Of the prompt artist, and with great design
 Plan the vast engine, whose extended arms,
 Heavy and huge, on the soft-seeming breath
 Of the hot steam, rise slowly;—till, by cold
 Condens'd, it leaves them soon, with clanging roar,
 Down, down, to fall precipitant. Nor yet
 Her fam'd Triumvirate, in every land
 Known and rever'd, not they the only boast,
 Of this our second London ; the rapt sage,
 Who trac'd the viewless Aura's subtle breath

l. 19. *Fam'd Triumvirate*—Messrs. Bolton, Watt, and Kier.

l. 21. *Rapt Sage*—Doctor Priestley, then residing at Birmingham, and the event wholly unforeseen, which drove him thence in the year 1791, with so much loss of property, and

Through all its various powers, there bending feeds
 The lamp of Science with the richest oils
 Which the arch-chemist, Genius, knows to draw
 From Nature's stores, or latent, or reveal'd.

While neighbouring cities waste the fleeting hours,
 Careless of art and knowledge, and the smile
 Of every Muse, expanding BIRMINGHAM,
 Illum'd by intellect, as gay in wealth,
 Commands her aye-accumulating walls,
 From month to month, to climb the adjacent hills ;
 Creep on the circling plains, now here, now there,
 Divergent—change the hedges, thickets, trees,
 Upturn'd, disrooted, into mortar'd piles,
 The street elongate, and the statelier square.

So, with intent transmutant, Chemists bruise
 The shrinking leaves and flowers, whose steams saline,
 Congealing swift on the recipient's sides,
 Shoot into crystals ;—and the night-frost thus
 Insidious creeping on the watry plain,
 Wave after wave incrusts, till liquid change
 To solid, and support the volant foot.

induced him to quit his native country. It is to be regretted that he drew upon himself the hatred of the hierarchy, and the fury of the populace, by quitting his philosophic studies for the thorny paths of schismatic controversy, and republican politics.

Warn'd by the Muse, if Birmingham should draw,
 In future years, from more congenial climes
 Her massy ore, her labouring sons recall,
 And sylvan Colebrook's winding vales restore
 To beauty and to song, content to draw
 From unpoetic scenes her rattling stores,
 Massy and dun ; if, thence supplied, she fail,
 Britain, to glut thy rage commercial, see
 Grim WOLVERHAMPTON lights her smouldering fires,
 And SHEFFIELD, smoke-involv'd ; dim where she
 stands

Circled by lofty mountains, which condense
 Her dark and spiral wreaths to drizzling rains,
 Frequent and sullied ; as the neighbouring hills
 Ope their deep veins, and feed her cavern'd flames ;
 While, to her dusky sister, Ketley yields,
 From her long-desolate, and livid breast,
 The ponderous metal. No aerial forms
 On Sheffield's arid moor, or Ketley's heath,
 E'er wove the floral crowns, or smiling stretch'd
 The shelly scepter ;—there no Poet rov'd
 To catch bright inspirations. Blush, ah, blush,

l. 15. *Dusky sister*—Wolverhampton has the greatest part of her iron from Ketley, a dreary and barren wold in her vicinity.

l. 18. *Arid moor*—The East-moor, near Sheffield, which is dreary, though the rest of the country surrounding that town, is very fine.

Thou venal Genius of these outraged groves,
 And thy apostate head with thy soil'd wings
 Veil!—who hast thus thy beauteous charge resign'd
 To habitants ill-suited; hast allow'd
 Their rattling forges, and their hammer's din,
 And hoarse, rude throats, to fright the gentle train,
 Dryads, and fair hair'd Naiades;—the song,
 Once loud as sweet, of the wild woodland choir
 To silence;—disenchant the poet's spell,
 And to a gloomy Erebus transform
 The destined rival of Tempean vales.

1. 7. *Fair-hair'd Naiades*—In Milton's *Comus* we find the plural of Naiad made three syllables, thus

“Amid the flowery kirtled Naiades.”

And the old pastoral poet, Browne, so pluralizes the word Nereid, thus

“Call to a dance the fair Nereides.”

INDEPENDENT INDUSTRY TRUE VIRTUE.

ADDRESSED TO

MR WILLIAM NEWTON,

WITH THE AUTHOR'S FORMER PUBLICATIONS.*

THOU gentle Bard, on whose internal sight
 Genius has pour'd her many-coloured light;
 With whom the loveliest of the Virtues dwell,
 Waving their halcyon plumes around thy cell,

* William Newton's father was a carpenter in the Peak of Derbyshire, with a large family. He was too ignorant to give his son any literary advantages, and too indigent to procure them for him. A dame-school, where a little writing was taught, formed the boundary of our minstrel's education. He worked at his father's trade, and early became so ingenious, skilful, and industrious, as to be employed by a few families of consequence in the neighbourhood. On those occasions, it has been said, he used to examine books, accidentally left in the apartments where he worked. They awakened into sensibility and expansion the internal fires of his spirit. Every species of fine writing engaged his attention, but poetry en-

Though fortune, blind to merit, fail to throw
 One gaudy trophy on thy pensive brow,
 Conscious of worth, thy high, and free-born soul
 Disdains to court her insolent controul.

chanted him. From that period all the earning of his mechanic industry, which he could prudently spare, were expended in purchasing books.

Mr Cunninghame, an ingenious and lettered clergyman in the Peak, accidentally discovered this flower of the desert. A reserved disposition, modest and unobtrusive, had over his talents cast a veil, which few had capacity to pierce. Newton was employed, not only to execute, but to construct machines for the Derbyshire cotton-mills, and he had been previously retained as one of the master-workmen in the Duke of Devonshire's splendid buildings at Buxton. Early in life he married a woman of his own rank, and is known to be a kind husband, a tender father, and, in all respects, a worthy man.

When the author was with her father at his living in the Peak, in the summer 1783, Mr Cunninghame told her, that Newton had a considerable number of well-chosen books, religious, philosophic, historic, and poetic. It was then that Mr C—, first introduced him to her, as the minstrel of her native mountains. Mr Newton is not ill looking, but has nothing in his appearance beyond the decent and the clean, till conversation on ingenious subjects lights up his countenance. When the first embarrassments were past, which arose from a modest consciousness that he had not the manners of polished life, he conversed, though in the accent of his country, on various themes, with perspicuity and taste, and in perfectly good language; upon the books he had read, the striking scenery of the few countries he had seen, and the nature of his own des-

Though yet proud fame no sunny glance has shed
 On the low roof, that screens thy modest head,
 The same exalted spirit scorns to wail
 Her echoes silent in thy lonely vale.

tiny, perceptions, and acquirements. The ease and elegance of his epistolary style are most extraordinary, his birth and uneducated youth considered.—The following are extracts from a letter of thanks, which the author received from him on being presented with the compositions she had sent into the world.

“ All that your pensive, your lonely friend can return for
 “ this unmerited kindness, are the warm effusions of a grateful
 “ heart. My walk along the vale of life, has not been through
 “ a wilderness of sweets. Your having scattered in my path
 “ flowers of so agreeable an odour, culled from the bowers of
 “ the muses, will lighten, in many an irksome hour, the weight
 “ of manual labour. Since I received this testimony of your
 “ regard, hope and joy have aided the hands of the mechanic.
 “ Sublime and beautiful objects, which I used to view with
 “ melancholy languor, have now acquired the most animating
 “ charms in my sight. As a warm sun-beam dispels the heavy
 “ dews, and raises the head of the drooping field-flower, so has
 “ your kind attention dispersed the clouds, which were cast
 “ about me by adverse fortune. I have lately added to my
 “ little collection of poetry, the works of that sublime bard,
 “ and learned and ingenious critic, Mr Hayley ; and I now
 “ live in the midst of charming Monsaldale, whose graces you
 “ have so faithfully described in the poem, which you have
 “ been so good to address to me. Last week Mr Cunninghame
 “ found me in this lovely valley, surrounded by wheels, springs,
 “ and other mechanical implements. To his imagination they
 “ appeared as the effect of magic, and he called me Prospero.”

Yet, while one votary of the Muses blames
 The unjust neglect of those capricious dames,
 O! may she stimulate that noble pride,
 Which rather seeks in humblest roof to hide

To have found, in the compositions of a laborious villager, some bright sparks of native genius, amid the dross of prosaic vulgarity, had been pleasing, though perhaps not wonderful; but the elegance and harmony of Newton's writings, both in prose and verse, are miraculous, when it is remembered that till Mr Cunninghame distinguished him, he had associated only with the unlettered vulgar.

Monsaldale is the loveliest of the Derbyshire vallies. If its features are less sublime than those of Dovedale, they are more soft and smiling, and not less picturesque. Strange that Monsaldale should seldom be included in the chart traced out for the curious, who mean to explore the wonders, and the beauties of Derbyshire!

The following stanzas are extracted from a poem, written by Newton, and addressed to the author of this miscellany. They were composed during the dangerous walk, which his business obliged him to take through the severe winter 1785, between the little town of Tideswell, where his family resided, and Monsaldale, where he was employed in the cotton-mills. He took this walk every morning, before the day broke, and every evening after it had closed, over the bleak and mountainous tracts of Tideswell Moor, always covered with snow when the winters are rigid.

“ Scarce through the sod my cot aspires,
 “ Scarce shelter'd from the weltering storm,
 “ Yet here the muses ring their lyres,
 “ When pealing rains the night deform.

Talents, which Nature's bounty lavish gave,
 Than, courting Fortune's smile, commence her slave;
 Than climb Parnassus' steep and dangerous ways,
 Than drop the rose of Peace to grasp the bays.

" Far from that cot, each social friend,
 " And every dear, domestic tie,
 " My pensive hours I'm doom'd to spend,
 " And oft to heave the bitter sigh,

" For me pale Slander taints the gale,
 " Suspicion spreads her murky snares,
 " Disease's dreaded shaft assails,
 " And her dark chalice Hate prepares.

" Lurking beneath a fair disguise,
 " Her zone with daggers planted round,
 " Ingratitude, with changing eyes,
 " Strives Sensibility to wound.

" Ye Sister Nine, again inspire
 " The joys my better moments knew,
 " When fairy Hope, and young Desire,
 " On light wing, round my temples flew.

" Yet here, on Tideswell's wintry moor,
 " While drifted snows my steps ensnare,
 " And through the night the tempests roar,
 " And fiercely whirl my frozen hair ;

" As, straggling, towards my home I wend,
 " Sweet fancy cheers the dreary way,
 " On my chill'd heart her fires descend,
 " Bright as the star that leads the day ;

Thy quiet steps my fancy loves to trace
 Through walks of savage, or of gentle grace ;
 And, pleas'd, she finds the scenes, that gave thee
 birth,
 Types of thy lot, thy talents, and thy worth.

As conscious Memory, with reverted glance,
 Roves the long-known and mountainous expanse,
 At once her pencil's faithful traits restore
 The windy tracts of Tideswell's naked moor ;
 Stretch'd on vast hills, that in wide range prevail,
 Bleak, stony, bare, monotonous, and pale.
 Far on the waste, in noon-tide's sultry rays,
 The frequent lime-kiln flings the umber'd blaze.
 Its suffocating smoke incessant breathes,
 Shrouding the sun in black convolving wreaths ;

" And, basking in her cordial beams,
 " The foster'd JULIA's form appears ;
 " The Goddess deck'd her tuneful themes,
 " Soft warbling through revolving years.

" Me Julia's friendship cheers each morn ;
 " Truth whispers it shall ever last ;
 " Then let me present evils scorn,
 " And bravely triumph o'er the past !"

1. 6. *Long-known*—Near the author's native village, Eyam,
 in Derbyshire.

And oft, with sullied ashes heapt around,
 Sinks the dark mine, and blots the pallid ground.
 In vain warm Spring demands her mantle green,
 No sheltering hedges vivify the scene ;
 O'er its grey breast no undulating trees
 Wave their bright foliage to the lively breeze,
 But from the moor the rude, stone walls disjoin,
 With angle sharp, and long unvarying line,
 Each cheerless field, where, slowly wandering, feed
 The lonely cow, and melancholy steed ;
 Expos'd abide the Summer's sultry breath,
 And wintry storm, that yells along the heath.

At length benigner mountains meet our eyes,
 Whose shrubby heights, in rounder grace, arise ;
 And, from their first steep summit, pleas'd we throw
 Our eager glances on the depths below,
 As sinks abrupt the sylvan Monsaldale
 From the fierce sun-beam, and the howling gale.

Behold, in front, the lucid river spread
 The bankless waters o'er the sunny mead ;
 As of his broad, and sheety shallows proud,
 Shine, the clear mirrour of the passing cloud ;
 Then, to the left, along the valley glide,
 With soft meander, and in narrower tide,
 Through banks, where thick the spreading alders grow,
 And glassy waves reflect each pendent bough.

Refreshing sweets the breathing hay-cocks yield,
 Richly that tuft the long and narrow field,
 As graceful, to the right, it curves away
 Round the green cliffs, with scatter'd ash-trees gay.
 Cliffs, whose smooth breast, above the shadow'd stream,
 Swells to the sun, and yellows in his beam ;
 While on the opposing shore dwarf foliage hides,
 Sombrous and soft, the mountain's lofty sides,
 Throwing its latest fringe upon the flood
 That laves the concave of the shrubby wood,
 Till down low rocks, disparted, moss'd, and steep,
 In broken streams the frothing waters leap,
 Then through the mazes of the rambling dale
 Silent they lapse, or rush with tuneful wail.

The self-taught Edwin, in his lowly state,
 Feels this sweet glen an emblem of his fate ;
 For as it stands, in beauty rich and rare,
 By wild hills neighbour'd, healthy, bleak, and bare,
 So, midst unletter'd hinds, as rude as those,
 He, pensive Minstrel of the mountains, rose ;
 Who, like devoted Chatterton, was born
 In Nature's triumph and in Fortune's scorn,
 With kindred talents, but with happier mind,
 By prudence guarded, as by taste refined ;

1. 4. *Ash-trees gay*—The red and varied leaf of the mountain-ash justifies the epithet *gay*.

Whom Industry preserves from woes severe,
 Which ill the noble spirit knows to bear ;
 Saves from those pains that Wealth's mean sons
 deride,
 Dependent hopes, and heart-corroding pride,
 When, for wish'd amity, and ow'd respect,
 It meets the chilling scorn of base neglect;
 The stingy patron's contumelious aid,
 The taunt of Envy, studious to upbraid,
 All, all the ills, by which the proud are known
 To crush the talents, that eclipse their own.

Be thine the mercies, EDWIN, which reward
 E'en manual labour to the enlighten'd Bard,
 Energetic health ; and, in rare union join'd,
 The melting heart, and philosophic mind !
 Genius is thine ;—before his solar state,
 O ! fly ye mists of inauspicious fate !
 His are the floods of cloudless day, that show
 The charms that Nature, Knowledge, Art bestow.
 Has he not given thee wealth, which shames the toys
 Fortune bestows, and vanity enjoys ?
 Toys of the groveling soul, empower'd to seize
 On the soft splendours of luxurious ease ;
 Whom yet, with scorn, discerning eyes behold
 Pleas'd with life's tinsel, reckless of its gold ;
 Gold, richer far than paves Golconda's mine,
 The genuine wealth of intellect divine,

That buys, disdaining Fortune's bounded plain,
Creative Mind's illimitable reign.

And if, in that vast range, my Muse's powers
Lure thy pleas'd tarriance in her cypress bowers,
Ah ! should'st thou feel, that real sweets belong
To the pale florets of her pensive song,
The thought that they have sooth'd thy toils, shall
 dwell
Warm with the heart-felt joys, that Fame's bright
 meed excel.

TO THE
REV. JOHN GRANVILLE.

CLEAR was the morn, that saw me, pensive, leave,
Pellucid Calwick, thy umbrageous scene ;
Morn, that beheld the sigh repining heave,
And eyes unjoyous meet the blue serene.

But had those eyes beheld the azure day
Mild in thy large and watry mirror shine,
A glance more lively then had hail'd its ray,
A lighter heart confess'd its power benign.

Written Sept. 1786, after a fortnight's residence at Calwick, the seat of the Granville family, in Staffordshire. It stands on the verge of a large, clear, and beautiful lake, with islands. A branch of the river Dove passes through it, and a rich valley forms the scenery on the opposite coast, through which the main river winds. It is bounded by near hills, and beyond them are seen some of the larger Peak mountains. A wood rises behind the house.

Yet, though no sunny skies illumed the hours,
 Pass'd, honour'd GRANVILLE, in thy spacious dome,
 Though winds incessant howl'd around thy bowers,
 Troubled thy lake, and lash'd it into foam ;

Though, with eternal rains, the silver Dove
 Rush'd, swell'd and turbid, down thy beauteous vale,
 Yet did the friends, yet did the life I love
 Deride the watry skies, the stormy gale.

Thy charming HARRIET, to my heart how dear !
 Still in that heart her graceful image lives ;
 Still do I seem her gentle voice to hear,
 Still feel the glow her cheerful kindness gives.

Ah ! when your mutual praise my strains pursu'd,
 And his, to whom those strains allegiance own,
 DEWES, the refin'd, the learn'd, the wise, the good,
 On a self-doubting mind it warmly shone.

Beneath thy walls, each elegant delight,
 By knowledge, taste, and sentiment bestow'd,
 Rose on the spirit, in succession bright,
 Till each pale day in mental sunshine glow'd.

l. 9. *Charming Harriet*—Mrs Granville.

l. 15. *Dewes*—Court Dewes, Esq. of Wellsburn, in Warwickshire, since deceased.

Thro' her dim showers, half shrouding vale, and lawn,
 I saw, dear GRANVILLE, that no fairer shades,
 For Lansdown, in poetic tints were drawn,
 No clearer waters, and no greener glades ;

When, at thy noble ancestor's request,
 Who led sweet POPE his forest-haunts among,
 They rose, in soft, Aonian graces drest,
 To bloom for ever in unrivall'd song.

The blended charms thy crystal scene supplies,
 Had my weak muse an equal power to trace,
 On Poesy's bright texture soon should rise
 Its sylvan charms, in undecaying grace.

But ah ! I may not hope she can display
 The splendid web the Bard of Windsor wove,
 Yet, for his Granville, no sincerer lay
 Breath'd Friendship's ardour thro' the vocal grove.

Connubial and parental bliss is thine,
 O ! may they prove as permanent as sweet !
 And be the voice of gratulation mine
 Whene'er I hail thee in thy green retreat !

EPISTLE

TO

NATHANIEL LISTER, Esq.

OF LICHFIELD,

ON HAVING READ HIS VERSES IN MANUSCRIPT,

WRITTEN DECEMBER 1786.*

ENCIRCLED by thy filial band,
 O, LISTER, pleas'd I see thee stand,
 Rich in the blessing that can balm
 Each mental wound, each sorrow calm,
 And every irksome care beguile,
 The sweetness of the duteous smile.
 Of fortune and of love possest,
 With all the sunshine of the breast,

* That gentleman is since deceased. Meantime his second son has given to the public prints repeated proofs of very fine poetic talents.

At ease thy placid spirit woos
 The favours of a jocund muse,
 Who scatters, at thy mild desire,
 Careless graces o'er thy lyre.

Not thee, she marks a luckless son,
 Whose fortune and renown are one,
 Who, if his twice-important strain
 The surly bookseller in vain
 To-day allows its face to show
 In front of pamphlet-crowded bow,
 Must pine, alas! in two-fold sorrow,
 When pride and hunger fast to-morrow.
 Nor yet she marks thee, high of aim,
 A throbbing candidate for fame,
 Who, plac'd within the sheltering bowers
 Where ease and plenty speed the hours,
 Far from their rosy confine strays
 In authorism's dangerous ways,
 Where Envy's restless ills betide,
 Her thorns infest, her serpents glide,
 Those rhyiming snakes, whose malice long
 Pursues the Bard of higher song.

And mark the scribbling Serpent's station,
 Artificer of defamation!
 Who, sore beneath the general sense
 Of his vain Muse's impotence,

Turns public Critic, to supply
 His spleen, and gaunt necessity ;
 Breathes purchas'd praise, in servile tone,
 On lays as meagre as his own,
 And with rapacious spite abuses
 Each happier votary of the muses.
 Behold, from day-light cautious screen'd,
 His kennel-dirt, with labour glean'd,
 This self-elected censor fling,
 This dull, insidious, nameless thing.

O, wise art thou those paths to shun,
 Where much is lost, and little won ;
 For never, with enduring roots
 The genuine Poet's laurel shoots,
 Or high its blooming branch shall wave,
 Till sprung from his unconscious grave.
 Yet oft, for candid friends, persuade
 Thy muse to warble in this shade.
 Its gales have been inured to spring
 With notes Aonian on their wing.

l. 10. *Nameless thing*—Every month teems with strictures on poetry, that display the kindred talents and kindred temper of many of our modern reviewers to those critics, who, in the days of Dryden and Pope, denied them genius, learning, every thing which distinguishes the poet from the mere versifier.

Ah! witness many a sparkling rhyme,
 By GARRICK rung in tuneful chime,
 Ere yet on Britain's stage he shone,
 And shar'd the wreath his Shakespear won!

And witness JOHNSON's loftier strains,
 Proud glory of his native plains :
 And theirs, the learn'd, and lucky pair,
 Ordain'd to fill the prelate chair ;
 For modest GREEN, in Lichfield grove,
 With NEWTON, tun'd his lute to love,
 And many a Muse delighted shed
 Her myrtle on each rival head,
 Ere yet the mitre's envied round
 Their brows with graver honours bound.

Witness the bright, the jocund powers,
 That gave to wit the social hours,

1. 7. *Learn'd and lucky pair*—Dr. Green, and Dr. Newton, afterwards Bishops of Lincoln and Lichfield. They passed many of their youthful years in Lichfield, of which Bishop Newton was a native, and in which Bishop Green was usher to the maternal grandfather of the author of these poems, the Rev. John Hunter ; whose school was of high reputation, and from whom David Garrick, and Samuel Johnson, received their classic education. At that period Dr. Green, and Dr. Newton, were rivals in their attachment to the late Mrs Seward, the author's mother, and then Miss Hunter, whose beauty was the theme of their muse.

When, as their festal influence glow'd,
 Each prompt idea, as it flow'd,
 Thy fancy tinged with brilliant dyes,
 Ingenious, and ingenuous VYSE!

Witness the lays that still engage
 Poetic eyes, on Dodsley's page,
 Meek DAVIES, thine, whose feeling mind
 Was by each Christian grace refin'd,
 While purest rays of Delian fire
 Shed living lustre on thy lyre.

l. 4. *Ingenuous Vyse*—The late Rev. Arch-deacon Vyse, Canon of Lichfield. Epigrams, and gay ballads, of exquisite spirit, flowed extempore from his lips, but he declined publishing them.

l. 10. *On thy lyre*—Mr Shaw, the Historian of Staffordshire, inserted, with the author's consent, this poem in his work, p. 348. Beneath the lines on Dr Davies, he gives a note of reference to p. 290 of his history—but his information there, on the subject of that gentleman's poetic works, is not accurate. Thus—"He was the author of Verses on Camden's Picture, and of those to Bishop Cornwallis, in Dodsley's Miscellany. He was about to publish his poems, but was dissuaded from it." In the fifth volume of Dodsley's miscellany, will be found, by Dr. Sneyd Davies, Canon of Lichfield, "Vacuna." "On John Whalley Arranging Pamphlets." A classic and exquisite little Poem, entitled, "Epithalamium on the Marriage of Mr Dodd and Miss St. Lege." "Verses on Two Friends, Mr Dodd and Mr Horace Walpole born the same day." Nothing can

Source of my Life, and all the joys
That from a cultured mind arise,

he happier than the thoughts in that panygeric, justly characterising two very eminent, and very opposite, yet united spirits. So far from being dissuaded from publishing his poetry, he did publish it, in a now rare, as valuable collection of poems, given to the public about the year 1744, by his friend the before-mentioned Mr Whalley, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and who was himself, as that volume evinces, an ingenious poet. It was dedicated to Horace Walpole. Its pages from 175 to 264, glow with the emanations of Dr Davies' genius. The verses on seeing Archbishop Williams' Monument

1. 1. *Source of my life*—Rev. Thomas Seward, Canon of Lichfield. In conjunction with Mr Simpson, he published in 1751, an approved Edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, with critical notes of much ingenuity. The excellent preface was intirely his. His *Female Right to Literature*, published in the 2d volume of the first edition of Dodsley's *Miscellany*, has been much and justly celebrated. That same volume, p. 302, contains Mr Seward's Verses on Shakespear's monument at Stratford-upon-Avon. They do not yield, either in spirit, or beauty, to any panygeric on that great poet, which has been given by our noblest Bards. In the subsequent editions of that *Miscellany*, there is an idiot alteration in that poem, made by some man, who thought a completer rhyme a good atonement for grossly injuring the sense—

“ Nor yet unrival'd the Meonian strain,

“ The British Eagle, and the Mantuan Swan

“ Tower equal heights—but happier Stratford thou, &c.”

The editor chose to print Swan Swain, at the expense of all consistency in the metaphor.

Thy efforts, liberal as benign,
 The glories of the Delphic Shrine
 To my yet infant eyes display'd
 In these green vales, this blooming shade ;
 Thou, who didst chace the mists of time
 From sylvan FLETCHER's beauteous rhyme,

in Caernarvonshire, are tender, solemn, impressive, and interesting. So is the poem to C. P. It contains the following lines, which speak for themselves.

" ——— At this spot, this point,
 " Here, Pitt, * we social meet, and gaze around,
 " And look back to the scenes our pastimes trod
 " In life's fresh morning, when the gamesome hours
 " Had sliding feet, and laugh'd themselves away.

" Luxurious season ! vital prime ! where Thames
 " Flows by Etona's walls, and cheerful sees
 " Her sons wide swarming ;—and where sedgy Cam
 " Bathes with slow lapse his academic grove ;
 " Pierian walks !—O never, never hope,
 " Impossible, untenable, to grasp
 " Those joys again, to feel alike the pulse
 " Dancing, and fiery spirits biling high ;
 " Or see the pleasure, that with careless wing
 " Swept on, and flowery garlands toss'd around,
 " Disporting. Try to call her back ;—as soon
 " Bid yesterday return, arrest the flight
 " Of time ; or musing on the river's brink
 " Say to the wave, that huddles swiftly by
 " For ever ;—" from thy fountain roll anew !"

* The late Lord Chatham.

And graver BEAUMONT's nervous page,
 The faithful mirrour of his age.
 Thou, in whose free harmonious song
 The Female Rights shall flourish long ;
 That song, with generous disdain,
 Which breaks the sullen pedant's chain,
 Forg'd our aspiring sex to bind
 From ranging the high tracts of mind,
 Where Fancy's flowers, and Learning's fruit,
 On every side, luxuriant shoot ;—
 Source of my Life, it will not prove
 A vain essay of filial love,
 Here, if a right thy daughter claim
 To rank with theirs thy honour'd name,
 Whose silver lyre's harmonious sound
 Made lovely LICHFIELD classic ground,
 Though now thy vital lamp's faint light
 Gleams on the verge of its long night,
 Pale, dim, and weak its social blaze,
 And pale its intellectual rays.

1. 20. *Intellectual rays*—Mr Seward's life was preserved by the skill and attention of Dr. Jones, of Lichfield, more than three years after the composition of the above poem. Mr Seward resided in the Bishop's palace at Lichfield, the last 32 years of his life, as did his predecessor, Mr Walmsley, the learned, and liberal patron of David Garrick, and Samuel Johnson.

While duteous love, with anxious aim,
 Guards from rude blasts its quivering flame,
 Through yet a few more quiet years,
 That bring to thee nor pains, nor fears,
 O, be it mine to cheer, and warm
 Thy drooping heart, thy helpless form !

And now recorded be the song,
 That floated sweet these vales among,
 Or lighten'd with satiric ray,
 The song of proudly virtuous DAY.
 Pride, it is still thy sullen part
 To check each kindling glow of heart ;
 For how should soft affection thrive,
 How keep its tender blooms alive,
 Where thy repulsive shadow lours,
 Like the dark yew on springing flowers !

I. 10. *Virtuous Day*—Thomas Day, Esq. since deceased, Author of the *Dying Negro*, which has, by misinformation, been given in one of the public prints of the year 1800, to his friend, Mr Bicknel, also deceased. It is a noble composition, and the first poem that called the attention of this nation to the miseries inflicted on that abused race. Mr Day's *Sandford and Merton* is a very popular work on education. The philosophic Mr Keir, published a *Life of that Gentleman*, ingeniously written, but with too indiscriminate eulogy. Mr Day's mind was rather great than amiable ; his virtues were of a stern complexion. He resided in Lichfield during the years 1771 and 1772, and was living when the above poem was written,

That sheds its chilling damps around,
 And wintry makes the vernal ground.
 So changest thou affection's beam,
 To cold, and colourless esteem.

Yet, bounteous DAY, that groveling pride
 Did ne'er thy words and actions guide,
 Which deals its smiles in each degree,
 As rank, or wealth, their gifts decree;
 'Tis thine to look too coldly down
 On talents liberal as thine own,
 While sickness, want, and sorrow, share
 Thine ample boon, thy watchful care.

See favour'd LICHFIELD's classic train
 Adorn'd by ELLIOT's happy strain!
 And his, for whom the Sisters nine,
 And Sisters three, in strife combine,
 Which should their choicest gifts award,
 That form the Courtier, and the Bard.
 Ah! need I say 'tis BOOTHBY claims
 These honours from the goddess-dames?

l. 14. *Elliot's happy strain*—F. P. Elliot, Esq. then of Shenston-Moss, near Lichfield.

l. 19. *Boothby claims*—Brooke Boothby, Esq. since Sir Brooke Boothby, and then of Lichfield.

With vigorous mind, whose efforts bend
 Where Science' widening bounds extend,
 That ductile, to his earnest gaze
 Expand before its potent rays;
 And whose so seldom erring art
 Averts, or blunts the mortal dart,
 Relaxing from severer toil
 Here DARWIN won the Muses smile;
 Fram'd in these bowers the splendid rhyme,
 Of brightest glow, and richest chime,
 'Still nervous, though it still retain
 The Leonine, and Runic chain;
 And ne'er, Oh Bard! their power disclaim,
 For thou canst gem each link they frame.

These silver lyres are heard no more
 On STOW's calm lake, and grassy shore;
 Yet GROVE, as through their mead he roves,
 With classic notes, that CLIO loves,

1. 8. *Darwin won*—Dr Darwin, Author of the *Botanic Garden*, *Zoonomia*, &c. He was an inhabitant of Lichfield, from the year 1757 to 1781.

1. 17. *Yet Grove*—William Grove, Esq. then living, but since, alas! deceased. The richness of his poetic vein may be observed in his Sonnet to the Author of these Volumes. It is amongst the complimentary poems addressed to her, and prefixed to her miscellany.

Though seldom, yet at times pervades
The silence of these verdant shades
And, LISTER, may they echo long
The tones of thy convivial song!

EPISTLE

TO

GEORGE ROMNEY, Esq.

ON HIS HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE TO
HER FATHER, MAY 1783.

THOU, who hast given so many golden hours,
That Genius consecrates by all her powers,
Given them, the heart of failing age to warm,
By the wish'd semblance of a daughter's form,
Accept the sole reward thy efforts sought,
The acknowledg'd joy this generous present brought.

Creative efforts!—that with living hues
Fix the illusive likeness, and diffuse
O'er all the breathing form, and glowing face,
With art's last happiness, the nameless grace,
Born of thy pencil, for the actual boon,
Knew nor my youth's fresh morn, or ripen'd noon.

Long since, in a lov'd Father's feeble breast,
 Life's train of anxious wishes sunk to rest ;
 Yet one remain'd, one fond wish linger'd still,
 For the pledged gift of thy consummate skill.

“ O, my Belov'd ! ” how often would he say,
 “ Fast as my worn existence fleets away,
 “ Life's prov'd uncertainty to sprightly health,
 “ May rob my soul of all its earthly wealth ;
 “ Childless I yet to my late grave may go,
 “ Where only tears for thee would cease to flow :
 “ 'Twere comfort still to think, should Heaven ordain
 “ My hopeless years to prove so sharp a pain,
 “ Something might yet to these dim eyes appear,
 “ That should that look, that smile of kindness wear,
 “ With which thou com'st to bless each lingering day,
 “ Of feeble age, in its perceiv'd decay.”

The shades of yesternight were softly drawn
 Wide o'er these blooming fields, and circling lawn,
 And the dear Full of Days his pillow prest
 In the soft slumber of an infant's rest ;
 Two wond'rous Youths, who strike the Muses lyre,
 Ere manhood's dawn, with all a poet's fire,

1. 21. *Two wond'rous Youths*—Mr Henry Cary, and Mr Thomas Lister, who each, at the age of fifteen, published verses of much beauty and classic elegance.

Sat by thy friend, to speed the evening hours
 By culling florets from Aonian bowers ;
 When gladly, through the swift-unfolding door,
 The promis'd gift a smiling servant bore.
 With curious eyes the youthful Lyrists hail,
 The heav'd dismissal of each tardy nail,
 Till to their sight the speaking canvass shone,
 And made the magic of thy pencil known.
 At early day to the lov'd couch I creep,
 Chasing with lenient voice a Father's sleep,
 Then near its pillow draw his hearts desire,
 Mark his wan cheek faint tinged with pleasure's fire,
 Enjoy his warm apostrophe to thee,
 And his now seldom tear of extacy.

O ! generous ROMNEY ! whose expansive heart
 Glows the blest rival of thy perfect art,
 Thy genius is a Sun, that now serene
 Shines on the surface of a wintry scene ;
 Pale waning Life smiles in its glad'ning rays,
 And to their light a Bramin's homage pays.

IDYLLIUM.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BEAUTEOUS infant, dearest boy,
 Whither did thy sister hie ?
 Her favourite hill, and brook, and glade
 See not, to day, the charming maid.
 Has she led her new-shorn flock
 Through the vale, or towards the rock ?
 Went she forth at early morn ?
 Will she, ere the noon, return ?
 Tell me ;—ah ! if tell thou wilt,
 Purple-streak'd and orange-gilt,
 This apple,—larger, look, and finer
 Than yesterday I gave at dinner,
 This I'll give ;—aye this, and more,
 There's a little bird in store,
 A lovely bird, and green his wing,
 Round his neck a silken string.—
 Silent yet !—O, thankless elf !
 Thankless, even as herself.

Stubborn chit!—no more to thee,
Listening, leaning on my knee,
Will I tell delightful tales
Of dancing fays in moonlight vales,
Mingling all I sing, or say, ^
With kisses kind, and frolic play.

What!—hush!—call thy mother!—fye!
Faithless hope!—perfidious boy!
The mother's here, with passion wild,
This it is to trust a child!
Here take the apple,—get along
Little fool,—and hold thy tongue!

TO

MRS SMITH,

DAUGHTER OF MR SAVILLE,

ON HER SINGING IN PUBLIC,—JANUARY 1789.

IN human form should powers divine appear,
 And seraph choirings touch the mortal ear,
 Some harsh and darken'd bosoms would be found
 Cold and fastidious to the charming sound ;
 Too loud,—too soft,—too spirited,—too tame,
 Form their vain jargon of unmeaning blame.
 That something wrong they know not to express,
 Which sense can ne'er explain, nor science guess.
 Too proud to praise, and much too fine to feel,
 Their censure strange should souls like these reveal,
 O fear them not—they are not worth thy fear,
 Yet whence, too modest ! whence that starting tear ?
 Friendship, thou sayst, is partial ; yet rely
 On pleasure's tear, swift springing to the eye ;

Trust thou the sweetness of thy melting song,
 When loud encores thy silver tones prolong.
 Trust them, at least from stranger-lips, who ne'er
 Knew thy mild virtues, or thy fate severe.

Instructed still on thy melodious course
 By him at once thy voice, and virtue's source,
 Who guides thee every coarser sound to shun,
 Swell the soft note, the brilliant descant run ;
 And gives the soul of poetry to dwell
 In thy sweet tones, that sweetest flutes excell,
 Be thou assured ELIZA, thou wilt find
 Thy power establish'd o'er each feeling mind ;
 Then safely resting on thy filial claim,
 Win the bright honours of harmonic fame.
 And would'st thou a resembling music hear
 And learn how meet thy notes the general ear,
 Come to the wild wood, and the glen with me,
 When leafy June has curtain'd every tree ;
 There, in the still noon of the lunar night,
 Shall sounds congenial thrill thee with delight,
 When, hid beneath long grass, a liquid tune
 The bubbling runnel warbles to the moon.

ALPINE SCENERY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. THOMAS SEDGWICK WHALLEY,

DURING HIS RESIDENCE ON THE CONTINENT,

IN 1785.

GLAD, as the lone night-wanderer, on his way
Hails the mild day-spring, red'ning on the shore,
We meet description's light diffusing ray,
Shining on climes not given us to explore.

Powers, that thro' distant scenes, or soft, or dread,
Lead the charm'd spirit with supreme controul,
Where icy hills, or torrid plains, are spread,
Where winds might waft us, or where seas might roll.

Rich in those powers, energetic, warm, and bland,
The leaves where WRAXAL, MORE, and COXE explain

How clime prevails,—thrones rise,—or laws expand,
To ravage, or to bless each mark'd domain.

And gayer STERNE, whose page, to latest time,
Britons shall love ;—since its pervading art,
As manners vary with the varied clime,
Winds through the labyrinths of the human heart.

Does one mild virtue spread its lunar ray,
Deep in the pensive bosom's coy recess,
Untrac'd by him along its latent way
To love,—to pity,—charity,—and peace ?

Or lurks one selfish passion, sly, and grave,
But at his touch its genuine form shall wear ?
To whose free pen presiding Genius gave
The force resistless of Ithuriel's spear.

And shalt not thou, O daring COOK ! obtain
The lasting homage of the enquiring soul,
Who, 'mid the dangers of the frozen main,
Lifts the pale curtains of the southern pole !

But now what meed shall my thrill'd fancy pay
The talents, which to public honours cold,
Yet warm to amity, those scenes display
That did to their delighted sense unfold,

When up the Savoy mountains WHALLEY rose,
 Where Alpine eagles have their aeries built ;
 Saw rocks as bold as savage Rosa shows,
 And dales as soft as sunny Claude has gilt ;

His lov'd CHATILION's home ; whose youthful mind
 Congenial wit, and kindred worth adorn ;
 By genius nerv'd, by classic taste refined,
 A summer ripeness in a vernal morn,

What marvel, WHALLEY, that an heart like thine
 Should brave the surging storms, that ceaseless howl
 When winter yells around that craggy shrine
 With icy breath and petrifying scowl ;

What marvel ?—drawn by the magnetic power,
 That soul to soul so instantly endears,
 Investing friendship's young, and blossoming hour
 With all the fruits that crown her mellowest years.

1. 1. *Savoy mountains*—This poem is intended as a poetical mirror to the striking pictures of Alpine scenery, which Mr Whalley's letters from the Continent presented to the author.

1. 5. *Lov'd Chatilion's home*—Baron de Chatilion, a young Savoyard nobleman, whom Mr Whalley met at Dijon, and on whose account he and Mrs Whalley passed the winter at Chambéry, the capitol of Savoy, situated amidst some of the highest Alps. It is the winter residence of the Chatilion family.

I bless that power, illum'd by fancy's ray,
 It gives to thy free pen supreme command,
 That bears me with resistless force away,
 And on the rocks of Savoy bids me stand ;

Shows me the Alps, huge in embattled pride,
 A clust'ring Phalanx, meet the wintry gales ;
 Or where, dispers'd, they seem, with giant stride,
 To chace each other to the gloomy vales ;

Now, in vast curtains of encircling clouds,
 Wrap their stupendous heads from mortal eyes ;
 And then, awakening, pierce the misty shrouds,
 Roll the dark volumes back—and brave the skies.

I see, as winter blots the lurid air,
 The savage Graces o'er the mountains stalk,
 Shake the froze horrors from their shaggy hair,
 While howling wolves attend their desert walk ;

Then, as with livid hand, and Gorgon frown,
 Sternly they wave the pale, petrific wand
 O'er the loud floods, down, down the vast steeps
 thrown ;—

In silent ice the shrinking cataracts stand.

Now charm'd I mark the genial breath of spring
 To life, and beauty wake the dreary scene,

When o'er the melting vales she hastes to fling
Her silver blossoms, and her tender green ;

And on the lawns, between the mountains spread,
To bid the floret's lavish perfume flow,
Against their basis rest its blushing head,
Whose summits whiten in eternal snow.

I mark the clouds, that gorgeous summer shows,
Enfold the mountain-cliffs with mantles bright,
Or gather on their vast, imperial brows
In glorious diadems of colour'd light ;

Or sail from rock to rock, and change their form,
As setting suns their last effulgence shed,
That, now with gold, and now with crimson warm,
Tinges their floating skirts, magnificently spread.

Charm'd I behold purpureal autumn lead
Her grapes of deep, or of transparent stain,
Round the tall steeps, and o'er the yellow mead,
Varied, and spotted with the sable grain.

1. 18. *Sable grain*—The black grain, which, sowed in patches amidst the corn-fields of Savoy, produces a landscape singularly shaded, and new to an English eye.

View that cold mass, shining as though it drew
 New radiant whiteness from the orb that fills
 With cordial strength, and gives the tyrian hue
 To the rich vines that deck the opposing hills ;

Hear melted cataracts thunder down the steeps,
 Startling the gloomy valley's deep repose,
 Whose current, as from rock to rock it leaps,
 Retains the whiteness of its parent snows,

Ample and still, that on the mountain's brow,
 Heedless of tepid, or of stormy gales,
 Sit,—in calm contrast to the roar below
 Of filial torrents, tumbling to the vales.

They, through the wide-stretch'd forest, black with
 pines,
 Run silvering onward with divided streams,
 While, in the vale, the lone MONTMELION shines,
 Gilded by sunny evening's saffron gleams.

l. 15. *Montmelion shines*—The fortress on the rock, Montmelion, was the last that yielded to Lewis the Fourteenth, when he conquered Savoy. This rock stands single in the centre of the vale, wholly unconnected with the surrounding Alps.

Once, on that insulated summit, rose
 The towers most hostile to ambition's sway,
 That ere for Savoy's weal had dar'd oppose
 The Gallic victor, on his ruthless way.

Resisting long, they found resistance vain,
 And to the polish'd despot slowly yield ;—
 Why did not wanton MONTESPAN detain
 Voluptuous LOUIS from the deathful field ?

Tender repentant VALIERE !—not thy tears
 For honour lost so deeply pitied flow,
 As those sad sighs, and agonizing fears
 That rose, in all the bitterness of woe,

When the pale Genius of that lovely land
 Lean'd from his rock, defil'd with goary stains,
 And saw fierce War stretch forth his red right hand,
 Drenching with blood those fair, and fertile plains.

Wall'd by the cloud-capt Alps on every side,
 The plenteous vales of SAVOY guarded seem
 From the fierce inroad of Ambition's tide,
 When neighbouring powers unsluice its wasteful
 stream.

But ah ! what barriers may kind Nature rear
 Which that fell Demon, on his restless course,

Shall not, in some disastrous hour, o'er-peer,
Sap by his art, or vanquish by his force ?

O happier SWITZERLAND !—as yet 'tis thine
To see bright Liberty triumphant shake
Her radiant Ægis on thy craggy shrine,
And dip her pinions in thy silver lake !

Not on its fertile banks, or through the street
Of busy Zurich, does the squalid crew
Of useless beggary the traveller meet,
Wound his reluctant ear, and shock his view ;

But Plenty breathes an universal gale,
And liberal Commerce every want supplies,
For equal her unfetter'd powers prevail,
Urge the quick step, and animate the eyes.

Where idleness, or vicious waste alone
Want Life's warm comforts, or her soft repose ;
O Monarchy ! can thy proud pomp atone
For those lost joys Equality bestows ?

1. 6. *Silver lake* —So it was then with that country—alas, the change !

Ye, who so loudly plead for kingly sway,
 The rank of nobles, and the pageant train
 Of mean subordination, speed your way
 Where SAVOY's richest vallies teem in vain.

Not for her hapless sons her vineyards bend,
 With loaded branches, from the mountain's side ;
 O ! not for them her golden vales extend,
 Or slope her forests in theatric pride.

In beauty's pomp, in vegetation's wealth
 Boon Nature cloth'd her vallies and her bowers ;
 But seek her capital,—view life, and health,
 Shudder, and pine beneath her crumbling towers !

O ! if that form of government is best
 That makes its people happiest,—then compare
 The crowds CHAMBERY's ruin'd streets infest
 With those that breathe throng'd ZURIC's gladden'd
 air !

And when that calm comparison is made
 By English spirits, shall they fail to guard

l. 1. *Kingly sway*—The author has since been convinced by the fatal Revolution in France, that a limited monarchy, with its subordinate ranks, is the best form of government for a great nation like that country, or Britain.

Those sacred laws, Ambition would invade,
And save us from a Despot's proud award ?

But now, from blessings England never knew,
From evils which, I trust, she ne'er shall prove,
Turn thou, my soul, thy unavailing view,
And seek the scenes thy kindling senses love !

Though, hapless SAVOY, Liberty is fled
From thy wild haunts, that every charm disclose,
Yet, with my friend, thy mazes let me tread,
And in thy graces half forget thy woes.

Calm let us sit, at Evening's solemn hour,
Beneath a rock ;—and see her mantle brown
Veil the mark'd features of each Alpine tower,
Till in one huge stupendous mass they frown ;

View Night's pale orb her shadowy pomp assume,
And o'er the sombrous cliffs majestic ride ;
And partially their craggy points illumine
Or deck with hoary light their stony side ;

Silver the vale, which at their feet secure
Slumbers,—and smiles amid its peaceful dreams ;
Bares its green bosom to the radiance pure,
That gems the ISER'S wildly-devious streams.

And during brighter hours, in smiling gaze,
 Shall our fix'd eyes the BOURGIAN LAKE behold,
 When Autumn-evenings, and their burnish'd rays,
 Tint her green waters with ethereal gold ;

That lake, spread wide between stupendous hills,
 Whose sylvan curtains slope and kiss her tide ;
 While through them gleam the tributary rills,
 That rush, with frothing haste, to swell her pride.

I view thy friend's paternal walls ascend
 From her broad bosom to an height sublime ;
 While o'er her waves the shatter'd turrets bend,
 And frown defiance vain to whelming time.

Yet there, amid the ravage of his powers,
 The desolate Graces hold their pensive reign,
 Silent they stand beneath the cloven towers,
 Which, what they lose in strength, in interest gain.

Thou, WHALLEY, in the mansion large and drear,
 Whose mouldering walls dismantled seem to scowl,

1. 2. *Bourgian Lake*—A beautiful lake in the province of Bourgia. The ancient castle of the Chatilion family stands upon it, but in too ruinous a state to be their general habitation. Mr Whalley, on his tour through that province with the Baron, passed a very tempestuous night in that shattered castle.

At midnight laid, wert not displeas'd to hear
The rising tempest o'er the waters howl.

Against the rattling windows as it beat,
And mutter'd thro' the chasins, no weak alarm
Shock'd thy aw'd sense—tho' oft the ponderous gate
Fiercely it shook, as with a giant's arm.

Nor would my friend that solemn scene have changed
For all the hand of luxury knows to spread ;
Not then his rapt imagination ranged
To the gilt roof, bright hearth, and downy bed.

Or if a wish in softer scenes to rove
Stole through his breast, amid that awful gloom,
'Twas for the murmurs of a cypress grove,
'Twas for the silence of a sister's tomb.

Thus, when the oak groan'd sullen in the wind,
And distant far the drizzling dawn of day,
Alone, and musing, at its roots reclin'd,
On cold Temora's hill great OSSIAN lay ;

1. 14. *Sister's tomb*—Mr Whalley lost his beloved sister, the lovely and excellent Mrs Sage, two years before he left England.

And heard his harp, high on the riv'd boughs hung,
 By pale dim hands disturb'd, low-jarring shake ;
 While shadowy shields amid the tempest rung,
 Clash'd by the spirits of the troubled lake.

Nor griev'd, but that the loud, and angry storms
 The voice of the heroic DEAD might drown ;
 The noble mind reveres terrific forms,
 And grows enamour'd of their darkest frown.

Now from those scenes, where awful horror sheds
 Gloom, that contrasts sweet beauty's ruddy light,
 My gentle friend his lov'd Eliza leads
 Where throng'd Avignon's lofty domes invite.

Yet there no ardour of his soul decays,
 Fann'd, lone Valclusa, by thy amorous gales ;
 He, as with SORGA's winding wave he strays,
 The rocks—the streams—the hallow'd FOUNTAIN
 hails !

l. 14. *Lone Valclusa*—The celebrated valley near Avignon. The laurels which Petrarch had so lavishly planted there, in allusion to the name of his mistress, are no longer to be found. Olives are now the only trees in the stony, rocky, and barren precincts near the Fountain.

And where those rocks, with shadowy summits, lean
 O'er the clear waters, in their solemn rest,
 And not a wave, upon the deep serene,
 Disturbs the darken'd fountain's glassy breast,

With Heaven-directed eyes I see him bend ;
 I see the shade of PETRARCH hovering nigh,
 Pleas'd with his glory's richest gale to blend
 The rising incense of a generous sigh.—

Now, when the neighbouring mountain's rigid snows,
 Spring's milder rays for aye inured to mock,
 Sink, as the Summer's sun more fiercely glows,
 Deep to the fluid sources in the rock,

'Tis then the Naiad from their sullen sleep
 Wakes her deep waters ;—and in murmuring tones
 High o'er the cavern'd basin bids them leap
 Adown the shelving mound of rocky stones ;

In flashing eddies swell thy lucid train,
 Clear SORGA, wandering through the olive bowers,
 Till, in an ampler mirror, proud SOMMANE
 Eyes the dark shadows o' fher lonely towers

1. 19. *Proud Sommane*—The Chateau de Sommane. It stands on the right-hand side of the valley, and was once the habitation of Laura. It still belongs to her direct descendants, and

It suits ye well, that air of stately gloom,
 O towers, where high-born LAURA sojourn'd long !
 The Nymph by beauty deck'd with peerless bloom,
 The Nymph immortaliz'd in peerless song.

Thee, WHALLEY, breathing, as thou rangest there,
 PETRARCH's sweet lays, how often I behold !
 The lays that paint Valclusa's charming fair,
 Bright as its laurels, as its fountain cold.

Shade of the Bard, who form'd that deathless lay,
 And gave thy vale to fame, a dearer guest
 Shall ne'er among its lone meanders stray,
 Ne'er shalt thou hail a more congenial breast !

Yet still, sublimer SAVOY, still thy haunts
 On Whalley's mind in deeper trace shall dwell ;
 Not that alone thy loftier grace enchants
 The spirit, touch'd by Fancy's potent spell ;

Those awful heights the stamp and image bear
 Of dearest amity ;—her living smile
 Each recollected mountain long shall wear,
 Each vale romantic and each rocky pile.

was lately inhabited by the learned and ingenious Abbé de Sade, who, some years since, published the voluminous history of Petrarch and Laura, the Abbé's ancestress. From this work Mrs Dobson formed her valuable abridgement.

Where Matron excellence in friendship warm,
 Source, and Protectress of each dear delight,
 Breath'd through the social walls the sacred charm
 That gives to Virtue the convivial night.

There, with CHATILION's duteous cares to vie,
 Two other noble sons assiduous strove,
 And watch'd each glance of her maternal eye,
 In deep respect, and with preventive love,

While their sweet sister, whom the loves adorn,
 With hope's soft blush, and facile smile serene,
 Bright as the star that leads the vernal morn,
 Sat sparkling by, and more illum'd the scene.

A mother's mild restrictions only known,
 There, 'twas thy lot, fair maid, to meet the rays,
 That still on thee with cordial lustre shone,
 In each fraternal glance, and social gaze ;

Those suns of the cheer'd heart, that never shine
 Within monastic walls ;—in gloom precise,
 From day to day, where Gallic virgins pine,
 Or buy dismissal at a fatal price.

l. 1. *Matron excellence*—The Baroness de Chatilion.

l. 20. *Fatal price*—The young women of France and Savoy are educated in monasteries, nor, in general, mix at all with the

With-held the joys, that other joys excell,
 And from progressive passion only flow,
 Whose tender constancy may best repel
 The gay contagion of the faithless vow,

Breath'd from the frolic dames, by vice ensnared,
 Vice, whose attractions seize the unguarded heart
 When conjugal indifference has prepared
 The youthful bosom for their venom'd dart.

Ye Gallic parents, to the nuptial shrine
 When you, to glut your avarice, or your pride,
 From the unsocial convent's shade malign
 Lead to the altar the unsoften'd bride,

To Nature, and to Duty lost ye prove,
 Ye, who from Youth's soft bosom have with-held
 That previous, gradual, voluntary love,
 Of nuptial faith the adamantine shield.

Hard on your hoary heads the future crimes
 Of this your filial sacrifice shall bear,
 When the seductions of licentious times
 Her young, and undefended heart ensnare.

world till they are removed from their gloomy and wearisome
 exclusion, to be married to the husband appointed for them.

Yet O ! how general this parental guilt,
 In France !—in Savoy !—miserable proof
 Of tyranny, on proud example built,
 From thrones descending to the private roof !

A rare exemption from the common doom,
 Maid of CHATILION's race, thou late didst prove,
 When joys domestic gilt thy years of bloom,
 Far from the lonely cloister's frowning grove.

But O ! if bliss illume our earthly course,
 How soon, alas ! its cheering lustres fly !
 That matron-worth, of all those joys the source,
 The silver cord, that link'd each social tie,

Smote by the ruthless hand of dire disease
 Gasps on her fever'd couch !—my gentle friends,
 What pain was yours to see the tyrant seize
 The form, that duteous love in vain defends !

O ! grieved reverse of those enlivening hours,
 That stay'd you on your purpos'd way so long !
 Now, for the soul's, and senses' darling powers,
 Wit, science, music, and its melting song,—

The stealing step !—the hush'd and darken'd room !—
 The anxious whisper !—the extended cross !

The manly grief, that firmly meets its doom,
Yet inly ruminates, and mourns its loss !

The wailful accent,—the o'erwhelmed eye
Of helpless beauty !—trembling, chill'd, and faint,
With arms extended, and convulsive sigh,
Sunk on the pillow of the dying saint.—

And thou, my friend, a stranger though so late,
In this sad scene art not refus'd thy part ;
Not shut to thee is sorrow's silent gate,
Not cold to thee its agonizing heart.

Nor can thy hesitating step forbear,
Thy trembling hands the curtains slowly ope ;
Thy faltering words the tender fraud prepare,
And half articulate the faithless hope.

Dim eyes that feebly rise to thine, the while,
In gaze incredulous ;—the pale, cold hand
Wav'd gently ; with a faint, and pensive smile
On the wan lip, that tender fraud withstand ;

And in expression, far beyond the reach
Of vocal breath, while life is ebbing fast,
Solemn the task of resignation teach,
And say to griev'd affection—All is Past!

Yet, as with energy angelic fir'd,
 The glowing interest in her pious breast,
 By thine, and thy Eliza's worth inspir'd,
 O'er Nature's final struggles rise confest ;

For, as thou kneelest by the bed of death,
 Thy fingers clasping o'er thy moisten'd eyes,
 And hear'st, with ear appall'd, the short'ning breath,
 Warming her icy hand with ceaseless sighs ;

E'en in that awful, that momentous hour,
 When the dark grave's terrific portals ope,
 On thee the expiring lips their blessings pour,
 Mix'd with the accents of immortal hope !

O ! may those fervent blessings, on my friends
 Breath'd by departing goodness, be fulfill'd !
 Then, as new joys each varying clime extends,
 Shall health and peace their wandering footsteps gild.

Till back, at length, to Albion's silver shores,
 To open arms, and longing hearts they fly ;—
 Glad may they hail the period, that restores
 Her soft green vallies, and her wayward sky !

If glow her suns less permanently bright,
 If breathe her gales less exquisitely bland ;

If her hills rise a less stupendous height,
Her glassy lakes in less expansion stand ;

Yet o'er her lov'd, capricious region broods
Dear Safety, still on Halcyon pinions found ;
No bursting mountain pours the fiery floods,
No dire convulsion rends the quiet ground ;

No gloomy tyrant glares upon her throne,
Breaking with crimson hands the legal rod,
Nor raves Intolerance, with bigot frown,
Usurping still the attributes of God ;

But liberal Freedom, in the gracious form
Of ALBION's tutelary Genius, there
Breathes, with unchanging sway, her influence warm,
Though suns, and winds, and skies, and tempers veer.

With every soft affection in her train,
My friends, their purpos'd years of absence o'er,
Shall she not summon to her verdant plain ?
Shall she not welcome to her silvery shore ?

Since, though for her their hands, in state sublime,
Nor bear the olive, nor the laurel bough ;
Their perfect worth, in many a foreign clime,
Reflects mild lustre on her sacred brow.

For this, when glad they furl the slacken'd sail,
Her quicken'd step shall print the yielding sands ;
Their wish'd return delighted will she hail,
Whose virtues honour'd her in distant lands.

ODE

ON

GENERAL ELIOTT'S

RETURN FROM GIBRALTAR, IN 1787.

I.

WITH grateful welcome, with triumphant praise,
 Thy honour'd Chief, O rescued Britain, meet !
 Whose dauntless prowess, in resplendent rays,
 Shone on the darkness of thy long defeat ;
 Gave thee, on thy silvery shores,
 While Peace the civic crown restores,
 Beneath her train of joys again to shine,
 As loss had ne'er chastis'd, oppression ne'er been
 thine.

II.

Think, Britannia, think how late,
 Around thy pale unshelter'd head,
 To blast thy gloomy pride, avenging fate
 Unequal war's disastrous terrors spread ;

While thy torn trophies, drench'd in blood,
 She scatter'd o'er the western flood,
 That the provincial standard high she rais'd,
 By Gallia's lilies deck'd, by Spain's proud crest em-
 blaz'd.

I.

That thy vain foes, elated to behold
 The long INVINCIBLE at last subdued ;
 Their tide of conquest to that fortress roll'd,
 By sullen Spain with dread and envy view'd.
 See ! in united strength and pride,
 At Calpe's base their navies ride,
 Hurl up its steeps the thunders of their power,
 That burst the social roof, and rend the warrior tower !

II.

Crest-fall'n Britain, where were then
 The rumours of thy matchless might ?
 And where had been the empress of the main,
 Had skill and valour risen a common height ?
 No common height those bulwarks rose,
 When ELIOTT lighten'd on thy foes,
 Wing'd his red bolts, that wrapp'd their fleets in flame,
 Resistless as his sword, and glowing as his fame !

I.

Mark the invading host, elate no more !
 Recoiling pause between a choice so dire !

Alike they hear the British lion roar
 In the o'erwhelming flood, and raging fire !
 Groaning they plunge !—in wild despair,
 With raiment scorch'd, and blazing hair !
 The billows, closing o'er their struggling frames,
 Are purpled by the gore, illumin'd by the flames !

II.

Warm in virtue's native glow,
 Heroic ELIOTT's great ally,
 His valiant CURTIS, bending o'er the prow,
 With all the twice-bless'd angel in his eye,
 Commands to push his conquering oars,
 Where most the fiery torrent pours ;
 The victims from their instant fate to save,
 And snatch them back to life, from the devouring wave.

I.

O Britain !—O my country ! then 'twas thine
 T' emerge from ev'ry cloud that veil'd thy light !
 In all the plendour of that worth to shine,
 Which erst, with ray peculiar, deck'd thy might ;

l. 10. *Twice-bless'd angel*—Shakespeare beautifully says of Mercy :

“ ————it is twice-bless'd,

“ It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.”

What time, amidst thy vanquish'd foes,
 Thy name with added lustre rose,
 For that thy precepts to thy sons impart,
 With the undaunted soul, the generous melting heart.

II.

High thy martial influence soar'd,
 On Belgian plains when Gallic gore,
 In Freedom's cause, intrepid Marlborough pour'd ;
 And white for England, the eventful hour,
 Beneath the royal William's sword,
 When gaunt rebellion grimly cower'd,
 When, of her scorpion stings disarm'd, she fled,
 In Scotia's desert caves to hide her recreant head.

I.

Nor sacred less the youthful warrior's fame,
 Dear-bought Quebec ! upon thy plains beheld,
 Who fall'n and bleeding—at the loud acclaim
 That hail'd Britannia mistress of the field ;
 That bade her crimson standard rise
 Victorious in the echoing skies,
 Lifts the pale eye, a gleam of transport fires,
 And, smiling on his wounds, triumphantly expires !

1. 9. *Royal William's sword*—Duke of Cumberland.

II.

Palms unfading round their urn
 Let their favour'd country strew !
 Since to the lavish wreaths she long had worn,
 They brought new laurels of enduring glow ;
 To ELIOTT, more indebted, raise
 In higher tone, the notes of praise,
 Who hid, in glory's blaze, her livid stain,
 Impress'd by rash attempts, irresolute and vain.

I.

So when the wintry tempest's baleful powers
 Have risen a vernal day-spring to deform,
 If the all-cheering sun, at evening hours,
 Throws back the sable curtains of the storm,
 Green hills, and gilded mountains gay,
 In dewy brightness meet his ray ;
 Creation kindles, as its lustre flows,
 Till, in a soften'd night, he leaves her to repose.

II.

Fruitful as the ensuing morn,
 When smiling May with zephyr sports,
 The graceful arts Britannia's dome adorn,
 And floats her Commerce to the distant ports.
 To thee, brave ELIOTT ! well she knows
 Their mild prosperity she owes ;
 Since awful honour must his beams unveil,
 Ere full the arts can bloom, or Commerce widely sail.

I.

A meaner mind, such signal conquest gain'd,
 Had rush'd to meet its country's pæans warm ;
 But ELIOTT, calm, through circling years, remain'd
 Beneath the Rock, defended by his arm ;
 Her shatter'd ramparts to restore,
 And firm through ages bid them tower;
 That from her brow the British flag may stream,
 To proud Iberia's gales in majesty supreme.

II.

Not the trophies, not the strains
 Of transport, on his Albion's shore,
 When ELIOTT's deeds rung thro' her vaulted fanes,
 The acknowledg'd bulwarks of her falling power,
 Could lure, with all that joy prepares,
 The hero from his guardian cares ;
 No praise, no meed, no trophy he desir'd,
 Save that which conscious worth, in all its glow, inspired.

I.

His toils accomplish'd, to his native clime,
 In unassuming greatness, lo ! he comes !—
 And can it be, that the elapse of time
 The sacred sense of gratitude consumes ?
 No, Britain, no !—thy raptur'd gaze,
 Thy fairest meed, thy warmest lays,
 Shall chase the doubt, and shame the injurious fear,
 In thy resounding ports when ELIOTT's sails appear

II.

May the blessings that await
Honour on the lap of Peace,
Illustrious soldier ! mark thy future fate,
Bloom like thy virtues, with thy years increase !
Long may'st thou, benignly, see
Britannia, generous, brave, and free,
Wide o'er the world, as in her laurel'd prime,
Dart the commanding glance, and lift the brow sublime !

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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